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## A Review of the World

THE peace conference in Portsmouth—"one of the most important international conferences within the last hundred years," as it has been termed—has reached no conclusive result at this writing. It has, however, lasted a fortnight, which is longer than many predicted it would last. The demands of Japan, submitted in writing, did not prove to be such as the Russian envoys were unwilling to discuss, and as we go to press an agreement is officially announced to have been reached on seven of the twelve articles in which those demands were couched. What these seven articles are or what the other five articles are is not officially revealed, but the conjectures of newspaper correspondents as to their nature are pretty close together. According to these, some of the subjects on which agreement has been reached are: the recognition of Japan's preponderating influence in Korea; the evacuation of Manchuria; the territorial integrity of China; the session to China of the Chinese Eastern Railway, from Harbin southward; the cession of Russian leases in the Liaotung Peninsula. On none of these questions, however, was any serious difficulty expected. The tug of war comes on other subjects. But no matter what the immediate outcome of the conference, says the *Philadelphia Ledger*, "the gathering will be one for historians to date from," for it "will mark in a peculiar way the advent of America in the field of world politics" and "it will be the first time in modern history that an Oriental nation has met one of the aggressive nations of the West on terms of equality."

All the bills of this momentous conference, if the correspondent of the *New York Press* is to be credited, are paid by a brewing establishment as an advertising investment! The envoys are the guests of the State of New Hampshire, which issued to them a formal invitation and which welcomed them

through its governor, but, according to *The Press* correspondent, "the State of New Hampshire has no funds to spend on the envoys, and so the Jones estate assumed the burden." We have seen no authoritative denial of this report. We hope one can be made.

NO vital interest of the United States is, of course, directly involved in the deliberations of the Peace Conference. That interest is for the most part humanitarian and sentimental; and the conference as a spectacle dwarfs all other events for the time being in American eyes. The sittings have been strictly secret; but each side has a considerable number of *attachés*, and these, together with the representatives of other nations, make up a picturesque and highly animated throng. We quote from the *New York Sun*:

"Surely never in this country, and never in the world since the close of the Dreyfus trial at Rheims, has there been such a convention of the lost legion, the wanderers of the world, as is going on now in the Hotel Wentworth. There is hardly a region on the face of the globe, except interior Tibet, where some one now quartered in this big white building has not been. East and West meet here. Nearly all the tongues of the world, even to the Pekinese dialect, are spoken in the big dining room.

There are the correspondents, first of all, and the hotel resounds with the babel of their languages. Energetic little Frenchmen talk over the tables on the back piazza with gray eyed calm faced Russians. Italians match their quick gestures with the lordly flourishes of Spaniards. At every other table some one is talking in deep, bubbling Russian. Most of these foreign journalists wear some decoration or other. The Frenchmen, almost to a man, sport the tiny red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. So do some of the Russians and Italians.

"The diplomatic corps in the staffs of the envoys have traveled almost as widely. Then there is a background of world wanderers attracted here by the convention. If you want to know the inside history of the Boer War, the Boxer Campaign, the English occupation of Samoa, the Dreyfus case or the Russian advance

on Afghanistan, you can find some one who can tell the story if he will only talk."

Add to the picture about one hundred American summer girls, full of interest in everything and not afraid to show it, and the spectacle is complete.

**P**RESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S part in the conference and the way he has played it call forth many praises. The meeting of the envoys on board the *Mayflower* and their presentation to each other involved some delicate adjustments; but no misstep was noted. The conspicuous part the navy was called on to perform is commended, as the navy, besides lending itself readily to a ceremonial affair of this sort, is the international arm of the nation, and therefore rightly conspicuous

in such an event. The personal bearing of the President himself was the subject of remark. "Never in his career," said the special correspondent of the *Providence Journal*, "did Mr. Roosevelt show to finer advantage" than at the meeting of the envoys. The *Minneapolis Tribune* says:

"He has been seen at his best all through these tedious and delicate negotiations for peace. The openness, sincerity and earnestness of his endeavor are too much a part of the man to surprise. The instinctive skill and native dignity of it surprise only those who have observed a few of the aspects of the many-sided man. No aristocratic heir of generations of public station, trained from youth in diplomatic courtesies, could have carried on the negotiations with more unflinching tact and impressive dignity. This is the spontaneous testimony of foreigners brought in contact with an American president in this new relation."

The *Philadelphia Ledger* says editorially of the *Mayflower* ceremonies that "not a single false note has been struck":

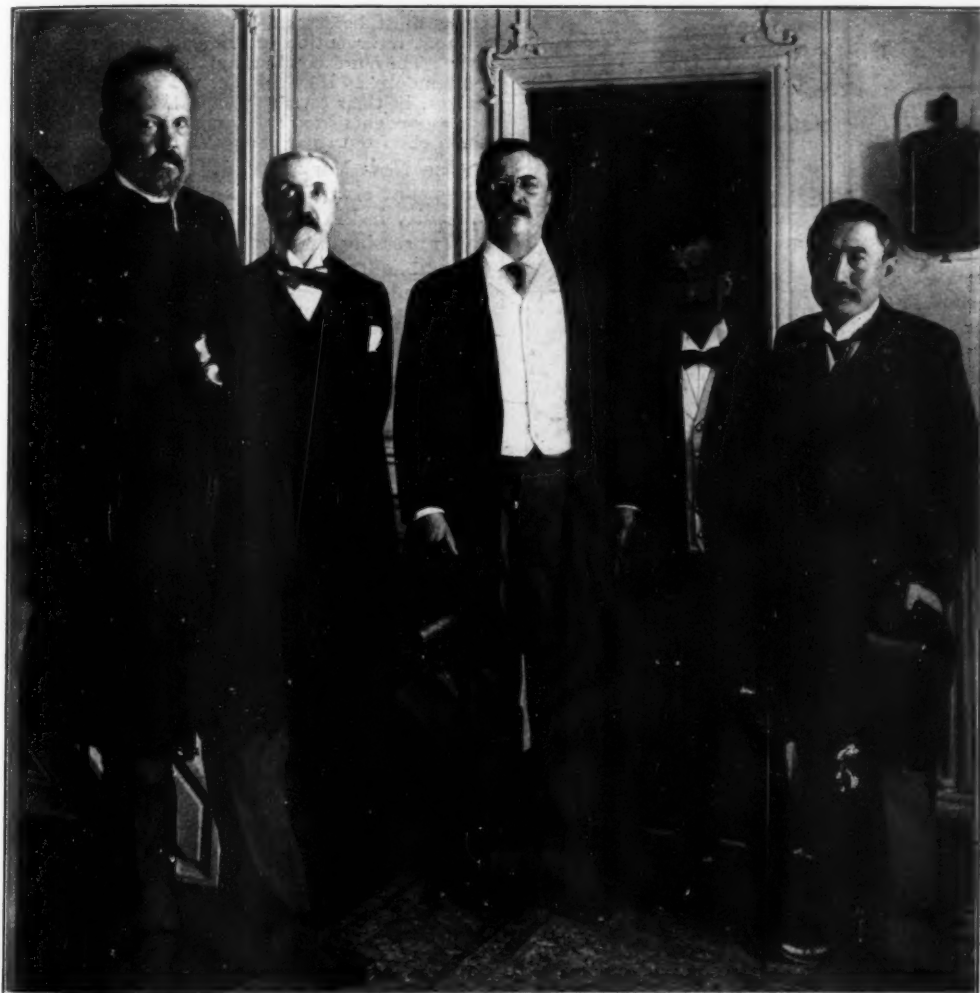
"There was no lack of the spectacular in the arrangements for the arrival of the Japanese and Russia envoys, and the navy was wisely chosen for this duty; but in the essential part of the day's programme—the bringing of the peace plenipotentiaries face to face for the first time—the President's almost brusque cordiality and natural heartiness cut the Gordian knot of diplomatic reserve, and at once put the Russians and Japanese at their ease. Mr. Roosevelt's unceremonious but hospitable 'Come, now, let's go to lunch,' was characteristic not only of the man, but also of the people whose guests the envoys now are. In the whole delicate proceedings leading up to the conference not a single false note has been struck, and the events of Saturday were thoroughly in keeping with the record thus far, a record in which Americans may well take pride."

The *New York Tribune* also speaks to the same purport: "There has been no false note. No office could have been more delicate than that of intervening between the two proud and sensitive belligerents, but on neither side has there been the slightest intimation of anything other than the perfect acceptability of the President's overtures."



"COME TO TERMS, YOU TWO! THE PEACE ANGEL IS LOOKING AT YOU!"

—Kladderadatsch (Berlin)



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#### THE PEACEMAKERS AND THE MAN WHO BROUGHT THEM HERE

Observe that all the plenipotentiaries are without decorations and wear frock coats. Note that President Roosevelt has his hat off, although as chief of state he could keep it on, while etiquette would require the others to remain uncovered until the President told them to put their hats on.

**M**R. WITTE'S cordial reception by the American people is said to have surprised and perplexed court circles in St. Petersburg. But there is little or nothing to show that this cordiality means anything more than a recognition of the fact that he is a big man in many senses. He is not a diplomat, it is said, but his course since landing in America has been diplomatic in the best sense. The *Baltimore Sun* says of him:

"M. Witte, by his conduct since landing in the

United States, has been increasing the good will and respect which our people have always entertained for him. He is courteous, affable and altogether sensible. He has been meeting the people, seeing the sights and, as told in *The Sun* on Friday, he made a trip through the East Side in New York city, going a good part of the way afoot and mixing with the throngs in the crowded streets. In this part of New York live thousands of Russians who have taken refuge in this country. It is likely that these people, while they love their country, hate its despotic methods with a bitter hatred, and it was, perhaps, an act



HENRY W. DENISON

An American who has been adviser in the Japanese Foreign Office for twenty-five years. He is with the Plenipotentiaries

requiring some courage for the Czar's representative to mingle with them."

But this regard for Witte does not extend to the government he represents, if the press of the country is a correct index of the popular feeling. Even on the question of maintaining the secrecy of the peace negotiations, which has been cleverly raised by Witte, the Japanese position is defended. The *New York Times* says on this subject:

"Russia is at present seeking sympathy and support from the other nations. She wishes naturally to get the best terms she possibly can, if she is to make peace. Her envoy thinks, not without reason, that the general desire throughout the world is so strong for peace that a running discussion of the negotiations would be in her favor. Any impediment to peace would arouse opposition, and M. Witte probably thinks he could present the harshness of the Japanese terms as such impediment. But the Japanese are only maintaining the position they assumed the moment peace began to be talked of—namely, that the

terms must be settled between the contestants without intervention or influence from the outside. They are conducting the negotiations at Portsmouth as they have conducted their campaigns, in their own way, and they exclude the correspondents from the conference as they shut them out from their camps."

The *New York Evening Post* also recognizes that Mr. Witte "is showing great perspicacity in his angling for American favor" by expressing his regret that he can not let the public know everything that is going on; but it adds, "secrecy is essential to success in such a delicate piece of diplomacy."

AMERICAN public opinion has generally missed one fundamental feature of the peace conference. In form the conference is between the plenipotentiaries of the empire of Mutsuhito and the empire of Nicholas II only. In fact, there are many participants in the negotiations besides the representatives of Japan and of Russia. The British ambassador is profoundly influential in all that is taking place. The diplomatic representative of the French republic is consulted. Germany's, or rather Emperor William's, man in Washington is the busiest of mortals in his careful obedience to those detailed instructions which, unless well-informed European organs have conspired to deceive the world, the Berlin Foreign Office has transmitted to him. China has her envoy to "watch" the negotiators, and even Korea has played her feeble part in the transformation of what was nominally a bipartite confabulation into what is actually an international "deal." These things, as the *Paris Journal des Débats*



TICKLISH BUSINESS

—*New York Herald*



says, are happening "behind the scenes," but the world audience may rest assured that the mechanism of the piece is not the less elaborate for remaining unseen. The situation, as our London dailies, plays into the hands of the Russians. "The more the merrier," they are presumed to think. To Japan it is, on the contrary, excessively unpalatable. She had her taste of joint European action when three Continental powers "advised" her ten years ago to abandon Port Arthur. We are even told by an exceptionally well-informed writer in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* that ultimate failure in the negotiations, if it ensues, will have to be attributed to the practical refusal of a certain unnamed European potentate to accept a hint that the terms discussed at the daily meetings of Messrs. Witte, Rosen, Takahira and Komura were none of his business.

TWO questions—that of indemnity and that of cession of territory—have been the stumbling-blocks in negotiation from the first. There seems practical agreement on this head, although points of detail are disputed. Russia's aim is to throw responsibility for the presence of stumbling-blocks upon Japan. Japan retorts that Russia created the hugest stumbling-block by giving China some sort of standing in the conference—a standing which afforded a loophole for other powers to invade the conference. Peking at the outset formally "demanded" leave to send a representative to the New Hampshire meeting. There were one or two



A. SATO

He is a member of the staff of the Japanese peace plenipotentiaries at Portsmouth, N. H., and to him has been assigned the task of talking to newspaper reporters.

Japanese organs which thought this demand a reasonable one, in view of the necessity of safeguarding the interests of the Chinese inhabitants of Manchuria. But official Japan curtly refused to entertain the demand. She would talk peace with Russia, and with no other power. Russia, who had received the Chinese demand, sent a reply which the Paris *Figaro* itself conceded to be "ominous." Peking had told St. Petersburg that the mandarins would refuse to recognize any arrangements regarding Chinese interests made at the peace conference unless China had herself been consulted beforehand. Russia replied that the negotiations would be conducted by her plenipotentiaries with the plenipotentiaries of Japan only, inasmuch as the war had been between Russia and Japan. "At the same time," ran the official communication, "Russia, who is in relations of friendship with China, recognizes that the Chinese government is interested in certain of the questions under discussion between the belligerents." When St. Petersburg sent those words to Peking—according to the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels), expert in reading the Russian diplomatic mind—the first board had been planed for the coffin of peace.



ENLARGING THE BOUNDARIES

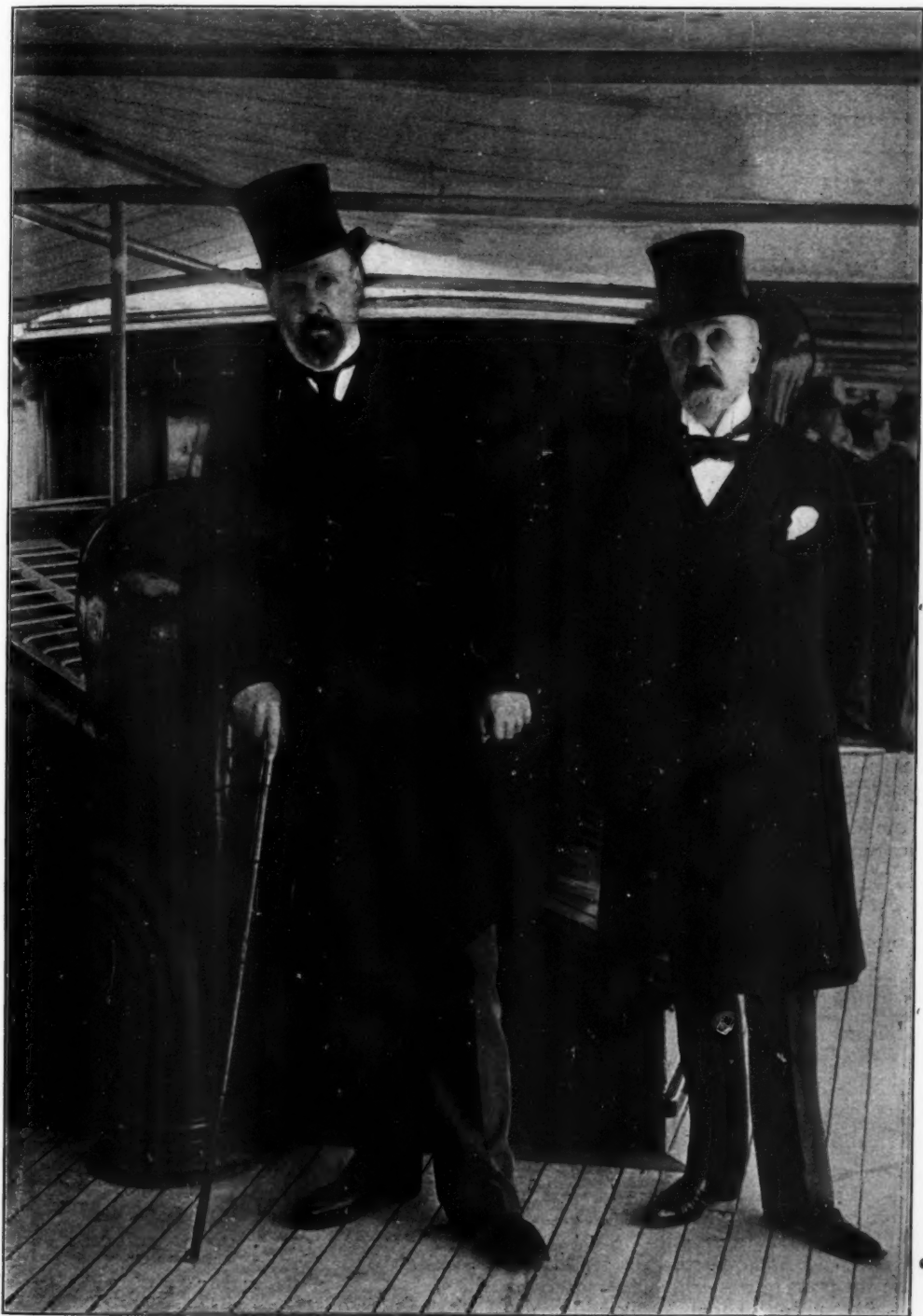
—Brooklyn Eagle

ON THE part allotted to China in the course of peace negotiations everything turned from the start, so asserts the *London Times*, and its judgment is confirmed by the *Vienna Zeit*, the *Paris Temps* and equally weighty organs of European opinion, although they reach the same conclusions by different routes. To the British daily it appeared plain that when Russia said she recognized how profoundly China was "interested" she opened a door through which all Europe might rush upon Portsmouth. Russia's statement to China was "in one sense a platitude," but "it is not the habit of Russian diplomatists to utter platitudes without a purpose." And it seemed to the *London Times* additionally strange that just at the moment when Mr. Witte started for Paris the *St. Petersburg Novosti*, "which is sometimes used to say what the Russian Foreign Office wishes to have said," should have become concerned on the subject of China as "the lawful owner of Manchuria." It predicted that the subjects of Manchuria and Korea would occasion complications innumerable in hilly New Hampshire. After all, urged the *Novosti*, neither Japan nor Russia had the right to dispose of either Manchuria or Korea. "It is a pity," retorts the *London Times*, "that the force of this reasoning did not appeal to Russia until now, when she is almost entirely expelled from Korea, when she is completely driven out of southern Manchuria and when her enforced retreat from the rest of that Chinese province appears to be only a matter of time." But the point to note, according to the *Paris Humanité*, weightiest of those French dailies which are anti-Russian in world politics, is that if China gains any standing in the conclusion of peace, Germany must have a standing, France must have a standing, everybody must have a standing. That, adds the *Paris Gaulois*, is one reason why President Roosevelt's position is so "delicate." He had guaranteed a conference exclusively confined to Russia and Japan. Has he kept his pledge?

STUMBLING-BLOCKS to peace are discerned in different directions by the organs of different nations. German organs of the official stamp declare that Japan is the stumbling-block because she insists upon an indemnity, because she wishes to inflict upon Russia "humiliation" in the form of territorial concessions, and because she rejects

proffers of an alliance between Tokyo and St. Petersburg. Japan's friends in the British press remind us that the obstacle to the world's peace is now "an autocracy where the gravest decisions hang upon the whims of an individual." Nicholas II's entire reign has demonstrated that his solution of "even the most serious problems is largely swayed by his feelings of the moment," and we have to remember that ample as the powers of his plenipotentiaries may be, the final decision on crucial points must come from him. "Even if Mr. Witte is invested with plenipotentiary powers," declares the *London Spectator*, "the Czar must still ratify the treaty." The *Paris Temps* has been given to understand that Mr. Witte's instructions embrace only "foreseen contingencies," and it expects that days may be lost in referring to St. Petersburg for decisions on unexpected points which will inevitably arise. It remains to be seen how thoroughly the negotiators in New Hampshire will give the lie to such intimations by framing a treaty with despatch and then dispersing.

WILL peace ensue even if the "stumbling-blocks" and the "obstacles" of which so much is made in Europe turn out to be imaginary, and if a treaty is drawn up and signed in Portsmouth or in Washington? Not at all, we are assured by the pessimists in foreign capitals. The Czar, they go on to say, must ratify. But who can guarantee the mood of the grand ducal clique when the document presents itself? Yet, leaving aside the St. Petersburg part of the difficulty and the Tokyo end of the line, we have to consider the Berlin point of view. William II can prevent any peace which does not afford some sort of guarantee for his territorial acquisition in China. France may side with him, for she, too, wants "guarantees" for Indo-China. Now any arrangement recognizing Germany's position in a certain Chinese province—the recognition may be indirect or implied, probably would be—would be rejected out of hand by Tokyo. German official prints insist that the treaty between Japan and Russia must necessarily be submitted for approval to the London Foreign Office, a feature of the situation which no important English daily denies. Hence, as the *Paris Matin* tells us, the treaty would have to be ratified in five capitals, not one of them agreeing upon what the text of



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M. WITTE AND BARON ROSEN ON THE DECK OF THE MAYFLOWER



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## BARON KOMURA COMES ABOARD

"Baron Komura and Minister Takahira led their suite, which consisted, in all, of fourteen persons. When they boarded the *Mayflower* the band struck up the national air of Nippon in their honor."

the document ought to be. "Even the optimists grow pale."

ASSUMING that final ratification of a Russo-Japanese peace is permitted by these five discordant capitals, the possibility of a conference of the powers will continue imminent. That statement is made on high authority and repeated in the *London Standard* and the *Berlin Post*. What Messrs. Witte, Rosen, Takahira and Komura are to decide is simply whether the war shall continue. So declare Russian organs, and even London organs concede as much. Hence the conclusion of peace will leave a concatenation of international issues "in the air." There must be a conference of the powers accordingly. William II is said to have decided upon that. He forced a Morocco conference upon the world and, if his enemies in the press of western Europe interpret him justly, he has no doubt of his ability to bring about a world conference on the subject of

the Far East. This may be made by Russia a condition precedent to termination of the war.

AN American adviser will be consulted by the Japanese plenipotentiaries on every point of importance before peace terms are arranged. His name is Henry W. Denison, and he is the most honored and the least known of those many Americans who have played so conspicuous a part in the transformation of Dai Nippon into modern Japan. He has been adviser on foreign affairs to the Tokyo Foreign Office for over twenty-five years. He went as United States vice-consul to Yokohama in 1869. Some years later, having mastered the intricacies of local clan law, he opened an office as a practising attorney in the Mikado's dominions. His period of practice was in the old days before the "extra-territoriality"



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## MR. WITTE ARRIVES

"The Russians looked like giants in comparison with the little Japs. They were all of them fairly large men, but Mr. Witte loomed high above them all."





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#### PEACE CONFERENCE IN SESSION

Russians from left to right: C. Berg, M. Pokotiloff, M. Witte, Baron Rosen, and M. Nobokoff.

Japanese from left to right: M. Adatchi, Mr. Otchiai, Baron Komura, Minister Takihira, and A. Sato.

of Japan was made obsolete by the recognition of the powers that the Mikado's judges were civilized enough to administer law to foreigners as well as to natives. In 1880 Mr. Denison was offered and accepted his responsible post of diplomatic adviser to the statesmen of Japan.

This American has been trusted implicitly by the elder statesmen, as Japan's veteran group with Ito at their head is known. The elder statesmen made him, in a sense, one of their number. Last May, the twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr. Denison's tenure of his advisory post was celebrated by Baron Komura with a banquet. The elder statesmen and Japanese diplomatists of renown were guests. Mr. Denison announced then that he wished to return to his native land and end his days there. His only near relatives are the family of a brother living in the United States. Conspicuous as Mr. Denison's services have been, he is known, even by name, only to those who have first-hand information regarding the inner history of Japan's rise as a great

power. One looks for his name in vain through the pages of many a work on modern Japan.

THE fight against yellow fever in Louisiana and neighboring States has assumed serious proportions, such as, it was hoped, would never again be rendered necessary on soil of the United States. The number of cases passed the thousand mark in the middle of August, reaching a larger total than during the visitation in 1897 for the same length of time, though the death-rate is much smaller this year. The disease is supposed to have entered New Orleans from a Central American port, starting among the Italians in the old French quarter of the city, where it has always made its start, and at this writing has spread to Mississippi and Alabama. One of the first results was the establishment of shotgun quarantine in various towns of Louisiana. The laws of the State provide not only for a State health board, but for a multitude of local boards, and the effect of the first panicky feeling was both

tragic and grotesque. Judge Gaudel, after holding court in the Jefferson Parish, tried to return to his home in St. John. He had a certificate from the health board of Jefferson, but it was not recognized by the local authorities in St. John, and he "was brutally assaulted" by illiterate guards and taken to a detention station, where he found, entirely unprotected from the rain, his daughter-in-law, in feeble health, and a child, both manacled! A despatch of August 4 reported that "probably one-fifth of Louisiana is to-day without mail service," owing to the quarantine, some of the parishes (Caddo Parish one of them, containing the second largest city of the State—Shreveport) refusing to allow any trains whatever to enter its limits. A car-load of disinfectants was sent to Wesson and the authorities refused to accept it until the disinfectants were disinfected! Patterson was found to be maintaining a shotgun quarantine against the rest of the parish of St. Mary, when it had nineteen cases itself and there was not a case in the rest of the parish. Some of the parishes (Calcasieu was one of them) prohibited even through trains from entering their limits and several railroads were compelled for a time to suspend operations. The situation early in August was described by the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* as follows:

"The present trouble is largely due to the excessive number of Boards of Health in the Southwest. There are not only State Health Boards, but boards in every county, in every town and, indeed, in every ward. No two of them agree on any important point, and of the thousand or more quarantine orders issued during the past week, no two are the same in the time of detention, manner of disinfection or fumigation and in other particulars."

A CLASH between two States—Louisiana and Mississippi—occurred as a result of the latter's attempts to enforce quarantine regulations, and the clash assumed at one time very much the appearance of an actual war. The two governors, Blanchard and Vardaman, were sending rather fiery communications to each other, small ships with cannon mounted on their decks and militia on board were hunting each other in the waters near the boundary-lines, and though no blood was shed, prisoners of war were taken. Here is an instance related in a special to the New York *Times*:

"The Louisiana Naval Reserves to-day captured or drove from the Louisiana lakes the entire force of the Mississippi quarantine patrol.

The crews of the two boats captured—the Grace and the Tipsey—are in the parish prison of St. Bernard parish, below the city, under charges ranging from piracy to assault and battery. The capture of the Tipsey was a dramatic incident. At dawn the little gasoline launch Tom, with a squad of Naval Reserve men on board, slipped down to the mouth of Lake Borgne Canal, where a Mississippi boat was reported to be in hiding, on the watch for Italian fishermen. The Tipsey hailed the Tom, commanding her to stop. Some Mississippians entered a launch and boarded the Tom, where the Naval Reserves had concealed themselves under the rail. The Mississippians came on board and were promptly captured, and the guns on the launch were then trained on the Mississippi craft, which quickly surrendered."

The clash ended, before reaching the tragic stage, when the Federal authorities took charge of Louisiana's quarantine affairs; but reflections of a rather serious nature have been aroused as to the powers of the Federal Government to restore peace and order if two States should reach the point of actual warfare with each other.

CENSURE for New Orleans and for her inadequate preventive measures is quite general in the comment that is made on the situation by experts and in the press of other States. Dr. John Guiteras, "an eminent Cuban physician and yellow fever expert," is reported as saying early this month:

"It is too late now to fight yellow fever in New Orleans on the basis of mosquito conveyance. The time to begin it should have been in 1902, at the meeting of the American Public Health Association in New Orleans, when everything was done to persuade the health authorities of Louisiana to prepare to meet yellow fever on the mosquito basis. They were asked in vain to institute an educational campaign. Every year since then I have pleaded with them and I have repeatedly demonstrated to them that there was no way of transmission of the disease except through the mosquito."

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* admits that New Orleans is paying a big price for its "unfortunate refusal to act as Havana, Vera Cruz, Galveston and other towns liable to the disease have done." It says further of the mosquito theory:

"It has been impossible in the past to interest our people in this petty, troublesome and dangerous insect. For nearly three years Dr. Kohnke has preached on this subject, but he proved a Cassandra. The *Times-Democrat* equally failed to arouse the popular interest by a dozen or more articles, and even the several women's clubs, which pledged their assistance to carry on a campaign of education and arouse the people to the importance of getting rid of this danger, met with comparatively little success. The great mass of the people refused to believe,

refused to investigate or even to listen to a discussion of the question. The council rejected an ordinance which proposed to protect New Orleans from its swarms of mosquitoes, as Galveston, San Antonio, Laredo and other mosquito-infested towns had protected themselves—in all of which places ordinances identical with that rejected in New Orleans were promptly passed on the suggestion of the health authorities that it was not only a convenience and comfort to the people, but necessary for the preservation of the public health."

The New York *Tribune*, which defends the action of the authorities of other states, including Mississippi, in prompt and rigid quarantine against New Orleans, says:

"United States officials are said to have reported nearly two months ago to the health board of the Crescent City that there were cases of fever in Belize and Port Cortez. Prevention is infinitely better than cure, and if all vessels from those ports had been obliged to wait a few days before coming to their wharves New Orleans would probably have secured absolute immunity."

Again it says still more severely, referring more especially to the business losses of the city: "New Orleans has treated the rest of Louisiana outrageously in allowing yellow fever to get a foothold within her limits. She deserves all the punishment she is getting."

The Springfield *Republican* takes much the same view. It says:

"The present visitation of the disease in New Orleans constitutes a municipal crime, from one point of view, because the new knowledge that was available in effectively combating the fever and its spread in the earliest stages was indifferently regarded not only by the public but by the city government itself. The episode is another illustration of the shiftless character of municipal government in so many American cities. New Orleans has been very insistent in its demands that Havana should be subjected to the strictest sort of sanitary control by the Spanish and then by the Cuban government, but, as for itself, it has gone along in an easy style, neglectful of the very measures which Havana has had forced upon it. Only a death roll of victims could apparently arouse New Orleans to the performance of its own duty. The lesson is a bitter one, and not the least galling phase of it is that Havana, once the acknowledged pest hole of the western hemisphere, whose incessant yellow fever epidemics were considered by many of our citizens as good ground for American protest against Spanish rule, now presents a clean bill of health and maintains a strict quarantine against the leading American port of the gulf region."

The life of Archbishop Chapelle, probably the most distinguished resident of New Orleans, is part of the price the city has already paid for its alleged remissness of duty. His death is attributed to his

"brave zeal in the performance of duty among the residents in the infected quarter." The loss of life is, however, but a part of the loss entailed by a disease of this kind. As the Baltimore *Herald* observes, "the economic aspect of an epidemic is hardly less serious than its mortality. Horrible as is the death-list that is rolled up in indictment against the grim scavenger, the monetary loss assumes scarcely less grave proportions."

THE entrance of the Federal authorities upon the scene at New Orleans has been unattended by friction, except that arising locally from changes in quarantine regulations. Control of affairs was taken at the request of the people and the government of the city and the State, and hardly a protest has been raised on the score of "state sovereignty." The New Orleans *Picayune* is struck by this fact. Recalling the fight made some years ago to prevent the State sanitary service from being turned over to the national board of health, it says:

"Now we rush into the arms of Uncle Sam, and are only too happy if we can trade our out-of-date democratic state sovereignty trumpery for relief from the responsibility of a plain duty and for money enough for a temporary sanitation of the city. Truly times change."

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (a Democratic paper) refers to the Federal authority in quarantine matters as follows:



A CHANGE OF STEED

The medical profession of New Orleans has accepted the theory that yellow fever is transmitted by the mosquito.  
—News Item.

—Toledo Times-Bee

"The right of the United States to interfere is based on the quarantine law enacted by Congress in 1893, and which was passed under the influence of the great cholera scare in New York just previous. It provides for the establishment of quarantine rules and regulations, which are to be promulgated by the secretary of the treasury and enforced by the sanitary authorities of the states and municipalities, and if these fail or refuse to execute and enforce them it is provided that 'the President shall execute and enforce the same and adopt such measures as in his judgment shall be necessary to prevent the introduction or spread of such diseases, and may detail or appoint officers for that purpose.'"

The *Chattanooga Times* thinks that Congress should confer additional powers on the President, enabling him to take the initiative at any time when an epidemic prevails, "establish the necessary quarantine and in all things perform the functions of a public protector." The *Public Ledger* (Philadelphia) comments as follows:

"The extension of the Federal quarantine authority has been very gradual, and has been resisted by State jealousy, just as the jealousy of borough officialdom has resisted the sanitary authority of the State. It is a sign of progress that such a representative Southern State as Louisiana should be among the first to put its sanitary work under the direction of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, which is better equipped for this particular emergency than any individual State can be."

The *New York Sun* gives an editorial *résumé* of the progress made in the last thirty years in conferring greater and greater powers upon the Federal authorities in quarantine matters, and concludes its *résumé* by asking questions:

"Is there any doubt that the United States Government can, if it please, establish and maintain a complete system of quarantine at every port and at every point on every State frontier, duplicating, and if necessary superseding and overriding all State establishments for quarantine? And how soon will this be expedient or necessary?"

THE methods of combating yellow fever now employed are based upon the theory, very confidently maintained by experts, that the disease is due to mosquitoes. The *Medical News* (New York) describes the particular variety of mosquito to which the spread of the disease is due. It says:

"To be sure the identity of the specific organism is still a matter of dispute, but whatever it is the mosquito is an essential factor in its life history. The *Stegomyia fasciata* is essentially a house mosquito and is seldom conveyed aerially more than a hundred yards, unless by strong currents of wind. It breeds in cisterns, water jars and pools. It will not feed in strong sunlight

nor in the dark. It will live for 154 days or longer unless deprived of water, when it succumbs within five or six days. The distribution is general from 36 degrees north to 35 degrees south latitude on the eastern coast of America. On the western coast it is present at Panama, Guayaquil and probably from the latter place to Acapulco. In the United States it is found all along the coast and the low plains of all the Southern States except Maryland."

Sir Patrick Manson, of England, who is physician and medical adviser to the British Colonial Office, and who came to this country a fortnight ago to deliver a series of lectures in Cooper Union on "tropical diseases," is quoted as saying, "Next to whisky, mosquitoes are the greatest curse to mankind." He is very positive that the only way of transmitting the disease is through the stegomyia, and he says of this and other varieties of the bothersome little insect:

"We are yet in the infancy of the discoveries of the transmission of such diseases by insects, but in the matter of yellow fever infection all credit should be given to the Yankees, who went ahead of our eminent men and demonstrated that the stegomyia was the vehicle that caused all the trouble. Therefore, I repeat, keep out the mosquitoes—the stegomyia, the yellow fever carrier, the anopheles, the malaria breeder—and do not despise the health-destroying powers of the culex, the common fellow who is so plentiful and persistent in the majority of places. He can transmit disease readily, and there is no doubt that this common mosquito is the first cause of many serious and sometimes fatal illnesses. Take no chances, but keep them all out of your homes and business offices."

The methods now being employed in New Orleans, are in accordance with this mosquito theory. Dr. J. H. White, of the Marine Hospital Service, who now has charge in New Orleans, says, "We are fumigating only to kill mosquitoes," and adds that if any fumigation of freight is wanted, somebody else will have to attend to it, as he will not, considering it entirely needless.

THE election in New York City this fall has already had injected into it a principle that is attracting national attention. Mr. William Travers Jerome has been saying things that have been said time and again by other men; but he has said them in a way that compels attention, and hardly a man in the country, aside from the President and the peace plenipotentiaries, has been more amply editorialized, so to speak, during the last few weeks. Mr. Jerome, it is hardly necessary to say, is the district attorney of New York County. He was elected in 1901,





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WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME

"The only District Attorney in the country who is a national figure."

on the fusion ticket, and his "whirlwind campaign" in denunciation of Tammany Hall was thought to be the strongest single factor that insured the election of that ticket, with Seth Low at its head. The office of district attorney is a county office, the term being four years. The four years are up January 1 next. Mr. Jerome's recent moving talk is anent that fact. He wants to be re-elected and he says so; but he is particular as to the manner of his re-election. He speaks his mind as follows:

"It seems to me that the issues which divide the people in national political affairs have no real application to the questions which arise in state or local affairs. It seems to me that one of the greatest evils of the present time is that small groups of men have, and not infrequently a single man has, obtained control of the executive machinery of party organizations and nominating conventions and stand between the public servant and the voters. The public officer, as a consequence, frequently feels no responsibility to the people, but only to those who can secure for him a return to office or future promotion. In the exercise of their power such men and groups of men are wholly selfish, almost entirely irresponsible, and not infrequently corrupt. A man who works with such a group and receives favors at their hands comes under implicit obligations which cannot honorably be disregarded. He cannot take office by their favor and still be free to deal with them and their demands as obedience to his oath of office requires."

Consequently Mr. Jerome announces that he wants a renomination by petition, not from party organizations. Again he sounds the same slogan:

"The big thing is to break down the evil solidarity of the political machines and to go over the heads of the groups of men who control these machines, or the bosses, directly to the people. To my mind, this is the appropriate time to make the test. In advocating this principle, I hope to create discussion all over the country, especially of local political affairs. What I want to bring out is whether the people are politically free or subservient to the one-man power."

THE reception given to this declaration is warm and enthusiastic as far as it goes, and it goes very far. The independent papers especially have spoken of it in terms of elation. "Politicians generally are aghast at Mr. Jerome's temerity," says the *Pittsburg Dispatch*. "It is almost comic, the way in which Mr. Jerome has frightened the bosses and reduced them to silence," says the *New York Evening Post*. "All shades of political opinion are merged in the growing chorus of approval," says the *New York World*, which has promptly set about the

task of securing the 2,000 petitions necessary to place his name on the ballot by petition. So far as the New York press is concerned, it is evident that Mr. Jerome will have plenty of support. In addition to *The Evening Post* and *The World*, already quoted, we find *The Herald* giving a guarded endorsement as follows:

"His conduct of the District Attorney's office has been dramatic and picturesque and the public is now familiar with his dominant characteristics. He has a great many good qualities and also many bad ones. Whatever may be his peculiarities and shortcomings the people are convinced that he has been an honest District Attorney and honesty in that office is of supreme importance."

*The Times* begins an editorial by saying: "District Attorney Jerome ought to be renominated this Fall by all the political parties. His renomination and re-election should be brought about as it were spontaneously by the general consent and will of all right-thinking men." But *The Times* proceeds to analyze the situation, and fears that as an independent nominee, running against both a Republican and a Tammany candidate, he "would make a very poor showing." *The Journal of Commerce* thinks Jerome "is aiming point-blank at the greatest evil in our local politics" and his experiment "will be awaited with keen interest by those who long for emancipation from the rule of 'graft.'" Other opinions favorable to Jerome have been expressed by Edward M. Shepard (Tammany's candidate for mayor in 1901), W. D. Hornblower (chairman of the latest Democratic convention of New York State), Cornelius N. Bliss (ex-treasurer of the Republican National Committee), Bishop Potter, Dr. Abbott and others. Mr. S. S. McClure pronounces Jerome "the best public official the East has seen in twenty years." Robert Fulton Cutting, head of the Citizen's Union, hopes that Mr. Jerome will consent to accept the nomination for mayor.

BUT Mr. Jerome does not lack for critics. *The Mail* thinks the election of the right kind of mayor is even more important than the re-election of Mr. Jerome as District Attorney, and that what is needed from Mr. Jerome is "team play" that will insure victory for a fusion ticket, not for Mr. Jerome alone. It says:

"The District Attorney's attitude is magnificent, but it is not war; it is single combat. We know not which would more be deplored—the

success of Mr. Jerome in a tour de force that would make his name ring from Atlantic to Pacific, while the fusion cause, deprived of the loyal co-operation and subordination which it has a right to demand of all its friends, collapses and the Tammany enemy easily triumphs again; or the overwhelming defeat of Mr. Jerome, brought about by his impatience of organized support, with the reflection that he had wasted his great strength with the people and squandered his usefulness in the espousal of a picturesque off-side theory."

*The Evening Journal*, owned by Mr. Hearst, who is thought by some to be nursing a candidacy for the mayoralty this fall on an independent municipal ownership platform, has set itself earnestly to work to discredit Jerome. Its chief objection is to what it terms "the aerial Gulf Stream of his talk," and it says:

"Mr. Jerome is paid a salary to prosecute criminals in New York City. What does he do? Recently we heard of him out in Kansas, advertising himself in the West, and, incidentally, distressing Kansas City by displaying a decided lack of that 'good breeding' about which he talks so much. Next we find him talking again at Chautauqua. And following on that comes the announcement that he is going off 'to rest' for a month. We admit that this country is not blessed with the very highest class of officeholders that could be imagined. But do the people feel really in need of a public official who, instead of prosecuting criminals, alternately talks himself tired, then rests, then talks himself tired again?"

THE issue raised by Mr. Jerome is not, however, a merely local issue. It has been taken up all over the country as he hoped it would and is viewed by many important journals as fundamental. The *Springfield Republican* thinks his effort "cannot fail to be invigorating and inspiring to civic virtue." The *Boston Herald* says:

"His cause is the crying issue of the time, and is the cause of the people. If the people stand behind Mr. Jerome, his success will mean much more than his personal triumph, much more than the continuance in office of a faithful and effective district attorney. It will mean, among other things, the entrance eventually into public life of a large company of honest and able men who are now refused any participation whatever in the public business by as low, as unintelligent and as corrupt a company of public plunderers as ever disgraced a government by their presence in its places of influence and power."

The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* thinks his note a winning one:

"This may smack of Quixotism to the professional politician but the people are more than likely to see in it something rare and fine and strong. All that Jerome wants is to be his own master; to be free to do his duty to the public and at the same time not incur the reproach of

ingratitude toward a political creator. If this challenge to the bosses and appeal to the people is appreciated and sustained by the public a severe blow will be struck at the system responsible for most of the grafting and bad government in general of which the people complain."

Discussion of Jerome's personality is mixed up with that of his issue, and the speech which he made a few days ago at Chautauqua, assailing many public men by name—Senators Clark, Mitchell, Burton and Depew, and ex-Governors Odell and Hill—and criticizing Carnegie's library benefactions, has elicited even from friendly journals criticism of his disposition to pull a cat out of a barrel by the tail just to hear it squall.

SECRETARY TAFT'S visit to the Philippines seems from cabled reports to have been a social and a political success. The banquets were all that could have been desired, and the reception accorded the Secretary himself leads one New York paper to remark that "it is quite evident that Mr. Taft has quite replaced Don Emilio Aguinaldo as the Filipino demigod." More important still, it seems, is the political effect of the visit, not upon the Filipinos but upon the visiting American statesmen. The *New York Evening Post* refers to the results in this line as "absolutely dizzying." What some of



SECRETARY TAFT BEFORE THE GREAT BUDDHA

"I remind myself of Napoleon before the sphinx. I wonder if he could tell me who is to be the next president of the United States of America."

—Chicago Tribune

these results are said to be is indicated in the following editorial comment from the *New York Times*:

"Next to the remarkable speech of Bourke Cockran in Manila, in which he accepted the policy of the Administration as the best practicable under the existing circumstances, the most noteworthy incident of Secretary Taft's visit is the declaration by Mr. Grosvenor, one of the Big Four in the management of the House of Representatives, that a bill for free trade with the Philippines will be introduced early in the next session, and will probably be enacted promptly. Mr. Grosvenor has been one of the most stubborn of the protectionist opponents of all concessions to the Filipinos in tariff taxation. His change of opinion—in the good old religious sense, it might be called a change of heart—is extremely significant. For one thing, it is a tribute to the patience, firmness, courage, and tact with which Mr. Taft has for so long pressed the cause of the Philippines."

Other political features of interest were the promise publicly made by Secretary Taft that the Filipinos should have a "popular assembly" in April, 1907, if no insurrection exists in the islands at that time, and his authoritative utterance of President Roosevelt's policy as to Filipino self-government. He said:

"He [the President] believes that it is the duty of the United States to prepare the Filipinos for self-government. This will require a generation and probably longer, and the form of self-government will be left to the individuals who will control the two nations at that time. It follows that the President, and he himself desires me to say this to the Filipinos, feels charged with the duty of proceeding on this policy and maintaining the sovereignty of the United States here as an instrument of the gradual education and elevation of the whole of the Filipino people to a self-governing community."

THE real Filipino question, however, is an industrial one, and if the Secretary's visit accomplishes nothing else, it has already succeeded in securing increased attention in America to the industrial problem presented in the islands. "It is a good sign," remarks the *New York Mail*, "that the Filipinos themselves are thinking and talking during the ceremonies at Manila, much more about economic than about political conditions." It is an equally good sign that the Americans are also laying stress on the same point. Secretary Taft himself put the matter strongly. He said:

"In a number of provinces the people with the greatest difficulty avoid starvation. Now this is not due to the soil or unfavorable agricultural conditions. All these are easily overcome by the industry which is manifest in Java and Japan. The foundation of a great nation

like Japan is in the industry, thrift, and intelligence of the people."

Writing a few months ago in *The Contemporary Review*, John Foreman asserted: "Nothing whatever has been done, under American auspices, in a wealth-producing direction." Mr. Alleyne Ireland, whom a writer in *The Sun* (New York) calls "perhaps the best qualified specialist on colonial affairs of the present time," says:

"Broadly speaking, the American policy in regard to the control and development of the Philippines is the exact opposite of that adopted by every other nation, in that political development has been taken as a standard of attainment instead of industrial development, in opposition to the universal experience of mankind that the latter has always preceded the former."

A REVIEW of the industrial situation in the Philippines, as shown by the latest report of our Bureau of Insular Affairs, is given in the *New York Journal of Commerce*. The figures do not indicate abounding prosperity. Summing up results, the correspondent says:

"It would seem that in some few lines there has been an increase and improvement in trade—those chiefly connected in some way with the hemp industry. Outside of this there seems to be a decadence in pretty nearly all lines of industrial enterprise. . . . The opinion is growing stronger and stronger that immediate measures of rescue for insular trade must be devised if the whole situation is not to become absolutely desperate."

The *Journal of Commerce* comments on the situation editorially:

"The first duty of the guardian of the Philippines is to take from their incipient trade the burden of a tariff impost at its own ports and the threatened increase in the cost of reaching them. That will not do everything, but it will remove a bar that stands in the way of everything else. If the visiting statesmen are able to accomplish this, their long journey will have been worth while. Otherwise they might as well have stayed at home."

The *Baltimore Sun* takes the same view:

"If the visit of the Congressmen who are now in the islands with Judge Taft should result in opening the market of the United States to the products of the Philippines, carrying them there will be the best service he has ever performed for our little brown brethren."

The *New York Times* points out that something has been done, in Manila at least, for industrial progress. There are now, in that city, thirty-three miles of tramway; the Government is at work on a sewerage system and a system of water-works; and harbor improvements are going forward not only in Manila, but in Cebu and Iloilo. And "all





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SECRETARY TAFT, MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, AND THE PARTY THAT ACCOMPANIED THEM TO MANILA

First Row.—Miss Alice Roosevelt in centre. At Her Left.—Mrs. Newlands; Senator Warren of Wyoming; Captain William J. Kelly, U. S. Army; Honorable Herbert Parsons, N. Y.; Honorable Lafayette Young, Iowa. At Her Right.—Col. C. K. Edwards; Representative Nicholas Longworth, Ohio; Mr. H. F. Woods; Honorable Swager Sherley, Kentucky.

Second Row.—Secretary Taft in centre. At His Left.—Mrs. Scott; Mrs. J. Allen Foster; Capt. J. K. Thompson; Hon. Wm. M. McKinley, Ill.; Gen. Tansker H. Bliss, U. S. Army. At His Right.—Mrs. Dubois; Miss Mabel Boardman; Miss Amy McMillen; Mrs. Payne.

the work is being done with native labor as the main reliance."

THE President has been discoursing on temperance, the Monroe doctrine, and the Federal regulation of corporations. One

hundred thousand miners (more or less) saw him speak at Wilkesbarre at a joint meeting of the coal miners' union and the Catholic Total Abstinence Society, and ten thousand Chautauquans waved their handkerchiefs to him when he rose to talk on the Monroe doc-

trine, with special reference to Santo Domingo, and on trusts, with special reference to the "beef trust." The first speech was not particularly notable, except for its failure to justify the apprehension that he was going to "take sides" in a conflict that is thought to be again impending between the coal miners and the operators. The address did not touch on the subject. It was simply, as the Boston *Herald* describes it, "another of his easy homilies on virtue and self-improvement suitable to all times and places." The Chautauqua address, however, had special significance, and the comment of the Chicago *Evening Post* that "few persons will disagree with the ideas expressed" is not quite justified. His plea for the ratification of the treaty with San Domingo, whereby our officials administer the custom-house affairs of the little republic, turning over 45 per cent. to San Domingo and setting aside the remainder (less administrative expenses) to payment of San Domingo's debts, is generally commended, but the New York *Herald* takes exception to it. "What obligation," it asks, "are we under to intervene and dry-nurse San Domingo or any of the other revolutionary republics that are in financial straits?"

THE utterance which the President made on the regulation of trusts is criticized rather for what he does not say than for what he says. *The World* and some other journals think he ought to have said something on the relation of trusts to the tariff. His declaration for "adequate and effective supervisory and regulatory power over all corporations doing interstate business" is, *The Journal of Commerce* thinks, "something for the public to ruminate over," and something which "we will have with us a long time before it is brought into entire symmetry with our federal physiognomy." There is criticism also of the President's interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine in general, as something that must not be allowed to become "fossilized," but must be adapted to "meet the growing, changing needs of this hemisphere." "In other words," protests the New York *Evening Post*, "the Doctrine is a conjurer's hat out of which anything he pleases may be pulled." We note these criticisms because they are exceptional rather than typical. The speeches have, on the whole, elicited but little adverse comment here. The effect abroad is likely to be

more noteworthy when the conditions in South America are considered.

A SOUTH AMERICAN crisis of which the American people have been afforded only vague ideas, may be on our hands even now. This South American crisis may be intimately connected, not only with the President's Chautauqua address, but also with those patriotic considerations which induced Mr. Root to abandon the most lucrative law practice in the world for a position bringing him something less than his official living expenses. When the new Secretary of State was in London, facilitating the settlement of the Alaska boundary dispute (so runs an uncontradicted story emanating from a usually well-informed source) he learned particulars of a Continental European project with reference to South America which he lost no time in communicating to the President. It is not generally known over here that a certain European power landed troops on a portion of this hemisphere for the preservation of order and maintained those troops in occupation of an important town until Washington ordered the landing of American marines and instituted pointed inquiry into the business. President Roosevelt may or may not have had this incident in mind when he referred at Chautauqua to a European intention to intervene which had been checked by "unofficial" assurances from his own administration. Incidentally, he also administers a rebuke to those European interests which for some years past have been energetic in a campaign of vilification of all things South American. He refers significantly to the "stability, order and prosperity" of more than one "stable and growing American republic" in a way little to the liking, presumably, of those official agents of European powers over here who have an obvious object in embittering the American mind toward our Southern neighbors. Most South American republics are at least as well governed as Russia, Macedonia and Poland. Peru, Bolivia, Chile, the Argentine and Brazil are constitutionally and stably governed in the sense in which civilized rule is officially interpreted.

THE collection of Venezuela's import duties by means of Belgian officials who shall take charge of Venezuelan custom-houses, is something for which Germany is eager. It was even provided in the protocols



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MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, ONE OF THE TAFT PARTY, LOOKING AT THE VIEW FROM THE NUUANA  
PALI, SEVEN MILES FROM HONOLULU

to which former Minister Bowen assented that the Belgians were to be installed in a contingency that seemed at the time far from remote. Luckily, the Belgian clause in these protocols does not bind the United States, as the Senate did not confirm—was not invited to confirm—the pact. The whole arrangement was calculated to inspire amazement in those who know the record of these Belgians in the customs service of Persia, and has evidently inspired the President's utterance to the effect that he does not wish to see any foreign power "take possession permanently or temporarily" of the custom-houses of an American republic. The Belgian customs collectors and their official superiors have been notoriously used as an instrument of Russian policy in the dominions of the Shah. The rulings of the Belgians have in some instances amounted to a practical reconstruction of the Persian tariff. The Belgians have been accused of arbitrary discrimination against non-Russian imports. "We are here to vex the English," a high Belgian customs official is quoted as having said of his mission in Persia. The Belgians may be the victims of prejudice, but the fact remains that their proceedings as neutral customs collectors have been vehemently objected to by those who have a right to criticize. They have all along been Russian agents in practical territorial occupation of an Asiatic state. Our newspapers apply the President's words to Santo Domingo, but they are far more applicable to La Guayra and Puerto Cabello. His speech is likely to result in a reshaping of the present European scheme to get money out of Cipriano Castro.

THE "American peril" is a phrase that is becoming more and more common in Europe, and this "peril" seems to be personified in our strenuous President. Certain newspapers abroad persist in the production of pen-portraits which evoke terrific images in the mind, and seem likely to overwhelm an Austrian, a Hungarian, a German, and even a Scandinavian with the apprehension of ultimate ruin for his own native land if steps be not speedily taken to thwart the ambitions of Theodore Roosevelt. These ambitions, as explained in such organs as the *Berlin Kreuz Zeitung*, the *Paris Gaulois* and even the *London Speaker*, are naval mainly; but they embrace the land forces and the wealth of the

American people in a carefully planned scheme to render all nations subservient to the United States. Hence, much as they respect his personal character, there is a sense in which, as it seems to many of our contemporaries in Continental Europe, Mr. Roosevelt cannot be too much execrated by mankind. Some notion of the sort yet lingers in London, though, thanks largely to Mr. Sydney Brooks, English views of Mr. Roosevelt have passed what may be called the legendary stage that prevails elsewhere.

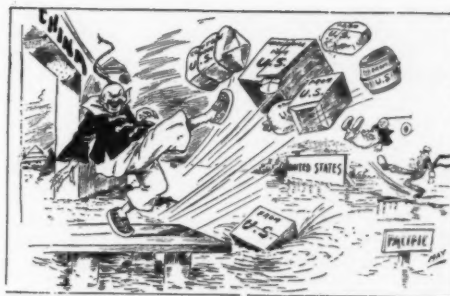
AN American empire with Theodore I as first Emperor, is something at which the *Berlin Kreuz Zeitung* hints. Nor is this hint uttered in mere jest. The United States has ceased to be a republic in fact, whatever it may be in theory, according to this daily. A writer on its staff assures Germans over and over again that the Roosevelt administration means to make the United States the first naval power among nations, to "defy Europe" in the settlement of international questions, and to annex all South America. The policy thus outlined is traced directly to the personal character of Theodore Roosevelt. He is pronounced "honorable," but "headstrong," "ambitious," "fired with a soldier-like zeal for the glory of the republic," and "afire with the spirit of conquest." "His soul sighs for fleets." He is "miserable" because the United State Navy is "not large enough." In a word, the whole policy of this country is a sublimation of the personality of the President himself. That personality is conceded to be "fascinating," but at the same time to be "dangerous."

THE well-worn comparison of the President with Emperor William still does duty in Germany. "Both are impulsive," so thinks the Vienna *Allgemeine Zeitung*, "both are eager to fight, and each believes that his own nation is the first in the world, and that it is bound to show its strength." "Mr. Roosevelt understands what moves the American people," adds the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*. "He constantly increases his popularity by displaying the power of the United States in all international questions and by adding to that power on land and sea." The "fascinating personality" attributed to the President by the Vienna *Fremdenblatt* asserts itself, we are told, in "a youthfulness that incites to



smiles" and imparts "an amateurish tone" to his speeches. "But he is a mighty man in action, and Europe may regret that he ever attained the Presidential chair." "He is a born hunter," remarks the *Pester Lloyd* (Budapest), "and a hunter instinctively looks for game. This man's game is Europe." "The notion of universal dominion haunts his dreams," chimes in the *Paris Figaro*. "Insatiable imperialism is the breath of his nostrils," declares the *Paris Gaulois*. And so on and so on

WHERE did the Chinese boycott on American goods begin, and where is it going to end? Answers to both these questions, and especially to the first, are various enough to suit all kinds of people except those who insist on having facts instead of conjectures. The *Overland China Mail* says the boycott started with a Chinese organization entitled "Lovers of their Country"—a sort of home-market club. One of our secret service agents, J. E. Wilkie, asserts that it was started by British and German traders in Hongkong and Shanghai who want to get our trade in those ports. The *Chefoo Daily News* intimates that the trouble is caused by the Japanese, who are ambitious to steer China's ship of state in the future and are jealous of American prestige and American profits in the Flowery Kingdom, and who are also animated by a spirit of resentment because of a decision of the United States Immigration Bureau that the naturalization of Japanese in this country is illegal—a decision, by the way, which the courts and not the Immigration Bureau alone have authority to make. Mr. Wu Ting Fang, former Chinese minister at Washington, denies the allegation that he started the movement, and there is now an attempt to hold the present minister, Sir Chentung Liang Chang, personally responsible. Another statement is to the effect that the American-Asiatic Association is the guilty party. Again we are told, on equally good authority, that the Chinese guilds are very powerful in China, far more powerful than our labor unions ever dared to be, and that the boycott is really their most effective weapon, and nearly as old as the firecracker. The *Chicago Daily News* discredits all these indictments and avers, on the authority of Chin Pah Sun, a wealthy merchant of that city, that the present boycott started in Chicago because three Chicago Chinamen of wealth



THE RETORT COURTEOUS

—The Detroit Journal

were barred from bringing their wives into this country. Here are theories enough, but there is another one confidently set forth by the *New York Evening Journal* in large type and many paragraphs. It says:

"You remember the agitation about the exclusion of American goods from China. As we have already told you, that agitation was organized right here in the United States. A crowd of intelligent schemers that want Chinese coolie labor—looking around for an antidote to labor unionism—decided that they would scare the United States into admitting the Chinese. The idea was to get up an alleged Chinese movement against American commerce. The Chinese were to say that they would not buy any goods of us as long as we refused to let in the Chinaman. The American people were to be frightened into changing their exclusion laws by a threatened loss of business. American houses wrote to their agents in China, who started the agitation accordingly.

"This statement we make upon the authority of an employe of the United States government—one exceptionally well informed on Chinese matters."

THE boycott has not been stopped even by all these theories as to its origin. Two months ago some of the despatches said that it was about to perish. But the latest reports are to the effect that Ambassador Conger is about to be sent to China to see if he can stop it; that the boycott has extended to Chinese merchants in Japan, where even the Chinese Government cannot, even if it desires to, reach it; that Wong Kai Kah, Chinese imperial trade commissioner, has come here presumably to confer on this subject; that one of the largest exporting and importing companies in San Francisco has recently received from its correspondent in Shanghai the telegram: "Cancel all orders—boycott of American trade effective among the Chinese merchants—all business entirely suspended"; and



PRINCESS LOUISE OF BATTENBERG  
Wife of the admiral commanding the British cruiser  
squadron.

that all foreigners in Shanghai are apprehensive that the boycott may result in a revival of the Boxer movement. The Chinese Government, it is reported, is trying to discourage the movement, but "over ten thousand of the leading merchants in Hongkong, Shanghai, Canton, Foo Chow, Amoy, Tien Tsin, and other principal cities had signed the boycott resolutions and pledged themselves to carry them out, according to a special despatch to the *New York Tribune* dated August 6, only five days after the date—the first day of the seventh moon—set for the boycott actually to begin. The main provisions of these resolutions are as follows:

- (1) Chinese will not buy nor use any article of American production, machinery included.
- (2) Chinese merchants, their agents and ship-pers will not ship goods in vessels owned by Americans.
- (3) Chinese will not send their children to schools established and conducted by Americans.
- (4) Chinese will not join any American firm as salesman, agent or interpreter.
- (5) Chinese employed in performing menial services for Americans are requested to resign such positions.

Mr. Wu Ting Fang, though disclaiming any responsibility for the boycott (in an

Associated Press interview dated August 9) and reported as "greatly regretting it," asserts that it is "thoroughly organized by the best and most representative Chinese," and adds that such an expression of public sentiment means "extraordinary progress in the direction of the growth of a real nationality" in China. It is as unreasonable, he insisted, to expect the Chinese Government to stop such a movement and to compel Chinese merchants to buy American goods as to have expected the American Government to prevent the teamsters' strike in Chicago.

THE gravest question before the country to-day, the *Baltimore American* thinks, is this "Chinese question." The present trade between this country and China is not a very large fraction of our total foreign trade, but it has shown in the last year or two a striking increase; and the trade with China's 400,000,000 inhabitants in the future, when the awakening, of which many think they see the signs, shall have come, is likely to be of stupendous importance. The Chamber of Commerce of Portland, Oregon, is sufficiently impressed by the situation to propose the making of a new treaty that will throw every safeguard of protection around the Chinese merchants and students who desire to visit America, and will also let down the bars somewhat to Chinese laborers, providing for the admission of a limited number each year for ten years, say one-tenth of one per cent. of our present population. This proposal, coming from the Pacific coast, is deemed very significant; but an attempt to carry it out seems certain to arouse some vigorous opposition, to judge from the tone of many American journals. The *San Francisco Chronicle*, for instance, opposes even such modifications of the administrative rules now in force as are implied in the President's recent circular order to immigration officials. It says:

"The people on the Pacific coast, who have had a chance to observe the workings of the exclusion act, do not believe that there is any foundation for the sweeping charges made against the immigration officials, and think that if they have sinned it is in the direction of construing the law too leniently. That is to say, they have let in infinitely more coolies who have come in the guise of merchants, travelers, etc., than they have improperly excluded merchants and travelers. . . . The people of the Pacific coast believe that it will be as impossible to enforce the exclusion act properly by turning over the business of certifying to the right of Chinese to

enter the United States to our Consuls as it would be to prevent smuggling if inspection in our ports was dispensed with on visé of our representatives abroad."

The New York *Evening Journal*, whose influence over an inflammable element of our population is well known, and which usually speaks for the whole string of Hearst papers on national topics, says:

"The Chinese had no idea of boycotting our goods, until the thing was suggested from America. But now that they have started they seem to find it pretty good fun. They are impressed by the President's ready response; they have discovered—being pretty intelligent slant-eyed gentlemen—that money rules this country, and they are going to work to boycott us in earnest. The merchants who started the row will be sorry that they had such a brilliant idea. They will find that the American people will not allow the Chinese to come in here—Roosevelt, or no Roosevelt. In such an issue Mr. Roosevelt and all his great popularity would be blown away like a feather in a gale. He would realize, with sickening suddenness, that when the people really care about a thing they forget their funny little fancies of the moment."

The Denver *Republican* is equally stiff on the subject. It opposes any concessions whatever. It says:

"Should we make any new concessions, they would simply stimulate the growing vanity and conceit of the Chinese, who immediately would conclude that the people of the United States were afraid of them. By transferring American trade to Japan, the Chinese may be taught a useful lesson in regard to the commercial independence of this country, while at the same time their eyes may be opened to the existence of Japan as a competitor which China will need to take into consideration."

The Indianapolis *Sentinel* expresses its opinion of public sentiment as follows:

"If the Chinese are really determined to maintain the boycott until the exclusion laws are repealed in this country and the bars let down for the entrance of her laborers, another generation will come and go before it is lifted. No party in this country will dare to open our doors wide to the tide of Chinese immigration."

THE admission of Chinese coolies does not, however, seem to be demanded by the Chinese themselves. Their grievance is thus stated by Wu Ting Fang in the interview already referred to:

"A superior Chinaman arriving at San Francisco, for example," said Mr. Wu, "is detained by the authorities while his credentials are being examined, and this detention frequently involves consorting with a low class of coolies in a common shed. He is unable to communicate with friends and is subjected to inconveniences and indignities to which Americans would refuse to submit. Moreover, he is not allowed to retain



REAR ADMIRAL PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG

He commands the British cruiser squadron that visits various America ports on its present cruise.

the services of anyone to protect his interests, and if the immigration authorities decide against him there is no possibility of appeal. That these grievances are well founded is demonstrated by the necessity for President Roosevelt's stringent order that courtesy be shown the Chinese by immigration officials under pain of dismissal. There have been numberless instances of harsh treatment which the Americans themselves have been forced to admit."

The application of the Exclusion Act to Hawaii and to the Philippines is also given as a cause of deep dissatisfaction and the admission of Chinese coolies to our colonial possessions is earnestly urged. The reality of these grievances is affirmed by influential American journals. The *Washington Post* calls attention to the fact that 75 per cent. of the class of Chinese exempt from the exclusion law are denied a landing at San Francisco though they all have a warranty from a United States consul. It says:

"It further appears that out of 300 Section

Six certificates offered at San Francisco, over 200 were rejected, mainly on the ground of physical characteristics which forbid the local inspectors to believe the guarantee of the consul that the bearer is really a merchant. The examination in each case extends to a minute scrutiny of the legs and feet to find sunburn, callouses, and marks indicative of labor in the fields or streets."

The *Macon Telegraph* comments on this: "We can imagine our own feelings if American workingmen were forbidden to enter Europe, and if 75 per cent. of our merchants and students who go there were not allowed to land even after a minute scrutiny of their legs, feet and hands."

The *New York Tribune* has this to say on the general subject of the boycott:

"After contending so vigorously all these years for the open door in China, it would be the crassest of folly for us to shut the door against ourselves by our own act. After pleading so earnestly for good faith and fair play, it would be deplorable for us to have to confess our inability to administer our own laws with a decent respect for courtesy and justice. What is needed is that the President's policy, in letter and in spirit, shall be made to prevail in our enforcement of the laws relating to the Chinese, and that Chinamen shall not be left helpless in the arbitrary hands of some minor port functionary, but shall have the common right of appeal to the courts for protection and for justice. In such circumstances there will be no boycott. Chinese merchants find as much profit in American trade as we do in Chinese trade, and they have no wish to sacrifice it without due cause."

HIS Serene Highness Prince Louis of Battenberg, who comes to American waters as rear-admiral of the much-heralded British second cruiser squadron, is certified by the *London Mail* as being "different from the normal nautical royalty in manner" because, when in uniform, he is "a naval officer first and a prince afterwards." It is always understood among his officers, adds our contemporary, that he is simply Admiral Battenberg "and the etiquette in all matters of duty is to pay him exactly the deference accorded to any other officer of his rank—nothing more." He is credited with regret that he was born a prince at all. The fact has had its regrettable features for him, since he shared the perils of his brother, that Prince Alexander of Battenberg who ruled Bulgaria for some exciting months only in the end to be awakened at dead of night and invited to give up his life or his throne. Prince Louis was with Prince Alexander at the time. Later on in Bulgaria's history Prince Louis

was invited to ascend her throne. He declined.

This prince was naturalized a British subject many years ago—he is now fifty-one—and entered the British navy as a cadet. He was at the bombardment of Alexandria in the capacity of lieutenant, and three years later he had attained commander's rank, becoming captain in 1891. He has not held his present high rank very long. The prince is over six feet high and is said to look at least ten years younger than his birth certificate indicates. The flagship aboard which he visits these shores is declared to be now the fastest large cruiser afloat. It makes twenty-three knots normally, but has gone at a far faster clip. The prince is thought in England to be diplomatic enough to promote that cordial understanding between the two great branches of the English-speaking race which had its origin when the war with Spain was raging.

FOUR canals, each of tremendous importance to the American people, and indeed to the whole world, have been claiming more or less attention during the month. Two of these canals, the Panama Canal and the to-be-enlarged Erie Canal, present problems yet to be solved and the solution of them is yet to be paid for. Another canal, the Truckee-Carson irrigation canal in Nevada, has recently been opened and is doing its work. The fourth canal, that at Sault Sainte Marie, has been celebrating its semicentennial anniversary. Nothing in the way of transcontinental railways can present figures and prospects so stupendous as these waterways present or promise to present.

The situation at Panama does not as yet call for any special exertion on the part of Americans in the way of "throwing bouquets" to themselves. Superintendent Shonts has announced that for the next few months all the energy will be concentrated, not on the digging of the canal itself, but on the sanitary and transportation arrangements that are essential and which have been left so far in very unsatisfactory shape—so unsatisfactory that the emigration companies of Japan have reported to their government against sending laborers to Panama. Hospital room for 600 persons is to be provided, swamps are to be dredged and mosquitoes exterminated, a water-supply system furnished, streets paved, and houses built for



the workmen. The question of a sea-level canal or a lock canal is yet to be settled, and will probably come up for final decision at the next session of Congress..

AS FOR the Erie Canal, the State Canal Board has decided, "on the unanimous recommendation of the five engineers who constitute the advisory board, to increase the width of the locks to forty-five feet, and a strong intimation is given that the depth will be increased to fourteen instead of but eleven feet. In a statement explaining this increase of width, Alfred B. Fry, one of the advisory board, explains that "the increase in the width of locks will make it possible to use vessels carrying 2,000 tons or more, thus practically doubling the cargo capacity originally proposed for barges in these canals," and that the increase in cost will be but 5 per cent. and will be covered by the present appropriation. Commenting on this, the *Rochester Post-Express* remarks: "The barge canal, as originally planned, therefore, is not to be a finality, but only a stepping-stone to something closely approaching a ship canal, which alone can be adequate to the real needs of the state."

FIFTY years ago the "Soo" Canal "opened its broken channel to the swelling tide of modern industry." To-day it "feeds Europe and is an integral factor in the American conquest of the world in the basic metal industries." The limit of its importance is far from being reached. Says the *Minneapolis Tribune*:

"Now it finds itself in the natural line of expanding world trade. The shortest line for traffic between Asia and Europe, from sea-going harbors of the Pacific to sea-going harbors of the Atlantic, crosses the stream of Great Lake commerce at the Sault."

No other canal in the world, not even the Suez Canal, now equals the "Soo" in the amount of traffic. The tonnage is over 35,000,000 tons a year, the money value being over \$340,000,000, and there has been an annual increase of twenty per cent. One of the locks in the Canadian side is 1,000 feet long, the largest lock on the American side being 800 feet long, 100 feet wide and 21 feet deep. The *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, commenting on the celebration held at the beginning of the month of August, says:

"New routes have been opened between the Sault and the entrance to Lake Huron, and still another is in course of construction to lessen the



THE CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE PANAMA CANAL

"The people on the Isthmus realize that there is one boss now, and are buckling down to real work. That Mr. Stevens is an outdoor man, and not an office engineer, has given him immense prestige on the canal workings."

delays and dangers of the congestion of traffic experienced at times every season. The work is endless, for the progress of American iron and steel manufacture goes on at an ever increasing ratio, and every year sees a new fleet of ore carriers on the lakes, each season's vessels dwarfing those of the preceding year in length and carrying capacity. The nominal twenty-one-foot waterway is now inadequate during the greater part of the season for a full loaded steamer of the largest type, and before many years further deepening of the waterway will become a necessity. Every dollar expended by the United States in improving the waterway between Lake Superior and the lower lake ports since the opening of the Sault canal fifty years ago has been returned a hundred-fold to the country by the development of its manufacturing and business interests, and every dollar hereafter spent for the same purpose will be money well invested."

A STILL more interesting event, and one appealing still more strongly to the imagination, was the opening a little over a month ago of the Truckee-Carson irrigation canal. Writing in *Leslie's Weekly*, Hamilton Wright, secretary of the California Promotion Committee, says of this event:

"It was more than a step in the upbuilding of Nevada; it was a move toward a reclamation of

the whole West. It was the consummation of the dream of years, and of men who have worked long and faithfully. I saw one old gentleman wiping the tears from his eyes. 'I was thinking of some of the "boys," now dead and gone, who used to hope for this,' he said apologetically. For fifty years he had lived in Nevada, and, even at the beginning of that period, he had talked with his associates of the possibilities of the very problem which had just been worked out. Fifty million acres of arid land, totally unfit for agriculture, it is estimated, will be thrown open to the settler through the huge irrigation projects which the government has on hand under the national reclamation act; still more land incapable of intensive cultivation will be rendered highly productive through irrigation. In all, the area of arid and semi-arid lands to be reclaimed represents nearly two-fifths of the United States, including States and Territories. Some of the most enthusiastic experts claim that this work of the government will open up the way for the mightiest civilization the Anglo-Saxon world has ever known."

One smiles a little at that last sentence, but the prospect warrants a little "big talk." The financial plan on which the Government's reclamation scheme is carried out is as follows. The fund from the sales of certain public lands is set aside to be applied to irrigation purposes. That fund now amounts to about \$28,000,000, and increases about \$4,000,000 annually. The land reclaimed is sold to settlers and the money spent by the Government is paid back by the settlers in ten equal instalments, and the money, as fast as paid back, is put into new reclamation projects.

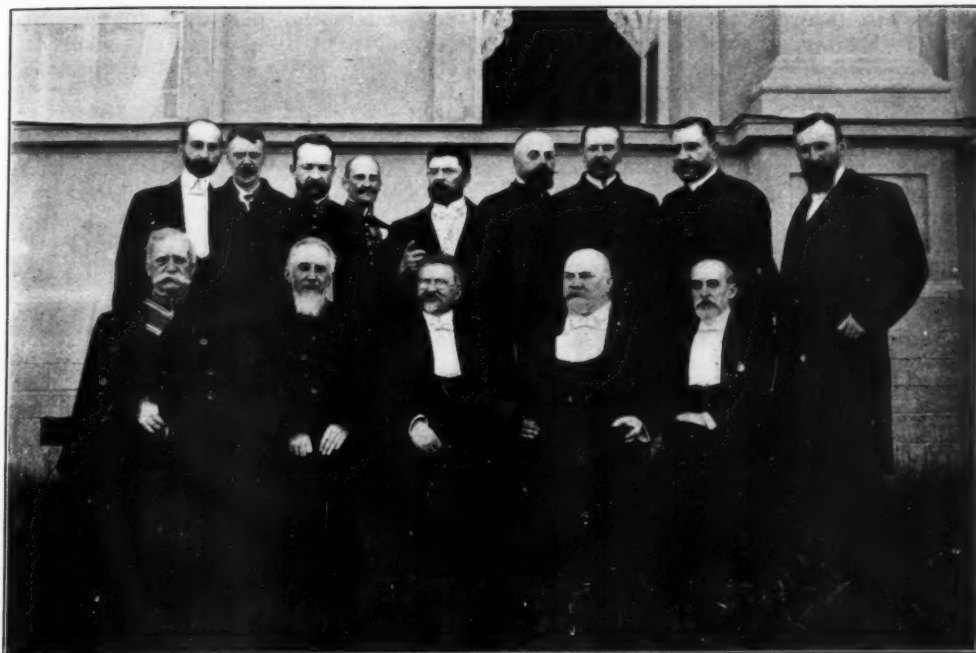


CLEANING HOUSE

—The Indianapolis Sentinel

RUSSIA has had a constitutional convention, or what we over here would call that. It consisted of some hundreds of elected delegates, it convened in the palace of a Liberal prince at Moscow, and it busied itself with discussions and resolutions that bring vividly before an American mind the scenes in the Philadelphia gathering of 1787, from which issued the organic law of our republic. But Moscow's gathering was rendered memorable by incidents which to the Alexander Hamiltons and James Madisons of our Constitution would have been unthinkable. The Russian authorities attempted to dissolve the Moscow gathering into its constituent elements by a show of force. The effort failed under circumstances indicating that if autocracy lacks administrative capacity it lacks still more the saving sense of humor. When the three hundred or more delegates had organized themselves by the election of a president and other officers, displaying in the process a ludicrous and significant ignorance of parliamentary procedure, the omnipresent photographer appeared with his camera. The ensuing stillness was interrupted by an uproar at one of the doors. A platoon of police burst in. Their first measure was a dash for the camera. The photographer evidently knew his Russia well. He fled with his negative by way of the window. The Moscow chief of police himself seems now to have arrived, according to one account. He told the delegates they were all traitors who would be sent to Siberia or flogged. He commanded everybody to disperse. The resultant excitement throughout the palace seems to have been sufficient to attract a crowd in the street below. Within was infinite hurrying to and fro of delegates, who, having come from some of the rural governments of the empire, saw no reason to suppose the police out of order. The convention came near to an early and inglorious death.

COUNT HEYDEN, president of the convention, now took the meeting and the chief of police in hand. Quite in the manner of Mirabeau during an analogous crisis preceding the French Revolution, he told the chief of police that bureaucracy had no power over the proceedings of the convention thus dramatically disturbed at the outset of its deliberations. There are innumerable versions of what was actually said by the count and the chief of police. It all ended in the



LEADERS OF THE RUSSIAN ZEMSTVOS

They have recently conferred with the Czar and urged a constitution upon him

transcribing of a list of those present and in the departure of the intruders with many threats of what would happen on the morrow. Whereupon the delegates returned to constitution-making. The autocracy had evidently been in some agony at the prospect that the delegates would declare themselves a constituent assembly, upon the immortal French revolutionary model. Count Heyden managed to convince the Moscow chief of police that this was a chimera. The latter made a feeble effort or two on subsequent days to storm the Russian constitutional citadel, but on every occasion he retired in confusion and sent a long report to St. Petersburg.

The delegates decided that any impending national representative body convened by the Czar must control the finances and the foreign policy of the empire. It must not be based upon suffrage arbitrarily excluding the working classes. There must exist a genuine ministerial responsibility to the representatives of the nation. "The conditions of modern national life," declared one resolution, "require that the nation shall be represented upon a constitutional

basis." That basis was elaborated in documentary form with such explicitness as to impart special significance to the resolve of the delegates to appeal directly to the people of Russia for support in the crusade they pledged themselves to begin. When the body finally adjourned it was felt that something quite definite had at last happened to make an end of the Russia which the world now knows. A new Russia is felt in Europe to have given the first faint indications of its impending birth.

THE reformers want a limited monarchy for Russia, says the *London Post*, but they are not all in substantial agreement as to ways and means. Some there are who want limited monarchy in a hurry. "Others, more cautious, would be content to leave the Czar his autocracy and trust the rest to natural development of time and circumstance." There is lack of harmony regarding the bestowal of the right to vote. "It seems likely that the bureaucracy will succeed in postponing for long enough yet the practical inception of reforms on this one point alone." For while idealists clamor

for universal suffrage, there is "the painful fact" to be faced that about 90 per cent. of living Russians can neither read nor write. "Even after a generation of agitation, there must be something like 70 to 75 per cent. who could not by any known means be brought to understand what was required of them if called upon to vote for a member of a central advisory body of the emperor." The Zemstvos or provincial councils are packed in the landlord interest. What is called the monarchical party insists, however, upon the "rights" of the peasantry to own land. This may seem odd when we are told that this monarchical party is simply the bureaucracy masquerading under an alias. But the bureaucracy believes that in the very ignorance of the peasantry it will be afforded means of salvation for years to come. The question of peace or war is represented as an additional source of division among Russian liberals and reformers. While all want peace—and quickly—there is fundamental divergence of view regarding the terms upon which peace should be accepted or asked. Some would leave the decision in the hands of Nicholas II. The bureaucracy, in its disguise as

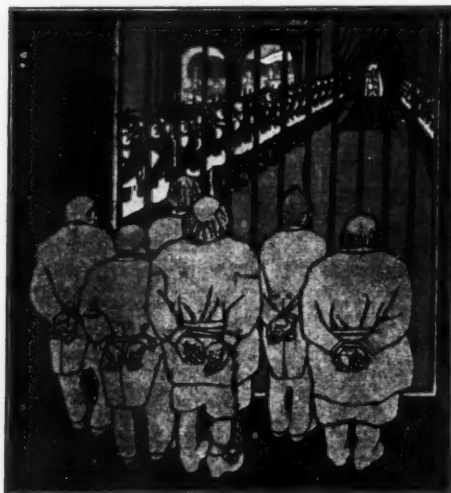
"the monarchical party," contends that "there must be no thought of peace until the insolent Japanese have been thrashed most thoroughly."

THE immediate outlook is that the Czar will be permitted, without the exertion of adequate domestic pressure from any source, to settle for himself the question of peace or war. If he can gain support from Berlin and from Paris, he need pay little heed to those elements at home which clamor for peace. "Russia sighs for peace, but Russia has her pride none the less," says the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*. As for the Church, it seems from all reliable accounts to be ready for a continuance of the war, in evident unconcern at the menace that the treasures of the Church may be confiscated to defray the pressing expenses of hostilities. This the Church would apparently prefer to the prospect of a Russia founded upon any other basis than herself in unison with autocracy. As for the nobility, the members of that once splendid order have decayed into political insignificance. When they attain prominence as individuals in local provincial councils, when they attain office by allying themselves with a court clique, they count for what they may be personally. Otherwise they are as swords stabbing water. Submerged to the lowest deeps are the terrorists, now relatively of little account, but



NERO  
PHILIP II  
IVAN THE TERRIBLE } (TO NICHOLAS II): "WE  
HAVE ELECTED YOU ONE  
OF US!"

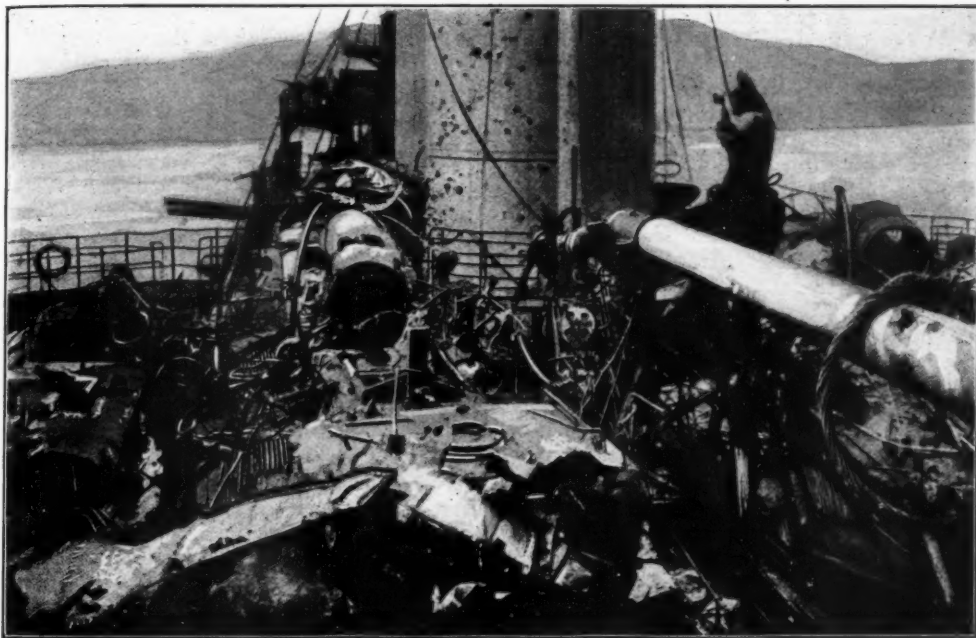
—Wahre Jacob (Suttgart)



HOW THE CZAR WOULD RECEIVE THE ZEMSTVOS  
CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION—IF HE RECEIVED  
IT AT ALL

—Simplicissimus (Munich)





AFTER TOGO'S DEPARTURE

This is how the Russian battleship Orel looked after the battle of Tsushima. The location of the "hits" and the multitude of holes speak volumes for the quality of the Japanese gunnery

—Illustrated London News

potentially formidable, for should the liberals be driven to despair they will, in the opinion of the closest students of the reign of the indecisive Nicholas, form an alliance with the hurlers of bombs. The bureaucracy, too, has the terrorists in its mind's eye. If liberal principles gain the upper hand, bureaucrats may incite to assassination and murder. That, at any rate, is the judgment of sane organs in western Europe. Then the circle immediate surrounding the Czar has threatened a palace revolution. It can execute its threat, say observers whose opinion commands respect. That would end the reign of the ruling Romanoff in a trice. "Many things may happen," sums up the *Paris Aurore*, "and one thing must happen. But which one?"

WHEN the German Emperor and the Czar met some weeks ago, the event was one which, in the opinion of the *Rome Tribune*, "must make the history of Europe for years to come." As that most spectacular of sovereigns, William II, threw his arms around the neck of that least commanding of autocrats, Nicholas II, and

kissed him loudly, the political telescopes of all the world's newspapers were focused upon the two most eccentric bodies in the whole political firmament. The Czar was manifestly in occultation—thrown into eclipse by the brilliance of the German Emperor's success in world politics. This most unexpected meeting occurred off the Finnish coast in the Bay of Bjorkoe, not so very far from the historic spot where Nicholas II and certain of his predecessors have bound themselves by oath to respect the constitutional rights and liberties of Finland. Ninety-six hours before the potentates came together the world at large had not the least suspicion of what was coming. Then the German Emperor seems to have telegraphed the Czar. Nicholas II lost no time in hurrying to the tryst. It is deemed the more significant that these chiefs of state were accompanied only by men in their personal confidence. No Minister of Foreign Affairs, no official exercising purely official governmental functions, was in attendance. This means, thinks Europe, that secrecy regarding the subject of their conference was primarily aimed at by the sovereigns.

IT was not far from midnight when William II was rowed over the waters of the Finnish bay from his own yacht to that of the autocrat, who had been waiting two hours for him and had delayed dinner aboard until sundry of his suite paced the deck "dying for something to eat." The cabled descriptions of the Czar's personal appearance that night indicate that the burden of empire rests heavily upon him. He was "thin, sallow and haggard." He glanced through his glass at the sky-line for a whole hour before the Emperor's yacht hove into view. He paced the deck back and forth with no thought of the meal awaiting him below. The emaciation of his figure seemed to one witness to confirm the rumor that Nicholas II has lost appetite recently. "There is that about him suggestive of a fever patient." Far otherwise significant is the account we receive of the personal appearance of the German Emperor. He waved his hand over the water to the Czar, whom he descried on deck as the *Hohenzollern's* boat drew alongside. The band on the Emperor's yacht was playing the Russian national hymn. William II "leaped lightly" from the stairway to the *Polar Star's* deck, "opening a running commentary" in reply to the greetings of the Russian autocrat and the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch. These, however, were preliminaries. Czar and Emperor retired to the saloon on the main deck, sentinels were posted "at discreet distances," and for two hours the pair of potentates were alone. The Czar's voice

was at no time audible. But the tones of the Emperor "were at times audible on deck," and he seemed "to be talking at length."

THE personal influence of the Emperor over the Czar is very great, as is generally conceded in Europe even by those who have no great love for William II. The Czar, according to the *Pester Lloyd* (Budapest), has been led by his experience during the last year to regard the ruler of Germany as a "finished proficient" in the government of a country along militarist autocratic lines while remaining within "sundry constitutional limitations." The same high authority represents Nicholas II as desirous of following in the footsteps of William II with reference to the creation of a great navy and the rehabilitation of the Russian army. The correspondence between both is known to be constant. The Russian Czarina encourages, it is said, her husband's tendency to behold in William II a man whose advice ought to be heeded, notwithstanding the existence of a powerful anti-German party in St. Petersburg. For the natural tendency of official Russians in high position is to distrust the diplomacy of Berlin. Germany has so many schemes of expansion in Turkey just now, adds the *Paris Temps*, that she has brought down upon herself the antagonism of "the Moscow group," which still controls the foreign policy of the autocracy. Before William II and Nicholas II could confer, therefore, much influential court opposition had to be removed. The Czar, in all probability, was responsible for the atmosphere of mystery investing his unexpected encounter at dead of night with his fellow monarch off a secluded and unfamiliar coast.



WILLIAM II: "NOW WHERE SHALL I BUTT IN NEXT?"

—Brooklyn Eagle

THE topics reviewed by these chiefs of state during the twenty-four hours that elapsed before their yachts parted company are the theme of confident conjectures made by some of the least sensational and most reliable political organs in Europe. We may take it for granted, thinks the *London Spectator*, supported in this by the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels), that the German Emperor met the Russian Czar with a resolve to urge such a peace as will, while terminating "actual war," "leave Russians and Japanese glaring at each other as potential foes who cannot afford great enterprises lest their rival take

advantage of the opportunity." That, the British weekly is confident—and many organs in Continental Europe are not less confident—was the sort of peace urged upon Nicholas II by William II during the long talks in the yacht's saloon. Should William II's plausibility and influence over Nicholas II lead to such a peace, the German Emperor will "enjoy all the credit of the peace-maker without exposing the security of his own territories, of which he is bound to think first, to any serious danger." Whatever else was said, we are bidden to rest assured that the Emperor used his great and growing influence with the Czar "to recommend a limited and temporary peace," with the indemnity, so unpalatable to St. Petersburg's pride, thrown in, but with the northern portion of Manchuria retained by the Romanoffs.

OTHER subjects which the two monarchs may have discussed are "so many and so obvious," as the London *Speaker* notes, that speculation is afforded the widest possible field. The Paris *Aurore* reminds us that both monarchs are practically absolute in foreign affairs, so far as their own foreign offices are concerned, and practically absolute so far as their internal administrative policies are concerned. The war and the internal condition of Russia "must" have been discussed. Other probable topics, according to the innumerable conjectures of the European press, are the aggravated crisis in Poland, the personality of Norway's coming King, the substitution of Germany as Russia's ally for France in the "tottering" dual alliance, the question of an alliance with Japan. The inspired press of Berlin, with the *Kreuz Zeitung* to the fore, tells us that the "initiative" of the meeting was in reality the Czar's. Statements to the contrary are "British calumnies." The "very friendly relations" between Germany's ruler and Russia's ruler led to the acceptance of the Czar's "invitation" to a meeting, especially as the monarchs had not met since the beginning of the war between the present belligerents. If the Berlin *Post* is well advised, William II did not "urge" peace upon Nicholas. "The Emperor has always held himself aloof from intermeddling with the internal affairs of another nation." It is hinted that the Czar did ask William questions regarding the constitutional issue in the Russian crisis. The Em-

peror "pointed out that the power and prestige of a nation, as well as its peace at home," must "be built upon a foundation of trust and mutual understanding" between ruler and ruled. So far as peace is concerned, add German semi-official and official organs, Emperor William "co-operated" with President Roosevelt in bringing the peace plenipotentiaries together. Hence it is "a fair inference" that the German Emperor "suggested considerations" of a nature to render his "co-operation" with the chief magistrate of the United States "additionally effective." Such utterances in the Berlin press, and many others, are accepted in London dailies as "inspired," and as indicating what the German Foreign Office wishes the world to believe; but the English press decline to believe more than a fraction of all these things. The London *Times* is convinced that one object kept in mind by William II was that of "causing annoyance in London and Paris." It sneers at the suggestion that his German Majesty co-operated with President Roosevelt in bringing the peace plenipotentiaries together. There are "fears," it says, that William may really have induced Nicholas "to



"THE ADMIRAL OF THE PACIFIC!"

—Wahre Jacob (Stuttgart)

harden his heart" and "to refuse the terms of his yellow foes until at last General Linevitch's army has shared the fate of Admiral Rozhdestvensky's fleet." It was this same William, adds the indignant British daily, "who did so much to egg Russia on to the war and to persuade her to make light of earlier defeats."

THE psychology of Nicholas II while in conference with William II harmonized thoroughly, if contemporary European newspaper studies be based on fact, with the wasted physique of the man. "That the Czar Nicholas II should gladly take an opportunity of pouring forth his woes into the bosom of a man of his own rank, who professes profound friendship for him and for his people," says the *London Times* on this head, "can cause little surprise to those who remember the character of the Czar. He is not a strong man, and for many months he has been practically isolated from the world." But the *Paris Eclair*, known for the accuracy of its per-

sonal information, tells us that Nicholas II is at last weary of his own "fits of indecision," and that he wishes a line of action marked out for him. Ever since the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius the Czar has been without a chief counselor. Sergius gave him a consistent policy in internal administration. "He now has no policy. He lives in constant dread of the future." His "spiritual reliance" is pronounced by this and other authorities to be in large part prayer to that St. Seraphim to whose direct intercession he attributes the arrival of his son in the world. The nervousness of Nicholas is said to have attained an intensity prompting the concealment from him for days of such events as the recent assassination of his intimate friend and favorite, Count Shuvaloff. The count was one of the few remaining close confidants of Russia's autocrat. When complaint of Shuvaloff was loudest he and Nicholas were photographed playing chess together. When Nicholas heard that Shuvaloff had been shot five times and had died in lingering agony he wrung his hands, says one account, and shed tears.



#### L'AMITIE OBLIGE

Madame La France.—"You'll come and see me through this rather dull function, won't you?" Mrs. Britannia.—"Well, it's not much in my line; but anything to please you, my dear."

—Punch (London)

#### MUCH ADO ABOUT MOROCCO



GERMANY WINS THE MOROCCO STAKES FROM FRANCE—PRINCE VON BULOW BEING JOCKEY

—Kladderadatsch (Berlin)



## Literature and Art

### What is to be the Coming Note in Fiction?

Two voices have lately been raised in this country to call attention to the changing aspect of the modern novel. The first is the voice of Henry M. Alden, the veteran editor of *Harper's Magazine*; the second that of Nathaniel Stephenson, a writer in *The World To-day* (August). Both agree that the changes which are taking place affect the treatment of "that crucial matter which will always be the pillar of fiction, the love affair," but the conclusions they reach in interpreting the nature of these changes are widely different.

Mr. Alden lays stress on the fact that the story of mature life is displacing the youthful love story in popular esteem. He says:

"Whatever change may have come over the good novel of our day, from a finer art and more realistic aim, it is slight as compared with that which distinguishes the magazine short stories set before us now from month to month from those of fifty years ago. We do not forget that the popular novel of that time was likely to be something extremely sentimental, like 'The Wide, Wide World' and 'The Lamplighter'; but there were then also, and running serially in this Magazine, novels of a very different character, the best examples of Victorian fiction. On the other hand the short story most in demand for American readers was the down-right love-story, appealing to a crude and half-awakened sensibility.

"Against this retrospect it is not strange that we should note a wide departure. It is especially noteworthy that where love happens still to be the story-writer's theme, it is in most cases the concern of people already married rather than of young lovers. The vast disproportion of marriage stories at the present time is maintained even if we exclude unhappy divorce stories, to which writers are strongly tempted, because the violation of solemn vows is more strikingly dramatic than the shifting of a fickle fancy in a free field. These stories, where marriage is pointedly the theme, are mostly written by married women. It is the world they live in. As one of these writers, who has been producing this kind of stories for a generation, and who began it before it was the fashion, writes us, 'Marriage, like conduct, is three-fourths of life.'

"There it is, the real reason. That period of life at which marriage is indicated is the dividing-line, physiologically, between youth and maturity, and from this point of view, we may say of maturity that it is three-fourths of the individual existence—the explicitly significant portion of it, whether viewed with reference to the relation between the sexes or as to those varied manifestations of

the human spirit which transcend physically elemental activities and survive them in historically memorable achievements, such as differentiate one generation from another. These manifestations, pre-eminently interesting in the individual and in society, must furnish the most important material to the masters of fiction, if their interpretations of life are to satisfy the demands of a highly cultivated sensibility."

Mr. Stephenson takes the view that the coming fiction will differ from that of the past in its portrayal of genuinely strong and balanced, as opposed to sentimental, traits. Thackeray's novels, he declares, contain the perfect expression of a "sentimentalism" which was "the characteristic vice of the nineteenth century" and which "permeated all the life of that century"; and he thinks it probable that "Henry Esmond" will go into the laboratory of the psychologist, to be classified as a document, as a final record of certain phases of human emotion. George Meredith and Maurice Hewlett, less commanding in their immediate influence than some of their contemporaries, but more significant as connecting links with the future, have taken up and carried forward the study of sentimentalism. Of the last-named writers Mr. Stephenson says:

"I would not seem to claim too much for Mr. Hewlett. I do not mean that he is the genius of the moment. I am at a loss to see how any one can hesitate to assign that eminence to Mr. Kipling. Mr. Barrie, likewise, has many talents which Mr. Hewlett lacks. But through neither of these flows the old stream of the strenuous thinking of the English novel. Mr. Hewlett, though in rather a slender conduit, has opened a channel out of that stream, and conducts a part of it into a new tract of time.

"His immediate source is 'Diana of the Crossways.' Beside Meredith's great book, 'The Forest Lovers' seems slight enough. The latter suggests the former written down to one syllable. But the connection is undeniable. In the relation of Percy Dacier to Diana Merion, when we have allowed for the prodigious, subtle, and defiant genius of their author, we have a strenuous original for the relation of Prosper and Iseult. In each we have the baffling, incommensurable woman, demanding faith from man; in each we have the shock in the man's mind of a preconception with fact; in each, both the woman and the experience prove other than he anticipated; in each the issue is a moral conflict

in the man's mind. The differences of the two books are due partly to the greater courage and deeper insight of the elder artist, partly to the fact that the younger is of a new generation. The boldness with which, in his artistic self-confidence, Meredith heaps up the difficulties of his situation, contrasts with the adroit timidity of Mr. Hewlett's systematic lightening of it. The fact that Meredith gives a tragic version and makes Dacier fail, while Mr. Hewlett takes the opposite course and makes Prosper succeed, may be accounted for, I think, by the varying tempers of the two generations."

The "relentless thinking" of the modern novel is to Mr. Stephenson "the most hopeful sign of the times." He adds:

"The conclusion of the whole matter is the contrast of motive of the sentimentalist and the man of genuinely strenuous nature. When we look close at the sentimentalists, whether in Thackeray, or Meredith, or Mr. Hewlett, we find that invariably the key to them is the same. We must touch their sensibilities in order to get a

motive for action. This is true of the sentimentalist in life. Sentimentalism is consistent with much apparent goodness, with generosity, with devotion, with sacrifice even. But always this goodness upon analysis turns out to have an insecure foundation. The sentimentalist is an epicure of feeling. He sides with the under dog, for example, because the spectacle touches his sensibilities, and if he resist their appeal he will be uncomfortable. This is a typical case of the motives of the sentimentalist. A situation in which no such appeal is made does not move him. One which outrages his sensibilities destroys entirely his capacity to think. He contrasts with the man of sympathy, the man who can escape from himself and find a motive for action without the appeal to his sensibilities or even in defiance of that appeal. He contrasts still more with the man of conviction—who may or may not be also a man of sympathy—who can find a motive in his own ideas of right and wrong, to whom appearances are nothing, who holds his own course in defiance of everything but conviction, who culminates in Job, and the words, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'

"That note is the coming thing in fiction."

### The Personal Confessions of Byron

Most autobiographies suffer one common disadvantage; they omit much that is "really consequential and important, from deference to the dead, to the living, or to those who must be both." At least, this was the opinion expressed by Lord Byron after he had written his own memoirs. Even "Confessions" are not always free from this, or another fault, namely, self-consciousness. But a biography, or more truly an autobiography, made up from detached thoughts jotted in commonplace books and casual diaries or gleaned from the letters of intimate correspondence may more truly depict the man. Such a book is "The Confessions of Lord Byron,"\* arranged by W. A. Lewis Bettany. In his letters to Thomas Moore, to his sister Augusta, and, above all, to his publisher, John Murray, Byron is freest in the expression of his thought. In these we find what his present editor calls a "speaking likeness of his lordship," for in these "he reproduces his own lineaments on every page."

In the autumn of the year 1821 Byron evidently had a period of reflection and serious introspection, for we find in his journal of the time a searching self-analysis.

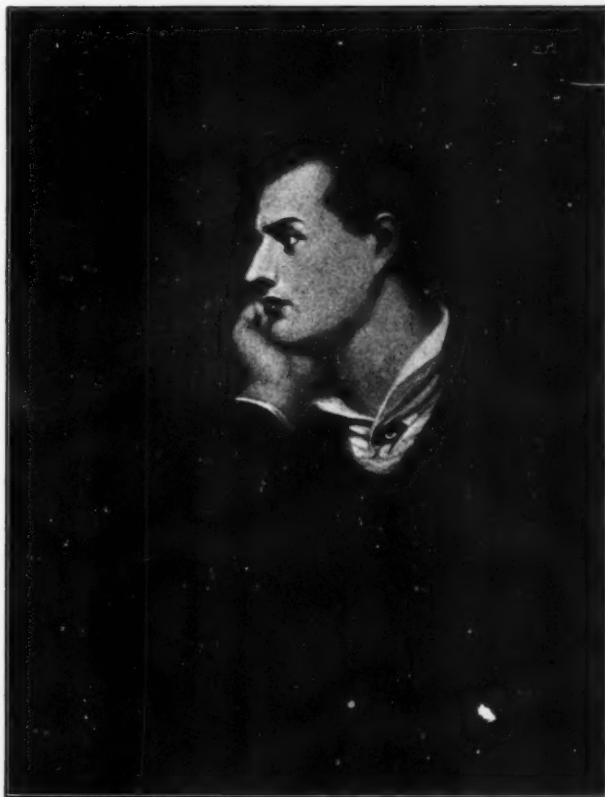
"My mother," he wrote, "before I was twenty would have it that I was like Rousseau, and Madame de Staël used to say so too, and the *Edin<sup>a</sup> Review* has something of this sort in its critique on the 4th Canto of *Ch<sup>a</sup> Ha<sup>d</sup>*. I can't see any point of resemblance: he wrote prose, I verse: he was a philosopher, I am none: he published his first work at forty, I mine at eighteen: his first essay brought him universal applause, mine the contrary: he married his housekeeper, I could not keep house with my wife: he thought all the world in a plot against *him*, my little world seems to think *me* in a plot against it." Cogitation always led Byron to melancholy. Being fond of most sports and having much spirit, this always puzzled him. He frankly admitted that he could not understand himself. "People have wondered at the melancholy which runs through my writings," he once wrote in a book of "Thoughts"; "others have wondered at my personal gaiety; but I recollect once, after an hour in which I had been sincerely and particularly gay, and rather brilliant, in company, my wife replying to me when I said (upon my remarking my high spirits): 'And yet, Bell, I have been called and miscalled Melancholy—you must have seen how falsely frequently.' 'No, B.'

\*THE CONFESSIONS OF LORD BYRON. Arranged by W. A. Lewis Bettany. Charles Scribner's Sons.

(she answered) 'it is not so: at heart you are the most melancholy of mankind, and often when apparently gayest.'" On another occasion, when reflecting upon religion, he wrote: "I am always most religious upon a sun-shiny day." The nature of his religion he reveals in this passage:

"I once thought myself a philosopher, and talked nonsense with great decorum: I defied pain, and preached up equanimity. For some time this did very well, for no one was in *pain* for me but my friends, and none lost their patience but my hearers. At last, a fall from my horse convinced me bodily suffering was an evil; and the worst of an argument overset my maxims and my temper at the same moment: so I quitted Zeno for Aristippus. . . . In morality, I prefer Confucius to the Ten Commandments, and Socrates to St. Paul (though the two latter agree in their opinion of marriage). In religion, I favor the Catholic Emancipation, but do not acknowledge the Pope. . . . I hold virtue, in general, or the virtues severally, to be only in the disposition, each a *feeling*, not a principle. I believe truth the prime attribute of the Deity and death an eternal sleep, at least of the body. You have here a brief compendium of the sentiment of the *wicked* George, Lord Byron; and, till I get a new suit, you will perceive I am badly clothed."

Byron's method of writing would scarce be approved by modern editors, who continually teach and preach the "boil-it-down" theory. "I am like a tiger (in poesy)," he wrote to his publisher in 1820, "if I miss my first spring I go growling back to my Jungle. There is no second. I can't correct; I can't, and I won't. Nobody ever succeeded in it, great or small. Tasso remade the whole of his Jerusalem; but who ever reads that version? Pope *added* to the 'Rape of the Lock' but did not reduce it. You must take my things as they happen to be: if they are not likely to suit, reduce their *estimate* then accordingly. I would rather give them away than hack and hew them." The estimate placed by Byron upon his own work was singularly free from prejudice. When taken to task for certain false rhymes in "Don Juan" he made reply: "You might as well want a Midnight *all stars* as



LORD BYRON

From a picture in the possession of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

rhyme all perfect. . . . You are lucky to get a rhyme here and there."

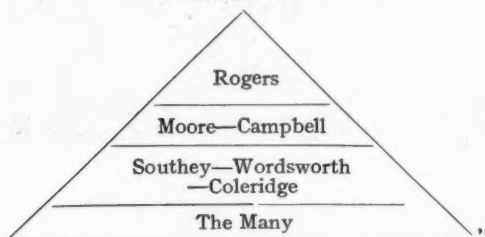
The contemporaries of Byron who drew his lordship's fire, drew the withering blaze of no amateur. Keats fared very badly at the hands of Byron. "A young person learning to write poetry," he wrote of him, "and beginning by teaching the art, . . . a tadpole of the Lakes, a young disciple of the six or seven new schools, in which he has learnt to write." And to John Murray, in 1820, Byron wrote: "Here is Johnny Keats's poetry. . . . Pray send me *no more* poetry but what is rare and decidedly good. There is such a trash of Keats and the like upon my tables that I am ashamed to look at them. . . . No more Keats, I entreat:—flay him alive; if some of you don't, I must skin him myself: there is no bearing the drivelling idiotism of the Mankin."



THE CHAINED SOUL  
(By Antonio Rubino.)

Scott, on the other hand, was a great favorite with him. "Scott is the best," he once wrote; "the end of all scribblement is to amuse, and he certainly succeeds there." And again in a letter to John Murray, "He is undoubtedly the Monarch of Parnassus, and the most *English* of bards. I should place Rogers next in the living list—Moore and Campbell both *third*—Southey and Wordsworth and Coleridge after,—thus:

W. Scott



There is a pretty anecdote recorded in Byron's Journal of 1813-14 which discloses a fine strain in both Byron and Sheridan, of whom the incident is recorded. A party of friends were exchanging opinions on various men of mark of the time. Byron said of Sheridan: "He has written the best comedy (School for Scandal), the best drama (The Rivals), the best farce (The Critic), and the best Address (Monologue on Garrick), and to crown all, delivered the very best Oration (the famous Begum speech) ever conceived or heard in this country." Lord Holland told Sheridan of this the next day, at which Sheridan burst into tears. "Poor Brinsley," exclaimed Byron upon hearing from Lord Holland the effect of his words of praise, "if they were tears of pleasure, I would rather have said these few, but most sincere, words than have

written the Iliad or made his own celebrated Philippic. Nay, his own comedy never gratified me more than to hear that he had derived a moment's gratification from any praise of mine, humble as it must appear to 'my elders and my betters.'"

Madame de Staël and Lord Byron were in the same social orbit, and so it was given to both to see much of each other at certain periods. Byron, however, "did not love" Madame. "I admire her abilities," he wrote, "but really her society is overwhelming—an avalanche that buries one in glittering nonsense—all snow and sophistry." "But depend upon it," he wrote at another time, "she beats all your natives hollow as an authoress; and I would not say this if I could help it." In a copy of "Corinne" Byron made this note concerning its authoress: "She is sometimes right, and often wrong, about Italy and England; but almost always true in delineating the heart, which is of but one nation, and of no country,—or, rather of all."

Shelley held a high place in the regard and affection of Byron. At the time of Shel-



AMBITIOUS INNOCENCE  
(By Antonio Rubino.)



ley's death Byron wrote to John Murray: "You are all brutally mistaken about Shelley, who was, without exception, the best and least selfish man I ever knew. I never knew one who was not a beast in comparison."

There is something weirdly beautiful in a paragraph Byron wrote to Thomas Moore on August 27, 1822:

"We have been burning the bodies of Shelley and Williams on the sea-shore, to render them fit for removal and regular interment. You can have no idea what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pile has, on a desolated shore, with mountains in the background and the sea before, and the singular appearance the salt and frankincense gave to the flame. All of Shelley was consumed, except his heart, which would not take the flame, and is now preserved in spirits of wine. . . . It was not a Bible that was found in Shelley's pocket.



THOUGHT AND FOLLY  
(By Antonio Rubino.)

but John Keats's poems. However, it would not have been strange, for he was a great admirer of Scripture as a composition."

### A Fantastic Genius

Antonio Augusto Rubino is the name of a most eccentric artist and poet who is coming into prominence in Italy. He is only



SUPERSTITION  
(By Antonio Rubino.)

twenty-five years of age, and until now none of his works have appeared in print, for the curious reason that hitherto he has systematically refused to allow their publication because he bears a grudge against the invention of printing. He prefers to recite his poems, which he does freely even to newly made acquaintances in the street, to friends on meeting them and to ladies on saluting them. His friend, Giuseppe Bevione, who has succeeded in obtaining some of his productions for *La Lettura* (Milan), writes:

"The art of Rubino is of disquieting novelty; he outdoes himself in originality. Not love, nor grief, are the themes of his poems. He discards the outworn imagery of lyrical poetry—the moon, the dew, the beautiful play of color. He gives no descriptions of Cretan landscapes with brooks; he writes not of nightingales nor of flocks in the fields. Instead he tells of marshes of tears, skies in conflagration, tortured trees, amphibians in love, mutilated hands, stony roads, grinning skulls, delirious brains—all painted and sculptured in verses as compact as a black diamond, as sonorous as the roar of the tempest."

"One day," continues Bevione, "Rubino said to himself: 'Suppose I illustrate my poems?' He took a pencil, tried a while and found that he was a great designer. A few days afterward he painted in water colors, with a free hand and an exceedingly fine, delicate eye, and his work evoked the amazement of visitors. He wanted no master; no one gave him any points as to the processes and rules of art. He developed an intense love for his art, and conquered its

technique with surprising facility. Within a few days the colors served him obediently. He distinguished them with loving perception, and did with them what he wanted." Bevione goes on to say:

"Pass in review all the artists of dreams, ecstasies, nightmares and hallucinations, and you will not find one so bold, novel, versatile and forceful. His delineation is nervous, sure and complete; no particular, not the least, is omitted. The picture is represented by the line and intensified in an extraordinary manner; with a rare economy he obtains stupendous results. His colors are luminous, warm, showing a brilliant, exact sense of values, a breadth and profound appreciation of harmonies and oppositions. The most abstract subjects—fraud, stupidity, superstition, luxury, folly—appear in these paintings,

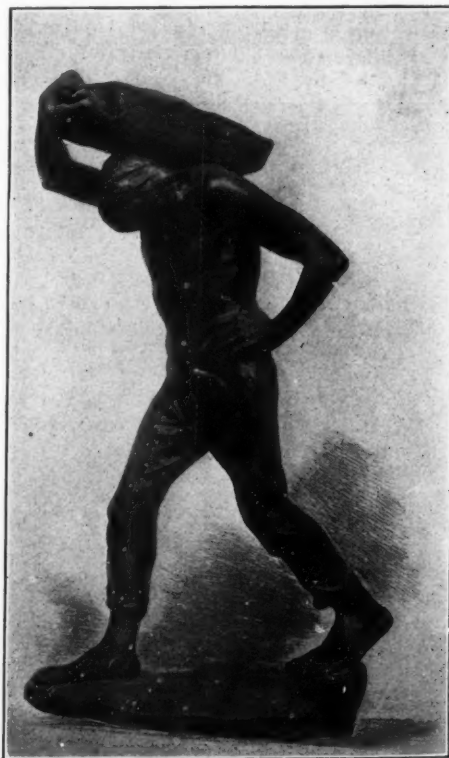
invested with the colors which they would undoubtedly be found to possess if it pleased God some time to bring them down upon earth, in flesh and blood, from the unknown regions of their abode.

"When I told Rubino," concludes Bevione, "that I wanted to write an article about him, he answered; 'You are my friend; I entrust to you my verses and paintings; say what you please about me and my creations. One thing only I want you to promise me, that you will print clearly, and that although my art is *bizarre*, you will remember that I am normal, that I have my head in the right place, and that when I want to I can speak, reason and act as everyone else.'"

### Advantages of a Literary Career

When Thoreau's publisher returned to him 706 copies out of an edition of 1000 of his book, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," the New England philosopher was so far from being crushed by this depressing circumstance that he entered in his journal: "I believe that this result is more inspiring and better for me than if a thousand had bought my wares. It affects my privacy less, and leaves me freer." The incident is cited by Thomas Wentworth Higginson at the outset of a recent address, delivered before the Harvard Ethical Society and printed in the August *Critic*, as an extreme illustration of the *disadvantages* of literature as a pursuit; and it serves as an antithesis to the very real benefits of the literary profession of which Colonel Higginson goes on to speak. These benefits he enumerates under four heads: Firstly, at its best the literary vocation "puts a man on higher ground as to pursuits and gives him at least the chance of being remembered longer, than any other vocation supplies. 'A book,' said the great lawyer, Rufus Choate, 'is the only immortality.'" Secondly, "it lasts a man into later life than other pursuits." Thirdly, "it keeps him in a much higher vein of thought, even where, as often happens, it involves a constant revision of his own work." Fourthly, "it perhaps adds on the whole to the fascination of literature that no author knows which book of his will succeed. Goethe wrote to Schiller, 'We make money by our poor books.'"

The greatest of all the advantages of a literary career—the joy of creative work—is



A QUARRYMAN  
(By Constantin Meunier.)

indicated in Colonel Higginson's closing words:

"Shelley says that a man cannot say, 'I will compose poetry.' He goes on to add: 'The greatest poet even cannot say it, for the mind in creation is as a fading coal, which some invisible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness; this power arises from within, like the color of a flower which fades and changes as it is developed, and the conscious portions of our nature are unprophetic either of its approach or its departure.' In the same way Schiller wrote to Körner that what impressed him when he sat down to write was usually some single impulse or harmonious tone, and not any clear notion of what he proposed writing. 'These observations,' he says, 'arise from an "Ode to Light," with which I am now busy. I have as yet no idea what the poem will be, but a presentiment; and yet I can promise beforehand that it will be successful.' . . .

"The world's greatest literature, we may assume, was like unto this. Science can be duplicated or gone over again, or it can be dropped and taken up again at the same point. It can be renewed. The highest forms of literature come we know not whence and go we know not whither; and this accounts for instances in such work where even one verse remains in the memory of mankind while all the rest is lost."

The Hon. Whitelaw Reid, in an article on "Modern Journalism as a Profession" in *The Pall Mall Magazine* (August), writes eloquently of the attractions of a newspaper career:

"To him who is called, the opportunity is beyond estimate. To him are given the keys of every study, the entry to every family, the ear of every citizen when at ease and in his most receptive moods—powers of approach and of persuasion beyond those of the Protestant pastor or the



CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

"We loved you, Meunier," said his friend Stacquet, "for your glorious eyes, which were full of goodness; we loved you for your great heart, which was full of sympathy; we loved you for your fine hands, which were full of service."

Catholic confessor. He is by no means a prophet; but, reverently be it said, he is a voice in the wilderness preparing the way. He is by no means a priest, but his words carry wider and farther than the priest's, and he preaches the gospel of humanity. He is not a king, but he nurtures and trains the king, and the land is ruled by the public opinion he evokes and shapes."

## The Proletarian Art of Constantin Meunier

Constantin Meunier, the Belgian sculptor, who died in Brussels recently, has done for the industrial worker something of what Jean François Millet, as a painter, did for the peasant. In contemplating his productions, we feel, as his friend and biographer,\* Camille Lemonnier, has said, that "the workingman has received the baptism of art." Another well-known critic, M. Dumont-Wilden, writing in the *Petit-Bleu*, characterizes his work thus:

"This is an exact picture of laboring humanity, the splendid presentment of the eternal struggle of man against natural fatalities—that great dolorous drama which is of all time, but that our times, with their huge industries and

congested, overheated centres of work, see, perhaps, under a grander and more terrible aspect than did bygone ages. To find an element of beauty in the factory; to discover the harmonious rhythm of a body beneath the miner's working-jacket; to conjure up the artistic emotion which lurks beneath the rough exterior of a *coron*, or in the dismal oppressiveness of an industrial town; what a singular and gigantic task is this, when one comes to think of it! What marvellous intuition in an artist whom destiny seems to have formed expressly for this task! And, indeed, the life of Constantin Meunier, harmonious, sad and simple, like one of his works, was but a slow preparation for the splendid fruition of his later years."

Of the sense in which Meunier qualified for his work by living that which he was to depict, Mr. Samuel Howe, a writer in *The Craftsman* (Syracuse, July), says:

\*CONSTANTIN MEUNIER. By Camille Lemonnier. H. Floury, Paris.



THE PUDDLER  
(By Constantin Meunier.)

"He visited and worked with the coal-diggers in the mines, often spending hours, prone on his

back, picking coal in a narrow seam or pushing small barrows through the low galleries. Men who lead the dark and rough life of the coal-pit present many peculiarities and transmit from one to another certain strongly-marked features which all come to have in common. The spine and legs often become crooked, owing to the constrained and awkward position in which they are compelled to work. The eyes assume a diminutive appearance, and the eyelids become swollen. They work almost without clothes, in air close and hot, and their faces are deadly pale and plowed with deep furrows. These are the coal-diggers depicted by Meunier, and the reason for every characteristic feature or peculiarity that marks them, was derived from the closest personal association and from actual experience as well.

"He visited the small cutlery industries where the workers possess their own little holding, obtaining their motive power from the small rivers that intersect the country, or from gas motors when the water is low. Here Meunier saw something of the fierce competition between the large manufacturers and the individual workers, and realized the skill with which the latter keep to the fore by dint of keen industry in some very high specialization of labor, even though hampered in their producing power by certain old-fashioned, although essential, methods of their own. The economic value of the use of water power, for instance, necessitates the building of their sheds on a level with the river, and there the grinders often lie all day, stretched out face down on boards, patiently grinding the knives and scissors for which they are famed. Under these con-



MINERS RETURNING FROM WORK  
From a bas-relief by Meunier.

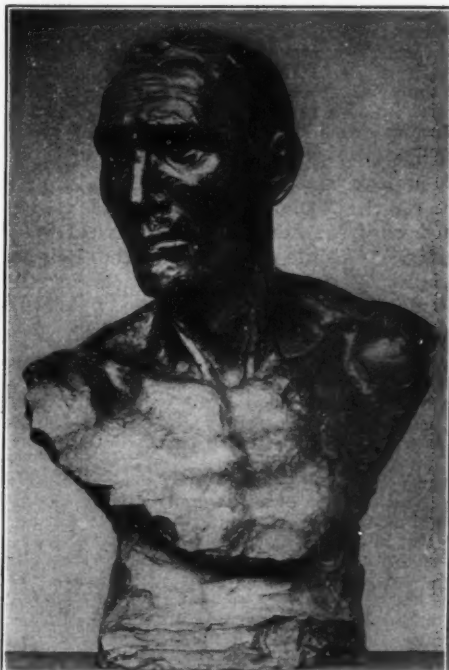


ditions, ague and rheumatism are the constantly-dreaded foes of the workers, and to counteract the chill and dampness each man has a large dog, trained to lie quietly for hours at a time on the loins of the worker, and waking only when the master quits work. These primitive conditions of industry will pass into history in Meunier's clay.

"A picture carver, having lost his situation, took up the making or turning of handles for umbrellas, tools and parts of chairs. Meunier turned the lathe when he could get away from his class for drawing at Louvain University, for very much the same reason that Horace Greeley, at Marcellus, turned the 'picker' to get linen threads from the native flax. He visited the shops and worked with the 'hammerman' at the anvil, taking his turn with the sledge; he worked with the brown-armed 'puddler' before the furnace which first reduces and then liquefies the metal; he worked with the quarryman, noting the manner in which he adjusts his body to carry huge stones after prying them loose with the crowbar, and with the dock-laborers, until he made his own the proud attribute of strength victorious."

Camille Lemonnier interprets Meunier in these terms:

"Constantin Meunier was one of the first, if not the first, to give personality to the crowd. Until his time the common people were obscure, expressed in passive density, with a dark and gloomy massiveness that had no soul. . . . Meunier, loving spirit, helpful dreamer, poor artist, evangelist in a sense, turned even to the



THE OLD MINER  
(By Constantin Meunier.)



THE HARVEST  
From a bas-relief by Meunier.

reprobate, pouring forth upon him a great pity. The workingman has received the baptism of art. The faceless, nameless army acquired the rights of citizenship in the republic of the intellect. All that was necessary was the conscience and sensibility of a master. In his works Meunier fraternized with Man. In his simple fashion he announced the coming of a new time."

Meunier's work has made a deep impression on the socialistic world, and is being discussed in the radical press of many countries. Emil Vandervelde, the Belgian Socialist Deputy, has an article in the *Neue Gesellschaft* (Berlin), from which we quote:

"Did Meunier follow the socialistic tendency when he evoked these figures from the clay? We believe not. As was the case with Millet, he had no political purpose, and it would not be in accord with the truth to attribute motives to him which he evidently never possessed. This is the very sign of genius, that it is much more the manifestation of an instinct than the expression of a conscious, reasoning will.

"But in spite of this it is difficult not to see, in his *chef d'œuvre*, on which he worked to the very end, and which he had scarcely completed before his heart ceased to beat, the symbol of a great hope. In his 'Monument of Labor,' Meunier does not so much represent work as it is, as forecast the proletariat of the future."

Odon Por writes in *The International Socialist Review* (Chicago, July):

"In the works of Jean François Millet the fragrant and smiling spring, clad in luxurious colors, intoxicates the worker. The fertile earth, overflowing with force, overwhelms him. The char-

acteristic of Millet is: "Le cri de la Terre"—'The Cry of the Earth.' The superiority of the earth and nature over man. The work of man does not harmonize with the work of nature. The earth is the commanding power. Man must obey, he must surrender to this power.

"The cry of force," 'The Voice of Consciousness,' is the master spirit in Meunier's work. Man and nature are not subordinated but co-ordinated to each other. They are harmonizing and co-operative forces. The wonderful touch of nature makes man a higher being, conscious of his faculties. Nature and work do not overpower him, but elevate him and multiply his forces and abilities, set a broader scope to his work and show him that his force and labor is just as creative a power as is nature itself.

"Thus Meunier expresses his philosophy, which recognizes in force and work the animating and supporting elements of society. He discarded the old way of attracting people's interest; the agitator's voice, speaking from the pictures of the 'poor people,' disappeared. Cheap inartistic effects were avoided and the eternal truth brought forth by purely artistic forms, by the rhythm of beauty found when force and action work consciously with man. The beauty of Meunier's art is in its originality and sublime simplicity; his art is unlimited, is eternal because it embraces the eternal verities.

"Meunier died in March, 1905, accompanied by the love and sorrow of all who love art and all who love a noble man and who struggle for the salvation of mankind.

"At the grave his friend Stacquet said: 'We loved you, Meunier, for your glorious eyes, which were full of goodness; we loved you for your great heart, which was full of sympathy; we loved you, Meunier, for your fine hands, which were full of service. Farewell, Meunier, farewell, my poor Meunier!'"

## The Literary Anarchism of Anatole France

An effort is made by Alvan Francis Sanborn in a recent work\* to determine the social views of the most eminent French literary men, and he declares that, in a majority of instances, their attitude toward society can only be termed "revolutionary." The opinion of the well-known critic, M. Augustin Filon, is quoted to the effect that "it is impossible to-day for a great mind not to be somewhat anarchistic." Taking the case of the Frenchman who is generally regarded as the "greatest man of letters," the selection has a relation to the dictum of M. Filon which seems to be highly typical. Mr. Sanborn says:

"If you ask intellectual Frenchmen, without distinction of social position or political faith,

\*PARIS AND THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION. By Alvan Francis Sanborn. Small, Maynard & Company.

who is the foremost living Frenchman of letters, five out of six will answer, without an instant's hesitation, Anatole France. Less pictorial, less colossal and less epic than Zola, but more penetrating and more profound; aesthetic and erudite (in the good old-fashioned sense of the latter word), subtle, suave, and refined; abundantly endowed with the humor and the wit in which Zola was deficient; as impeccable in point of language and style as Zola was careless, as measured as Zola was violent, as gentle as Zola was brutal, as finished as Zola was crude; as perfect an embodiment of the Greek spirit as Zola, if he had only had a keener sense of the grotesque, would have been of the Gothic—Anatole France is none the less a redoubtable iconoclast,—the most redoubtable iconoclast of his generation perhaps. A playful pessimist, a piquant anarchist, a mischievous nihilist, if you will, but a pessimist, an anarchist, a nihilist, for all that. 'Prejudices,' he says, 'are unmade and remade without ceasing; they have the eternal mobility of the clouds.' It is in

their nature to be august before appearing to be odious; and the men are rare who have not the superstition of their time, and who look straight in the eye what the crowd does not dare to look at.' M. France is one of these rare men. He combines the amiable doubt of Montaigne with the mocking irreverence of Voltaire and the subversive grace of Renan. 'The end which M. France seems to pursue persistently,' says one of his literary brethren, 'is the demolition of the social edifice by the force of a logic tinctured with irony, without anger, and without phrases. By as much as Zola, Tailhade, and Mirbeau are ardent and passionate when they attack society, by so much is M. France calm and feline; but he is not on that account the less to be feared.'

M. France is further described as "the idol of the lettered youth of France," and from being their master in questions of style there is but a step to becoming their leader in questions of the substance underlying the form. Ranked as the subtlest and gentlest ironist of his time, his "ideas insinuate themselves into the very penetralia of culture—that exquisite culture which brooks the presence of nothing common or unclean—and they act as a disintegrating force in circles where downright revolutionary propaganda cannot enter." Mr. Sanborn avers him to be the precise intellectual counterpart—at every point save that of Catholicism—of his own "adorable creation," the Abbé Coignard (in "Les Opinions de M. Jérôme Coignard"), "the delicious Catholic *révolté*, who juggles with principles and human institutions as if they were a Merry Andrew's painted spheres; the railing anarchist who lashes with jests and whose only bombs are *bon mots*."

Anatole France's latest book, "Sur la Pierre Blanche," admirably illustrates Mr. Sanborn's characterization. In this work the French author puts in the mouths of several Frenchmen, who spend a spring in Rome and meet at the Forum to indulge in

retrospective reflections and speculations concerning the future, his views and feelings regarding modern society—its institutions, principles, beliefs, policies and problems. The work is a savage arraignment of our civilization, though couched in M. France's graceful style. He spares no one, not even himself. Here is how he refers to society as a whole:

"Animal societies result naturally and necessarily from animal nature. The earth is a planet where one eats, the planet of hunger. Its animals are naturally greedy and ferocious. Man alone, the most intelligent of all animals, is avaricious."

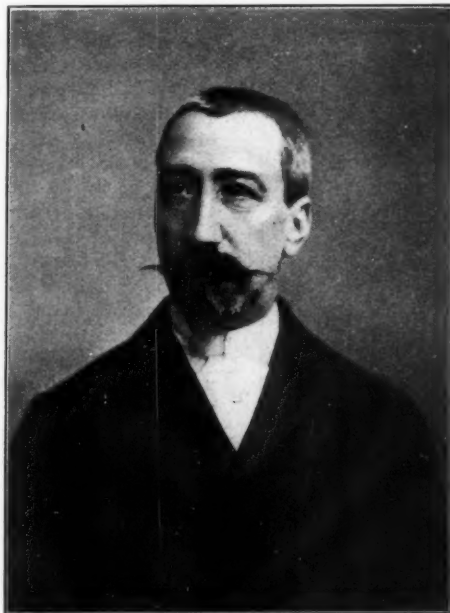
"Avarice, so far, is the primary virtue of human societies and the *chef-d'œuvre* of nature in the moral sphere. If I could write, I should write in praise of avarice. In truth, though, such a book would not be very original. The moralists and the economists have written it a hundred times. Human societies have for their august foundations avarice and cruelty."

The distinctive characteristic of modern civilization is commercial warfare, industrial competition which begets colonialism and war for territories and markets. America, according to M. France, is worse than Europe

in this respect; indeed, she is merely a new Europe, but more aggressive, less experienced and therefore more dangerous today to the best interests of humanity. To translate further:

"Colonialism is the most recent form of barbarism, or if you prefer, the most recent term of civilization. I recognize no difference between the two expressions; they are identical. What men call civilization is the present state of their morals, and by barbarism they mean anterior moral states. The present moral state will be called barbarous when it shall have passed away."

A race may spring up, perhaps unrelated to ours, concludes M. France, which will ignore or even despise us, to whom our proudest monuments, should they discover vestiges of them, will have no meaning.



ANATOLE FRANCE

"The foremost living Frenchman of letters."

## G. F. Watts: A Character Study

Mrs. Russell Barrington, an English lady who for thirty years was the pupil and intimate friend of George Frederick Watts, has written a book\* on Watts as she knew him. The volume is in the nature of a series of reminiscences, interpretative and appreciative, and is distinguished by a spirit of unconventional freshness and enthusiasm. It may be summed up as a fascinating study in the temperament of genius. Watts, himself, it is true, always denied that he had genius. "I have not a scrap of genius," he would write to Mrs. Barrington; "you have genius—I have none," an announcement which she says that she received "with amused, though perhaps with patient, incredulity." She continues:



PORTRAIT OF A LADY

From a hitherto unpublished drawing by Watts.

"The wealth of genius which Watts possessed was so innate, so part of himself, that he was, I think, unconscious of the existence of his riches. Feeling himself unlike others in many respects, feeling also a want of the kind of everyday facility which many inferior artists possess, and having a distrustful, self-depreciating attitude of mind regarding all he was and all he did, he viewed the dissimilarity between himself and others as proving his own inferiority. His taste and aspirations leading him to dwell on the very best things that have been produced in the world's history of art and literature, any comparison with these and his own work depressed

him greatly, and led to belittlements of self. Moreover, as is often the case with those gifted with rare instincts of imagination which are outside and beyond the conscious working of their minds, Watts had a certain curiosity about himself. In conversing he would often try to unravel the inconsistencies in his nature, and he would, I think, speak of the consciousness of his deficiencies in order to challenge a discussion of them."

In his art, Watts was dominated by the Greek and Italian schools. Pheidias, Oragna, and Titian were the three masters who inspired his greatest admiration. But behind all Greek and Italian influence his instinct was Celtic. He had the Celtic imagination and the Celtic temperament. His was the nature of a recluse. "I should like to go into a monastery," he exclaims in a letter bemoaning his nervous condition. Speaking of the frame of mind in which he did his best work, Mrs. Barrington says: "Some feeling of great indignation, some intense enthusiasm, or other excitement produced from the mesmeric influence attached to the presence of another personality, were needed to stir the psychic forces of his Celtic nature from its state of normal lethargic melancholy." To quote further:

"There is much in common between the genius of the Slav and of the Celt. Nietzsche went so far as to trace a similarity in the origin of their languages. I feel much of the finest Slav music, which arouses such enthusiasm in our modern music-loving natures, to be in the same strain as that of Watts's genius. Tchaikovsky's tragic symphony and Watts's 'Sic Transit Gloria Mundi' touch the same chord of profound impersonal melancholy, the intense and deep interest of both works lying beyond the circumstances of the human lot alone, touching those vaguer mysteries which float between the spiritual and the earthly conditions of the soul, recognized by the word psychic."

"Sic Transit," a gloomy picture representing a shrouded corpse lying beside the discarded trifles that symbolize the vanity of earthly existence, is regarded by Mrs. Barrington as Watts's masterpiece. Next to it she sets the small canvases of "The Court of Death" and the "Riders" on the White, Red, Black and Pale Horses. All of these paintings, she declares, were "spontaneous and unlabored"; while such pictures as "Love and Death" and "Time, Death and Judgment" were commenced before Watts had acquired ease and experience in his latest method. Of the portraits she prefers those of Walter Crane and Joachim, characterizing

\*G. F. WATTS: REMINISCENCES. By Mrs. Russell Barrington. The Macmillan Company.



the former as "superb" and writing of the latter: "Its value lies in the fact that in the painting is an embodiment of Joachim's feeling for music. By some subtle sense the painter has entered into and seized the genius of his sitter, and has translated through the medium of line and color the essence of the deep feeling which inspired the master's interpretations of Beethoven, Bach and Brahms." She goes on to say:

"Behind the sensuous glory of color, the richness of texture and quality, and the serenity of Pheidian form, we find a weird, melancholy note. In his greatest pictures, that note belongs to the theme as well as to the feeling. In the 'Sic Transit' we have the triumph of his art. Here there is no rift rent in the sky—nothing to lift off the brooding melancholy of the theme, no hint to lead the thought upwards from the transitory to the eternal. After the first 'Love and Death' was painted I often pleaded for the further theme, 'Love Triumphant.' It came at last, but compared to 'Love and Death,' 'Love Triumphant' was a failure. The Love who was defeated, overpowered by the stride of Death, was a glorious, passionate, pathetic Love; and Death, the inevitable, was solemn and grand. The unanswered question, the mystery of existence, had more power to stimulate the imagination of the Celt than had the glory and the joy of a fixed faith."



G. F. WATTS

From a photograph taken in 1854.

Watts's personal character was one of singular purity. He cared little or nothing about fame and money, and said that he would like to have signed his paintings "Pictor Ignotus," so that they might be judged for themselves and impersonally. He twice refused a baronetcy. He gave away his most valuable pictures to the nation. One of his favorite sayings was the motto inscribed on his "Sic Transit": "What I spent I had, what I saved I lost, what I gave I have."



ASPIRATION

From a chalk drawing by Watts.

He made the remark to Mrs. Barrington:

"One thing alone I possess, and I never remember the time I was without it—an aim toward the highest, the best, and a burning desire to reach it. If I were asked to choose whether I would like to do something good, as the world judges popular art, and receive personally great credit for it, or, as an alternative, to produce something which should rank as the very best, taking a place with the art of Pheidias or Titian, with the highest poetry and the most elevating music, and remain unknown as the perpetrator of the work, I should choose the latter."

Mrs. Barrington writes interestingly of Watts's religion. He was always inclined to be pessimistic, but he said there were two things that his experience proved to be worth living for—one to do as much for humanity as possible, and the other to have friends. He did not feel so definitely the sense of the reality of a spiritual life, we are told, as he did the sense of moral obligations, particularly those moral obligations which different classes of society are under one to another. His deep sympathy with human suffering found expression in such paintings as "Mammon," "The Song of the Shirt," "Under a Dry Archway," "Found Drowned," and "Irish Peasants during the Famine." Watts was attracted to Prince Kropotkin and to Mazzini, and greatly admired the writings of Tolstoy. These "extreme people," he once said, might be the

regenerators of art. But his art was in itself a religion. To quote again:

"When his gifts as an artist gradually developed and he realized the deep joy he felt in beauty and the intense interest and excitement which the endeavor to express it aroused in him, his scrupulous conscience, backed by the early strict religious training, was inspired with a sense that it was his duty to give back some gift to the world in return, it might almost be said in his case in expiation, for the sensuous enjoyment that he as a born artist experienced in working at his art. Notwithstanding the labor it cost him, nothing in life could compare in joy to the delight of revelling in beauty. Those alone who have known the passionate love, the engrossing entrancement which art can inspire, the intense interest a born artist feels in his work—even in the actual manipulation of the brush—can gauge truly the amount of merit to be allotted to one who sacrifices much that the world esteems as most enviable to the uninterrupted pursuance of it. To work is a necessity; it is a craving in the nature which demands to be satisfied, or life becomes disjointed—a failure—unlived! 'Va! your human talks and doings are a tame jest; the only

passionate life is in form and color,' says Cosimo in 'Romola.' No one ever realized this state of feeling more than did Watts. He would tell me that often at the sight of an exquisite scene in nature, or even of some passage of color in a blue distance (blue was the color which gave him most delight), or the pathetic loveliness in a baby, or any very young thing, his eyes would fill with tears from the emotion he felt."

In the spring of 1904 Mrs. Barrington saw Watts for the last time.

"He was working in his garden on the figure of his equestrian statue, 'Vital Energy.' . . . Very old he looked, but the light in the eye was kindled afresh with the fire of aspiration as he labored on. He was right when he wrote but a few weeks before, 'I think aspiration will remain as long as there is consciousness.' Ever struggling to improve—the hope, the effort seemed to impart new life. Working away in the peasant's smock, he was eager as ever to reach a something which he aspired to as the best, but which seemed to elude him as the mountain summit eludes the traveller—that farthest summit which rises ever beyond the height attained!"

### FitzGerald as "A Hamlet of Literature"

The life of Edward FitzGerald which A. C. Benson has just added to the English Men of Letters Series\* presents an interesting but more or less saddening picture of the literary recluse, a man whose "spectatorial interest in life" was acute, but whose ability to enter into its activities, always weak, diminished almost to the point of helplessness. "Though a man of great intellectual power, much nobleness and tenderness of character, he was not cast quite enough in the ordinary mould for his own convenience." In judging this attitude, his biographer accuses him of a certain lack of moral courage, for at the outset FitzGerald did not deliberately adopt the unconventional mode of life that he mainly followed, but allowed himself to drift into it, and the picture he presents is described as "melancholy." Says the writer:

"Not without loss can a man withdraw himself from the world and shun the primal inheritance of labor. Our admiration of the man and of his best work cannot blind us to the fact that this irresolution, this languid lingering upon the skirts of life, is not a beautiful or an admirable thing. If the sacrifice had been made in the interests of art, it would have been different; but FitzGerald had no illusions on this point either.

He often insists on the cardinal truth that life is above art, that art is a service, not a dominion; that art must minister to life, not life to art. There is a sort of priestly mood which falls upon those in whom the need for creating what is beautiful is very imperious. FitzGerald had none of this; he would have laughed at it as a species of pretentiousness. In this he was not necessarily right, but we are endeavoring to present his view of the case. The solemnity of Wordsworth, the affectation of Tennyson, were not only mistaken in FitzGerald's view, but slightly grotesque; and thus we have the pathetic spectacle of a man choosing to hold aloof from life in a way that could only have been justified if it had been the result of deliberate theory, a constraining vocation. We see him regretting his own indecision, and urging on his friends the imperative duty of taking a hand in the game; and yet unable to put his theories into practice, and trifling with life in a melancholy rather than in a cynical spirit, FitzGerald is thus, as I have said, a Hamlet of literature, clear-sighted, full of the sense of mystery and wonder and beauty; yet unable to dedicate himself to the creative life, from lack of a certain vitality, and from an unhappy capacity of seeing both sides of a question; and yet from indolence and irresolution unable to throw in his lot with the humdrum cares and duties that, after all, bring peace and content into the majority of lives."

A character and temperament such as is here set forth serve to explain the nature and quality of FitzGerald's literary product. His mind was deficient in imaginative qual-

\*EDWARD FITZGERALD. By A. C. Benson. The Macmillan Company.

ity, says Mr. Benson. "His timid, fastidious imagination shrank from the strain of constructing, originating, creating"; and while he was too restless to be wholly inactive, he took refuge in translations and in making selections. "His literary occupations were planned more to deaden than to quicken thought." His one haunting thought was regret,—“an impersonal regret for all the beauty and charm of the world that flowered only to die, and a more personal regret that he had not been able to put out his powers to do and to be.” The biographer continues:

"He was overshadowed by a constant sense of the brevity, the fleeting swiftness, of time, the steady, irrevocable lapsing of life to death. Melancholy takes many forms; in some it seems to find its materials in anxious and gloomy forebodings of what the future may bring or take away; with some the present seems irremediably dreary. But FitzGerald lived in a wistful regret for the beautiful hours that were gone, the days that are no more. Tennyson called this feeling 'the passion of the past,' but said that in his own case it was not a sadness born of experience, but rather the luxurious melancholy of youth; and that with him it tended to diminish as the years went on. But with FitzGerald, it was, it seems, an ever-present sense. Beneath and behind the sweet sounds and sights of the earth that he loved so well, he heard the sullen echo of a voice that warned him that all was passing away. 'It gives me,' he wrote, 'a strange sort of Pleasure to walk about the old Places among the falling leaves once more.' And as the golden light of evening crept over the pastures, touching tree and field with strange and sweet tranquility of bright outline and lengthened shadow, he said within his heart that it was all exquisitely and profoundly beautiful, but that the sweet hour was numbered with the past even as he gazed. All present enjoyment was darkened for FitzGerald by the pressure of this insistent thought."

FitzGerald was a man to whom friendship

was an intimate need, though his communication with friends was largely maintained by correspondence. No inconsiderable part of his literary fame rests upon the letters, which, in Mr. Benson's phrase, "have a high value, both for their beautiful and original literary form, for the careless picture they give of a certain type of retired and refined country life, for their unconsidered glimpses of great personalities, and for the fact that they present a very peculiar

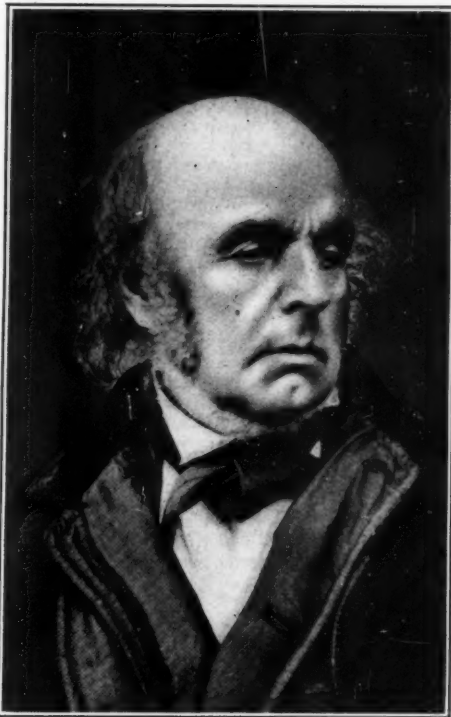
and interesting point of view, a delicate criticism of life from a highly original standpoint." It was indeed on the critical side that he possessed an "extraordinary delicacy of perception." This is revealed in letters addressed to William Bodham Donne and presented in a recent volume of that man's literary memorials.\* Citations from those that bear upon literary topics are given below:

"My  $\frac{1}{2}$  yearly inquiry about Carlyle has resulted in hearing from his Niece that he is quite well; walking the Thames Embankment before Breakfast and going on in his old way, only driving, instead of walking, out of an afternoon; reads incessantly; just now his eternal old Goethe, whom, she says, he never seems to tire of—and I, poor wretch, never can read at all."

The following is apropos of his brief "Calendar of the Life of Charles Lamb":

"I did it for myself who often felt at a loss for some *Data* while reading the dear Fellow's Letters. . . . I hesitated at expatiating so on the terrible year 1796 or even mentioning the Drink in 1804; but the first is necessary to show what a Saint and Hero the man was; and only a Noodle could fail to understand the Drink, etc., which never affected Lamb's conduct to those he loved. Bless him! 'Saint Charles!' said Thackeray one day taking up one of his Letters, and putting it to his Forehead."

\*WILLIAM BODHAM DONNE AND HIS FRIENDS. Edited by Catharine B. Johnson. E. P. Dutton & Co.



Courtesy of Book News, Phila., Pa.

EDWARD FITZGERALD  
The translator of the *Rubāiyāt* of Omar Khayyām.

## Henry James's Apologia

The lecture on "The Lesson of Balzac," which Mr. Henry James has been delivering in many parts of the United States has now been printed in *The Atlantic Monthly* (August). In it he acknowledges himself "an emulous fellow-worker, who has learned from him [Balzac] more of the lessons of the engaging mystery of fiction than from any one else," and declares himself "conscious of so large a debt to repay that it had positively to be discharged in installments; as if one could never have at once all the required cash in hand." The lesson of Balzac, in the lecturer's view, is one especially necessary to be learned at the present hour, when conditions are such as to warrant an indictment like the following: "I do not propose for a moment to invite you to blink the fact that our huge Anglo-Saxon array of producers and readers—and especially our vast cis-Atlantic multitude—presents production uncontrolled by criticism, unguided, unlighted, uninstructed, unashamed, on a scale that is really a new thing in the world." Coupled with this indictment is the declaration of what, in his opinion, are the fundamental requirements of the novelist's art, requirements in which Balzac showed himself "the master of us all." The first of these is the novelist's "saturation with his idea," the failure of which, he declares, is "that fault in the artist, in the novelist, that amounts most completely to a failure of dignity." "When saturation fails," says Mr. James, "no other presence really avails; as when, on the other hand, it operates, no failure of method fatally interferes." Saturation implies sympathy, and the truth is pointed by the contrasted cases of Thackeray and Balzac. "The English writer wants to make sure, first of all, of your moral judgment; the French is willing, while it waits a little, to risk, for the sake of his subject, your spiritual salvation." To quote further:

"It all comes back, in fine, to that respect for the liberty of the subject which I should be willing to name as the great sign of the painter of the first order. Such a witness to the human comedy fairly holds his breath for fear of arresting or diverting that natural license; the witness who begins to breathe so uneasily in presence of it that his respiration not only warns off the little prowling or playing creature he is supposed to be studying, but drowns, for our ears, the ingenuous sounds of the animal, as well as the general, truthful hum of the human scene at large—this

demonstrator has no sufficient warrant for his task. And if such an induction as this is largely the moral of our renewed glance at Balzac, there is a lesson, of a more essential sort, I think, folded still deeper within—the lesson that there is no convincing art that is not ruinously expensive. I am unwilling to say, in the presence of such of his successors as George Eliot and Tolstoi and Zola (to name, for convenience, only three of them), that he was the last of the novelists to do the thing handsomely; but I will say that we get the impression at least of his having had more to spend. Many of those who have followed him affect us as doing it, in the vulgar phrase, 'on the cheap'; by reason mainly, no doubt, of their having been, all helplessly, foredoomed to cheapness. Nothing counts, of course, in art, but the excellent; nothing exists, however briefly, for estimation, for appreciation, but the superlative—always in its kind; and who shall declare that the severe economy of the vast majority of those apparently emulous of the attempt to 'render' the human subject and the human scene proceeds from anything worse than the consciousness of a limited capital? This flourishing frugality operates happily, no doubt—given all the circumstances—for the novelist; but it has had terrible results for the novel, so far as the novel is a form with which criticism may be moved to concern itself. Its misfortune, its discredit, what I have called its bankrupt state among us, is the not unnatural consequence of its having ceased, for the most part, to be artistically interesting. It has become an object of easy manufacture, showing on every side the stamp of the machine; it has become the article of commerce, produced in quantity, and as we so see it we inevitably turn from it, under the rare visitations of the critical impulse, to compare it with those more precious products of the same general nature that we used to think of as belonging to the class of the hand-made."

Turning to that part of the lecture which constitutes most definitely Mr. James's *apologia* for his own art, we find him declaring that there are two elements of the art of the novelist which present the greatest difficulty:

"In the first place there is that mystery of the foreshortened procession of facts and figures, of appearances of whatever sort, which is in some lights but another name for the picture governed by the principle of composition, and which has at any rate as little as possible in common with the method now usual among us, the juxtaposition of items emulating the column of numbers of a schoolboy's sum in addition. It is the art of the brush, I know, as opposed to the art of the slate-pencil; but to the art of the brush the novel must return, I hold, to recover whatever may be still recoverable of its sacrificed honor.

"The second difficulty that I commend for its fascination, at all events, the most attaching when met and the most rewarding when triumphantly met,—though I hasten to add that it



also strikes me as not only the least 'met' in general, but the least suspected,—this second difficulty is that of representing, to put it simply, the lapse of time, the duration of the subject: representing it, that is, more subtly than by a blank space, or a row of stars, on the historic page. With the blank space and the row of stars Balzac's genius had no affinity, and he is therefore as unlike as possible those narrators—so numerous, all round us, it would appear, today in especial—the succession of whose steps and stages, the development of whose action, in the given case, affects us as occupying but a week or two. No one begins, to my sense, to handle the time-element and produce the time-effect with the authority of Balzac in his amplest sweeps—by which I am far from meaning in his longest passages. That study of the foreshortened image, of the neglect of which I suggest the ill consequence, is precisely the enemy of the tiresome procession of would-be narrative items, seen all in profile, like the rail-heads of a fence; a substitute for the baser device of accounting for the time-quantity by mere quan-

tity of statement. Quality and manner of statement account for it in a finer way—always assuming, as I say, that unless it is accounted for nothing else really is. The fashion of our day is to account for it almost exclusively by an inordinate abuse of the colloquial resource, of the report, from page to page, from chapter to chapter, from beginning to end, of the talk, between the persons involved, in which situation and action may be conceived as registered. Talk between persons is perhaps, of all the parts of the novelist's plan, the part that Balzac most scrupulously weighed and measured and kept in its place; judging it, I think,—though he perhaps even had an undue suspicion of its possible cheapness, as feeling it the thing that can least afford to be cheap,—a precious and supreme resource, the very flower of illustration of the subject, and thereby not to be inconsiderately discounted. It was his view, discernibly, that the flower must keep its bloom, or in other words not be too much handled, in order to have a fragrance when nothing but its fragrance will serve."

### The Alleged Decline in American Poetry

A discussion on the alleged "slump" in modern poetry, started in England more than a year ago and vigorously continued in this country, has received a fresh impetus during the past few weeks. The immediate occasion of this stimulus is found in the publication of two notable American poems, Richard Watson Gilder's "A Temple of Art" (printed in *CURRENT LITERATURE* for August) and Edwin Markham's "Virgilia" (noted in the Department of Current Poetry in this issue). Judging from the comment evoked by these poems, it would appear that popular interest in American poetry is certainly *not* declining, whatever may be said of the poetry itself.

Arthur Stringer, who initiated the present phase of the discussion, is himself a poet of distinction. He was so far moved by the "sturdy beauty" of many of the lines of Mr. Gilder's dedicatory ode, and by the fact that one of our living poets, and "one of our most dignified and scholarly living poets," should actually be asked to participate in any such public service as the opening of an art gallery, that he wrote to the *New York Times Saturday Review* as follows:

"Even this momentary identification of what was once held the divinity of the arts with actual affairs and actual life carries with it some poignantly muffled touch of promise. It has a microscopic tinge of something Homeric about it, recalling older and nobler traditions. It shows

that poetry, after all, is not as obsolete as antimacassars. It also serves to 'democratize' an art which, at first sight, appears to have been usurped and carried off (and well-nigh strangled) by idle-handed aesthetes and self-immured dilettantes. It wrests this art, hallowed by timeless traditions, from the hands of febrile erotomaniacs and verbal crochet-workers. It tends to give a wider meaning and a stamp of national dignity to a sadly unremunerative calling that has, of late, seemed emasculated with pink-teaed preciosity and tainted with studio-life attitudinizing. And poetry, in this æstheti-phobic land and century of ours, sadly needs something like this. England—rich to-day in her younger generation of poets of no mean promise and accomplishment, while we, alas, can count our Thomas Bailey Aldriches and our William Vaughn Moodys on our finger tips—has her academically recognized Newdigate and her officially sanctioned Laureate-ship. But on this continent, where the queen bee of the hive of beauty must 'grub for herself,' any latter-day recognition of the maker of songs is to be hungrily welcomed, in the hope that some day it will be more openly commended. It is, on the other hand, equally to the advantage of the poet, now that the commercialized magazine is no longer an outlet for anything but his shallowest and most fragmentary aspirations, to identify himself, in no matter how desperate a manner, with some scattered few of the wider issues of life.

This letter drew the following rejoinder from Stephen G. Clow, of New York:

"Why, oh, why will persons, many of them acute observers and decent verse-makers themselves, continue to write like this on the subject of poets and poetry? Why will they shut their eyes and stub their pens to the fact that, as a

matter of circumstance, we are through having poets? Could any demonstration in Euclid be clearer than that there is no longer, and will never be again, the conditions that breed poets? Certain favorable, simpler past ages produced poets; our business to-day is to produce trolley cars and breakfast foods. The man in this age who perfects a corn plaster or an automobile is much more important to us than Sophocles. Why mix—or mince—matters? The poet is as extinct as the dodo. The dear public doesn't want poets, and wouldn't acknowledge them if by a miracle it could have them. Verse we will see, yea, and mighty good verse—some of it such as Mr. Stringer himself doth many a time and oft produce, but poetry!—please spare us the conjecture. Yet vastly surprising it is what good imitations of the real article as produced by Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Milton, et al., can be contrived by some of our poetasters whom it might be truest *lèse majesté* to name, though the naming would give envied relief to discerning ones who are forced to behold the shameless counterfeits. It is these good imitations that perpetuate the innocent aberration that we are able to-day to produce real poets and poetry. Poets? No! Mr. Arthur Stringer doth protest too needlessly."

"Modern poetry has been wounded, but not fatally," says a third correspondent, "by the too malevolent modern microbes of superficiality and artificiality. Let Mr. Clow or some other literary chemist supply us with a concoction that will destroy these two terrible microbes, and perfect, profound poetry will become the order of the day." A fourth writer advances the theory that American poets are too comfortable—that "peaceful tranquillity and the blessings of freedom . . . lack the requisites for the creation and development of the exceptional, supreme and towering genius." Elsa Barker, a frequent poetical contributor to the magazines, thinks that poetry is produced too much as a commodity. She says:

"I believe the reason why so little good poetry is written is because the magazines offer so ready a market for verse; because it is possible for a poet or writer of verse, if he is successful with the magazines, to acquire ready money for his work. The tendency at the present time in verse is not toward real self-expression (which is the only poetry worthy the name); it is toward conformity with the standard of technical excellence and innocuous content which necessarily governs the editorial policy of magazines whose publishers believe that they must cater to the popular average of intelligence and taste.

"If the magazines should all stop using verse to-morrow, I believe it would be a good thing for the future of American poetry. In other words, poetry should never be produced as a commodity, and real poetry cannot be written with one eye on the market. Under present economic conditions it is necessary and desirable that poetry, if it is used in periodicals, should be paid for, but the poet who writes a poem with the idea of a market

in his mind has signed his own artistic death warrant."

Anna Blanche McGill seconds a suggestion of Raymond Underwood Johnson's that much could be done "institutionally" to encourage American poetry:

"The recent account of the excursions into the book world made by the scholar who now occupies the White House proves that Mr. Roosevelt sometimes canters up the Heliconian Mount—with as much pleasure, we fancy, as he galloped up San Juan Hill. It will be matter for surprise if such a lover of letters does not grasp his golden opportunity to institute some perennial National honor to literature. What more distinguished service could he render? It is time for America to be known otherwise than through her commercial and mechanical achievements. Some public recognition of the singing robes, not by establishment of any servile laureateship, but in some magnanimous, sagacious way, would give the poets a chance to prove their mettle, would surely vitalize their art, ennoble it, draw it away from what Mr. Stringer calls 'fragmentary aspirations,' and put it in touch with life's wider issues, ideality's higher phases."

Many correspondents deny that there is a decline in poetry, in any real sense. An "optimist," hailing from Montclair, N. J., predicts that future generations will look back on this as "the age of the sublimest poetry;" and a lady resident in Philadelphia says: "The public does want poetry as eagerly as it ever did. It has outgrown the habit of superlative. It says less and feels more about everything. . . . The woods are full of poets. You can't pick up a magazine of high class without being gladdened by the thought that they are still with us. True, some wear petticoats, but petticoated or trousered, sing they their individual songs or chant they their soul-stirring requiems thrice tunelessly as of yore." A correspondent from Indiana writes:

"The complaint that great Pan is dead is as untrue as ever. Never burned his altar fires more brightly. On Saturday afternoons and Sundays, for whole Summers and on Winter holidays, do not all who can desert commercial centres to attend his rites? For this, mainly, the trolley cars exist, and the long, green blur that crosses the vision of the occupants of the auto doubtless receives what reverence they are free to bestow. None but the initiated know whither these wild things go, yet they may be able to halt (or break down) in some verdant spot for worship. The telephone is often used to convey tidings of new moons, sunsets, and wondrous rainbows. In all this wide-spread busying with birds, bees, butterflies, and flowers, surely there is concealed a large proportion of poetic yearning, which is none the less deeply felt that it may not be expressed in meter,

To make us heirs  
Of truth and pure delight in endless lays."

## Religion and Ethics

### Is the Age of Faith Returning?

Mr. Balfour, the English Premier, not long ago observed that the great movements which history records have in every case been "irrational." They have come to life, he maintained, not as the result of intellectual statement or appeal, but always in obedience to forces at first so obscure and in the day of their power so complicated and diverse that it is impossible to isolate or name them or to relate them to man's average behavior. A writer in *The Hibbert Journal* (the Rev. John A. Hutton, of Newcastle-on-Tyne) invites us to consider some signs that a very great change of a similar character is beginning to take place in the public mind—"one of those changes so obscure in its beginnings, so diverse in its fruits, so contemptuous of maxims which until yesterday appeared to be incontrovertible, that it may yet come to be included amongst movements which have that quality of 'irrationality' which is the proof of a certain inevitableness and authenticity." These signs are discernible in politics, education and sociology, but most of all in religion. The writer declares:

"The feeling that there is something awanting, something which in better days we and our fathers knew, something without which we are at a disadvantage, has become a real discovery in the church. In the various denominations, a consciousness of inability, a sense at the same time of a completeness which nevertheless is possible, manifests itself in various ways. Ultimately there are only two attitudes which are possible to men in real distress—the Roman Catholic and the Reformed; the one to give up the world, the other to call upon God. Every church just now is living too much by its wits. Never did men in office in the church work harder. Never were they more willing to learn. Never were church buildings so constantly in use. Never were appeals more insistent. Yet at the best, 'having done all, we stand.' Such success as the churches may claim is not of the highest possible quality; it is too much fretted with anxiety and labor. It wants certain notes of peace, of fulness, of that confidence in God which has the victory over the world. It is not pregnant, overflowing. It has a basis of worry and strain. It has enough to do with itself."

These symptoms are interpreted as showing a condition of unstable equilibrium, of

discord and uneasiness—a condition which will not continue. "It is a condition of things out of which an entirely new attitude and settlement may very suddenly take place." As definite indications of the coming change, the writer notes, first of all, the growth of the Christian Science movement:

"That the Christian Science propaganda should begin and should find such a welcome in an age and amongst habits of thought diametrically opposed to its ideas, is a shining illustration of how extremes meet. Sympathetically considered, also, it gives the rationale, the inner reasonableness, of that long established maxim. Extremes meet for the same reason as tyrannies are overthrown. The latter extreme is the passionate reaction, often unjust and disastrous but inevitable, against the former. To the *ipse dixit* of materialism, becoming more and more strident and cock-sure, that there is nothing but matter in the world, Christian Science with equal self-confidence replies that there is nothing but spirit. Now, it is not the purpose of this paper to enter into proofs, or to justify the general movement, signs of which are here alleged. My purpose is simply to name some signs, as they seem to me, that, whether rightly or wrongly in an absolute sense, the general mind to-day is steadily inclining towards a certain consideration and attitude of attention with regard to the spiritual view of man and the world."

The "remarkable revival of the 'occult' in our time" is next considered. "It is the sign," we are told, "of a kind of wild revenge which the spiritual side of our human nature is celebrating as a protest against its long neglect. As such, it gives an insight into the necessities of human nature; that in the absence of the prophet from the soul, in the absence of some honorable faith, which will control the fluid and haunting faculties of man, there may take place, even in the most enlightened society, a kind of stampede into dark and dubious and imbecile things." A change of temper is also noted in the scientific writing of our day. "Science has become sober and judicial," affirms the writer, "not in deference to the advice of those who were alarmed by her recklessness, but by her own discoveries as she proceeded. . . . It has become evident that when science leaves her sphere of criticism and observa-

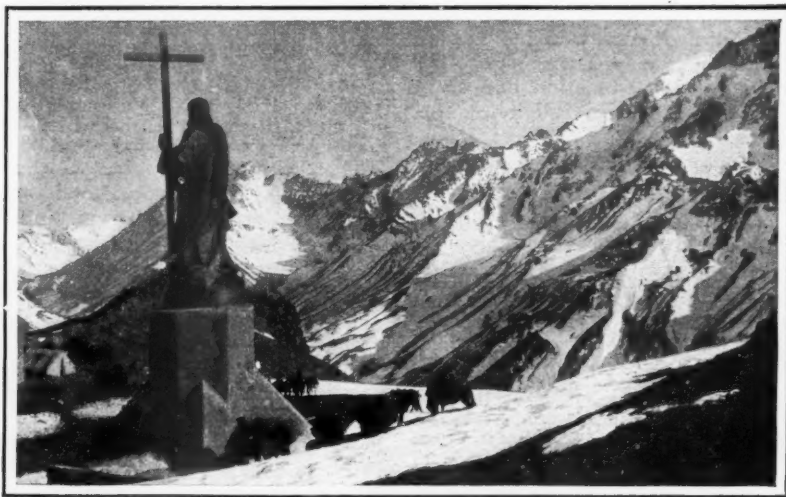
tion, and presumes to unveil the last source or final purpose of things, she can only guess or talk nonsense." In philosophical writing, too, significant developments are taking place:

"To a philosophy which had come to regard man as a mere article in the Inventory of the Universe, there has arisen amongst us a philosophy prepared to wait upon man, hoping to attain to wisdom by observing patiently and with reverence man's habitual and instinctive life. 'Pragmatism, 'soft determinism,' 'personal idealism' are but names for a new mood, a new point of view; the one thing about which I desire at this time to note being that it puts the accent and emphasis upon *man*. When one contrasts the idealistic philosophy of even twenty years ago with the writing which to-day on the whole occupies the same place in the intellectual field, one notes, I think above all other differences, a new robustness, a spirit of confidence, a certain glow and intoxication even, a zest for the battle, which were wanting from the earlier phase. Idealists to-day are very cheery persons. Rightly or wrongly, they feel that they have the ball at their foot. They are not ashamed at times to reply to an argument with a laugh or by telling a good story. When a controversialist on the other side has circumstantially demonstrated the intellectual impossibility of 'believing,' they will answer, as one did the other day, by protesting that, at the time of writing, he is simply prancing with belief. In short, able men to-day have the hardi-

hood to appeal from the sophistry of pure reason to the generous intimations of a healthy temperament. It may be very Philistine; but it is very human. It is the true and only useful positivism. One thing is certain, it is there, cheerful and unashamed. It is one of those 'irrational' movements, one of those 'offences' against the pure reason 'which must needs come,' in which some elementary instinct or function, long denied, finds at length its voice, and utters its uncontrollable joy."

The writer concludes:

"The faith to which, as it seems to me, we are about to return, will not be the same in many particulars as that of any previous time; but it will have the same background, the same fundamental attitude. It will be a newly recovered confidence in life, in that body of personal facts, of moral misgivings, flashes of the ideal and the holy, reminiscences of some previous condition of private integrity and peace, with the corroborations of these which, to the hearing ear and the understanding heart, seem to rise up so fittingly out of life's ordinary events. The new faith will be a return, a kind of homecoming, to a sufficiently solid confidence, that in trusting those elements of our nature which urge us and help us on towards what seems best, we are not deceived; that rather, in those so personal intimations and contacts, we are dealing with Reality and with that kind of reality which, for beings such as we are, and placed as we are, is our proper and abiding concern."



Courtesy of Leslie's Weekly, N. Y.

GREAT STATUE OF CHRIST ERECTED ON THE MOUNTAIN BOUNDARY, 16,000 FEET HIGH, BETWEEN CHILE AND ARGENTINA, AS AN EMBLEM OF PEACE

"Chile and Argentina have not only created a symbol," says Carolina Huidobro, in *The Christian Herald* (New York), "they have inculcated into the minds of men for all ages an idea of greater significance than any other in our contemporary age, by erecting that colossal monument to the Christ, with the inscription on its granite pedestal: 'Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than Argentines and Chileans break the Peace which, at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer, they have sworn to maintain.' On the opposite side of the base are the words of the angels' song over Bethlehem: 'Peace on earth, good-will to all men!' The statue cost about \$100,000, and was paid for by popular subscription, the working-classes contributing liberally."



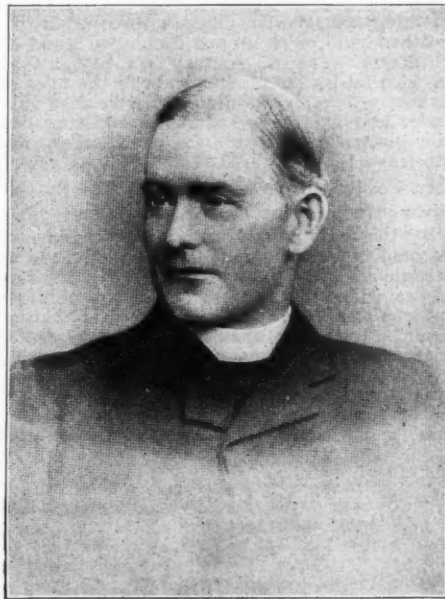
## Agnosticism and National Decay

That modern civilization is "exposed to a great danger" and "may, during the twentieth century, enter on a period of decline" is the opinion of Dr. William Barry, the English priest and man-of-letters. The danger to which he refers is that of agnosticism, and the reasons for so alarmist a view are set forth in an article in *The National Review* (London). After pointing to the prevalence of Malthusian practices in France and to the rising tide of divorce in America, Dr. Barry goes on to say:

"Look at the facts and figures. Social misery is always with us in the shape of a residuum, to be counted by millions, who are on the brink of destitution. Degeneracy has become so menacing that Royal Commissions make it the subject of their inquiries. Crime does not diminish, though it changes its character from violence to cunning and robs where it used to commit murder. Outrages due to the animal passions are everywhere greatly on the increase. Low birth-rates, as we have seen, bear witness to the number of fraudulent marriages, never so frequent or so largely approved at any previous time in our national history, which from this point of view is now comparable to that of the declining Roman Empire. Divorces have grown to be familiar among the wealthy classes; desertion of wife or husband, and separation by the magistrate's fiat, among the working people. Speculation, betting, games of hazard, form the business or the amusement of women no less than men to a degree which would have struck a generation not so bent on gain dumb with surprise and amazement. The drink-problem baffles legislation, confounds the preacher, and is explained by the physician as arising from nervous demands made by an overwrought temperament, by the high pressure at which every one lives, and the consequent feeble reaction to normal stimulus. Cynicism, pessimism, and other less describable tones, may be heard at dinner-tables, color conversation, have their schools in literature, and form no significant chapter in current politics and philosophy. There can be no question that, as a materialized civilization spreads in towns and even in villages, the rate of mental disturbance rises and asylums mark its growth. Last of all, suicide, laying its dreadful grasp on children as well as their elders, closes the tragic record. Suicide is the most appalling result of a social order from beneath which the moral and religious supports have been, to an incredible extent, withdrawn."

We find ourselves in a crisis of morality and civilization, continues Dr. Barry, because the religion once acknowledged has "suffered severely at the hands of men—themselves often superior to their unbelief—who make it out to be a delusion, a sort of mirage or *cali miracula vana*, while the present world alone was real and worthy to be taken into account." The writer adds:

"The evidence is abundant, and is accumulating, that the agnostic negation is not simply negative. Under its influence precepts most positive, shaping the creed of no small number, have risen from the deeps. When we look at the ways of business, fashion, literature and at social statistics, a new decalogue appears in view. What are its commandments? I seem to read among them these: "Thou shalt make money, have no children, commit adultery, plead in the divorce court, and, such duties done, commit suicide." Not the individual only, but the nation, if it loses its old Christian prejudices, will enter on this journey toward Hades. The test and proof that a mistake has been made by our agnostic philosophers are to be found in the national decay which follows on their teaching, as darkness follows on eclipse. And by national decay nothing else is



WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.

Rector of St. Birinus, Dorchester, England. Author of biographies of Renan and Cardinal Newman.

meant than the suicide of the race, consequent on frauds in marriage, a dwindling birth-rate, unlimited divorce, degeneracy in offspring, the abuse of stimulants and of pleasure, the clouding of intellect, all which are fated to terminate in one disease—the denial of the will to live."

Dr. Barry's article has provoked a number of indignant rejoinders. Robert Blatchford, the editor of the London *Clarion*, thinks that the agnostic reply to Dr. Barry's main contention can be stated in two words—"Russia and Japan." "Russia is orthodox

and Christian; Japan is un-Christian and largely agnostic." Mr. G. G. Coulton, a writer in *The Independent Review* (London), concedes one point in Dr. Barry's argument—namely, that Neo-Malthusianism is "gaining ground alarmingly in most civilized countries" and is "contrary both to natural and to Christian morality"—but pronounces the article as a whole "hopelessly reactionary." He writes further:

"I claim the right of speaking here as plainly about the 'Age of Faith,' as Dr. Barry has spoken about the 'Age of Agnosticism.' For if, during the 600 years in which the civilized world has adopted an increasingly critical attitude, first towards the Romanist creed, and finally towards all creeds that would confine human enquiry within too narrow dogmatic limits—if, during those 600 years, morality has not actually gone far backwards, then it is evident at once that something halts in Dr. Barry's theory. If, on the other hand, with all our faults we stand as high above thirteenth century morality as that age, with all its faults, stood above the ages of Socrates or Marcus Antoninus, then we shall only wonder how a professed student of history can claim historical authority for so strangely unhistorical a theory."

Mr. Coulton proceeds to review briefly the crimes of which Dr. Barry complains:

"By two independent calculations, from coroners' rolls of Oxford and Bedfordshire, I get at the same result—that the percentage of murders and homicides to the total population of those days was *more than twenty times* greater than at present. With rape, the disproportion is greater still; for it was a habitual practice in warfare, and when was Europe without war? Even nowadays it is in Romanist countries that gambling is especially rampant; in the Middle Ages it was far worse, and rendered even chess a disreputable

game. St. Bernardino complains of the horrible blasphemies and mutilations of saints' images to which the gambling mania led—far worse than anything known to modern Protestantism. Drunkenness, even without the worst modern temptation of distilled liquors, was also rampant in the past; at Oxford, as Dr. Rashdall points out, it was not even an offence recognised by the University authorities. As to obscenity, I dare not even summarise the testimony of Thomas of Celano and Gerson, which points to something far beyond modern France and Italy. One of St. Catherine of Siena's worst trials lay in the impossibility of escaping from foul talk in respectable middle-class circles. There is scarcely a book of medieval history or fiction, even including the collections of anecdotes for preachers' use, which could conveniently be published in an unexpurgated translation. Dozens of songs and parodies written by medieval clerics, and preserved to modern times in monastic or cathedral libraries, are far too licentious to be translated and published in any modern community."

The future belongs, says Mr. Coulton, "not indeed to the dummy agnostic whom Dr. Barry sets up to knock down again, but to the steadily growing majority of thoughtful men who claim the Pauline right of proving all things, and holding fast that which is good. Such men cling to all that is best in the past, as St. Augustine clung to his Virgil and Plato; but they look forward to a far more exceeding weight of glory in the future. For their faces are turned resolutely away from the old Egyptian bondage; and, through all failures and punishments for failure, through fears without and fightings within, they have a steady vision of the City of God."

### The Machine as a Symbol of Deity

A poetic rhapsody on "The Language of the Machines," recently penned by the Rev. Gerald Stanley Lee, of Northampton, Mass., yields the thought that God is the Great Machinist. "There seem to be two ways," writes Mr. Lee, "to worship Him. One way is to gaze upon the great Machine that He has made, to watch it running softly above us all, moonlight and starlight, and winter and summer, rain and snowflakes and growing things. Another way is to worship Him not only because he has made the vast and still Machine of Creation, in the beating of whose days and nights we live our lives, but

because He has made a Machine that can make machines—because out of the dust of the earth He has made a Machine that shall take more of the dust of the earth, and of the vapor of heaven, crowd it into steel and iron and say, 'Go thou now, depths of the earth—heights of heaven—Serve thou me.'" The writer says further (in *The Reader Magazine*, July):

"The Corliss engine of Machinery Hall in '76, under its sky of iron and glass, is remembered by many people the day they saw it first as one of the great experiences of life. Like some vast Titanic spirit, soul of a thousand, thousand wheels, it stood to some of us, in its mighty

silence there, and wrought miracles. To one twelve-year old boy, at least, the thought of the hour he spent with that engine first is a thought he sings and prays with to this day. His lips trembled before it. He sought to hide himself in its presence. Why had no one ever taught him anything before? As he looks back through his life there is one experience that stands out by itself in all those boyhood years—the choking in his throat—the strange grip upon him—upon his body and upon his soul—as of some awful unseen Hand reaching down Space to him, drawing him up to Its might. He was like a dazed child being held up before It—held up to an infinite Fact, that he might look again and again.

"The first conception of what the life of man was like, of what it might be like, came to at least one immortal soul not from lips that he loved, or from a face behind a pulpit, or a voice behind a desk, but from a Machine. To this day that Corliss engine is the engine of dreams, the appeal to destiny, to the imagination and to the soul. It rebuilds the universe. It is the opportunity of

beauty throughout life, the symbol of freedom, the freedom of men, and of the unity of nations, and of the worship of God. In silence—like the soft far running of the sky it wrought upon him there—like some heroic human spirit, its finger on a thousand wheels, through miles of aisles and crowds of gazers it wrought. The beat and rhythm of it was as the beat and rhythm of the heart of man mastering matter, of the Clay conquering God.

"Like some wonder-crowded chorus its voices surrounded me. It was the first hearing of the psalm of life. The hum and murmur of it was like the spell of ages upon me—and the vision that floated in it—nay, the vision that was builded in it, was the vision of the age to be—the vision of Man, My Brother, after the singsong and dance and drone of his sad four thousand years, lifting himself to the stature of his soul at last, lifting himself with the sun, and with the rain, and with the wind, and the heat and the light, into comradeship with Creation morning, and into something (in our far-off, wistful fashion) of the might and gentleness of God."

### The Negro's Undeveloped Sense of Sin

In the opinion of Booker T. Washington, the supreme need of the negro church in America to-day is "a more definite connection with the social and moral life of the negro people." The negroes, as he points out, came to America with the pagan ideas of their African ancestors; they acquired under slavery a number of Christian ideas, and at the present time they are slowly learning what those ideas mean in practical life. He says further (in *The North American Review*):

"In the religion of the native African there was, generally speaking, no place of future reward or punishment, no heaven and no hell, as we are accustomed to conceive them. For this reason, the negro had little sense of sin. He was not tortured by doubts and fears, which are so common and, we sometimes feel, so necessary a part of the religious experiences of Christians. The evils he knew were present and physical. . . .

"The slave, to whom on this side of the grave the door of hope seemed closed, learned from Christianity to lift his face from earth to heaven, and that made his burden lighter. In the end, the hope and aspiration of the race in slavery fixed themselves on the vision of the resurrection, with its 'long white robes and golden slippers.'

"This hope and this aspiration, which are the theme of so many of the old negro hymns, found expression in the one institution that slavery permitted to the negro people—the negro church. It was natural and inevitable that the negro church, coming into existence as it did under slavery, should permit the religious life of the

negro to express itself in ways almost wholly detached from morality. There was little in slavery to encourage the sense of personal responsibility."

If a connection between religion and moral life could be effected in a large degree, continues Mr. Washington, it would give to the movement for the upbuilding of the negro race the force and inspiration of a religious motive. He adds:

"A large element of the negro church must be recalled from its apocalyptic vision back to the earth; the members of the negro race must be taught that mere religious emotion that is guided by no definite idea and is devoted to no purpose is vain.

"It is encouraging to notice that the leaders of the different denominations of the negro church are beginning to recognize the force of the criticism made against it, and that, under their leadership, conditions are changing. In one of these denominations, the A. M. E. Zion Church alone, \$2,000,000 was raised, from 1900 to 1904, for the general educational, moral and material improvement of the race. Of this sum, \$1,000,000 was contributed for educational purposes alone. The A. M. E. Church and the Baptists did proportionally as well.

"The mere fact that this amount of money has been raised for general educational purposes, in addition to the sum expended in each local community for teachers, for building schoolhouses and supplementing the State appropriations for schools, shows that the colored people have spent less money in saloons and dispensaries; that less has been squandered on toys and gimcracks that

are of no use. It shows that there has been more saving, more thought for the future, more appreciation of the real value of life.

"At Tuskegee Institute, we insist upon the importance of service. Every student in this department is expected to do, in connection with his other work either as a teacher or preacher, some part of the social and religious work that is

carried on under the direction of the Bible Training School in the surrounding country. We are seeking to imbue these young men who are going forth as leaders of their people with the feeling that the great task of uplifting the race, though it may be for others merely a work of humanity, for them, and every other member of the negro race, is a work of religion."

## Are Women Morally Superior to Men?

The tacit assumption in the modern Anglo-Saxon mind that women are better than men—our "better halves"—is rudely challenged by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, the well-known lecturer and writer on sociological problems. "On many lines of research," she says, "we are proving that the mother sex is the stronger; but is it therefore more virtuous? Is it true that, measured by the moral standards of a civilized Christian world, women stand higher than men?" She continues (in *The Grand Magazine*, August):

"Patent superiority in one virtue we may readily grant them—that of chastity. This is genuinely theirs by nature as well as being carefully fostered artificially by man. Man did not invent it. He found it in a state of nature; because in the original relation of the two it is he who is created to pursue and to go through the ordeal of combat for her favor; she, calm creature, feeds placidly the while, enjoys the fighting and accepts the victor. This, by the way, is one reason why women love to watch a fight to this day—it is a habit older than humanity.

"Admitting that they are thus 'morally' superior by nature, there remains a damaging qualification—that it is to their interest to be so.

"Where a certain virtue is demanded as the one condition to a decent livelihood and all higher rewards of love and honor, the 'moral' quality of this virtue is somewhat impaired.

"To fairly show the moral superiority of women they should be measured on equal terms

with men; and no student of sociology can believe that such measurement would result in the same standard now upheld among us. If happy marriage and honorable fatherhood were open only to the virtuous men, and all decent society, advancement, and means of a livelihood closed to the vicious, an astonishing number of men would find it possible to be as moral as they wish women to be."

Mrs. Gilman goes on to consider the second great virtue commonly allotted to women—unselfishness:

"How often we hear it—'Women are more unselfish than men!' Then they turn on the encroaching other half and dub him a 'selfish brute!' There are many kinds of animals in the world; and selfishness is common to all—including the human. As the human animal progresses in social development he becomes less selfish; he learns to love and serve his fellows, and we find every shade of higher feeling, from simple neighborliness to the glorious consecration of life to the service of humanity. This higher feeling is given a final test in the well-known verse: 'Greater love

hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend.'

"This sentiment of fellowship, amounting at times to heroism, is quite common among men. Every trade has its heroes; the more dangerous the work the greater the mutual devotion of the workers. Sailors and miners and railroad men risk their lives for each other as quite a common occurrence; not only for a friend, but often for a stranger—sometimes even an enemy.

"From the natural selfishness of the individual animal to the as natural mutual devotion of the social animal, man has moved a long way.



CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

She asks: "Is not the 'unselfishness' we talk about in women two-thirds mere maternal instinct, and the other third the subservience expected of a wife?"



"Has woman gone so far? Is the average woman more unselfish in her relations with other women than men are with men? The trouble is here that we cannot tell. The average woman has no relations with other women except as servants, or in what is called 'Society.' Are women more unselfish with servants than are men? Are women more unselfish in Society than are men? Is not the 'unselfishness' we talk about in women two-thirds mere maternal instinct, and the other third the subservience expected of a wife?"

But, it will be said, at least women are far more religious than men. Yet even this frequently repeated and generally accepted belief is disputed by Mrs. Gilman. She writes:

"Now, really, are women better Christians than men?"

"They go to church more, visibly; but then Christ said very little about going to church.

"Do they love their neighbor more, forgive their enemies more, steadily give their lives to help one another more than men? Do they not stop rather short at a submissive acceptance of doctrine—any doctrine which they have been taught—and a diligent practice of such virtues as are most convenient in their special limitations?"

"For a woman to turn the other cheek and give soft answers is decidedly easier than for a man, both by temperament and position in life. She is almost always a dependent, a servant, under or upper; and to such a station in life these virtues are almost inevitable. Where women are wholly free of this pressure of condition; where they deal with their equals, as among sisters, classmates, fellow-employees, they are by no means so markedly submissive."

There are more virtues needed in modern life, concludes Mrs. Gilman, than these of "passive Christianity"; there is the active Christianity that lifts the world along, to which must be added many practical business virtues, not yet called cardinal, but most essential in the conduct of life.

"Such little ones as punctuality, accuracy, and that modest but useful quality called 'business honor'—how do women stand in these? But we may pass lightly over these minor details and look at the greatest virtues of all—courage, truth, and justice. Some would put love higher than these; but surely justice without love is safer to depend on than love without justice. Still, taking them all together, we have already seen that in human love—the large love of the neighbor enjoined by our religion—women have no advantage. And for the other three—alas! for our comparison. Courage? Submission, endurance, patience—these often maintain most evil conditions where brave resistance would free the world. Conservative, bowing to tradition, bearing deprivation, inconvenience, and absolute injury, women hinder progress materially by lack of courage. It is not a natural lack either—purely educational. As a piece of artificially added sex-attraction girls are taught to be timid, because men like them so; and their timidity becomes a habit, weakens and stunts their lives and the lives of their children. The world always needs courage, and never more than now—courage to think and to act on one's own thinking. In this great human virtue women are by no means better than men."

Mrs. Gilman does not spare man in her indictment of woman:

"To him we owe also this huge blind evil thing—that he, the brave, the honourable, the just, the true, continually keeps woman in her antiquated restrictions; keeps her in a life aborted and distorted for lack of human freedom and exercise; keeps her inferior—and then deludes himself and her by calling her superior and bowing down to the crippled idol he has made! And he marvels, does this misguided world-maker, that the character of humanity makes so little progress, that we seem to be continually reinforced, generation after generation, by the same old primitive traits we ought, by every law of social evolution, to have long since outgrown. Look to your idol, brother!"

### A Workingman's Reasons for Not Attending Church

The failure of the churches to reach workingmen has been discussed from many points of view. It has been assumed that the counter-attractions offered by the saloon, the theater, the races, the secret societies, the excursions and the Sunday papers have more than offset the influence of religion. That many workingmen, however, are induced to stay at home by attractions of an entirely different order would seem to be indicated by a letter from a workingman which appears in *Collier's Weekly* and is

characterized by that paper as typical and interesting. He writes:

"I am a married man, have a loving wife, and a bright little boy of three who is ever so thankful if I will play with him, or take him on my lap and tell him stories. I am fond of gardening, and try to help my wife to keep our small garden in order. It gives me great pleasure to watch the trees and bushes which we have planted, and see the progress they make as time rolls by. It was my good fortune in my younger days to acquire enough knowledge of history, political economy, technology, etc. to enable me—to some small degree—to understand what is going on in the world; hence I regard it as a necessity to read a

daily paper and some magazine to keep me posted. I am very fond of music and song, and can play the violin fairly well. Are these bad qualities? Do they make for better or worse citizenship? From economic necessity I do practically all the repair work around home myself. If the tea-kettle happens to leak, or its handle comes off on one side, I can solder the old thing up and make it right. If the sewing machine or the washing machine, or the baby cab, pump, or gasoline stove go on strike and refuse to work smoothly, I am usually able to adjust matters and put them to work again."

In a later letter he says:

"I work ten hours a day in a machine shop. Dressing in the morning, eating breakfast, farewells to wife and baby, walking some distance to the shop in good time to get ready before the whistle blows, require at least one hour and a quarter. One hour is consumed at noon going home for dinner and back to work. When I quit work at six in the evening, my hands, often my face, are oil and grease soaked, my whole person in such shape, after ten hours' rushing work amid dust, oil and noise, that neither I nor anybody else under the same circumstances can walk home, clean up, change clothes, and eat supper in anything less than one and a half hours, and hardly that. I must sleep eight hours in order to recuperate and get my nerves together sufficiently to withstand another ten hours of the same strain and rush. Now this makes altogether twenty-one and three-quarter hours, and since the cycle is complete in twenty-four hours, it follows that I have every day not more than two and a quarter hours in which to associate with my family, help my wife with some of her work (as washing, etc.,) read the papers, shave, play the violin, keep the lawn mowed and the garden in shape, do little repair jobs, saw the wood, go to an occasional meeting or shopping expedition or visit, keep track of the inventions and the general progress of my trade, so that I may not be forced to take a back seat, entertain an occasional caller, etc. Don't you see that it is impossible for me to do all these things in two and a quarter hours, when the dust, heat, oil, gas and noise of the shop have got the best of me while I was bending over my work during the long day, and made me unfit for anything but rest? Don't you see that it is somewhat difficult for me to do justice to that boy of mine, when he comes to me and wants me to tell him something while I am hurriedly glancing over the headings of the paper in the evening? There are always a number of small jobs left over for Sunday, which is the only time at home when I am not tired and longing for rest. And what a joy it is to be home, untired, chatting with my wife, and playing with the boy! The whole Sunday is not long enough for a man to stay home to work and rest and read, and get acquainted with his family."

These letters have aroused unusual interest in church circles, and a number of ministers have responded to an invitation extended by *Collier's Weekly* to set forth the religious side of the argument. Their replies are summarized as follows:

"Some merely contend that there is time enough, and thus avoid the real difficulty, but many meet the issue squarely. The most generally enforced point is that our workingman assumed that going to church meant listening to a minister talk, whereas the sermon is an incident, and worship is the purpose. The minister does not pretend to be an extraordinary force alone. He only co-operates with the spiritual forces which he finds. A number of our reverend correspondents challenge with pith and directness the idea that a clergyman is to be judged by the success with which he meets the competition of other interests. Their arguments are not for their own personal contributions, but for co-operation in the religious spiritual life. 'The question,' as one minister puts it, 'hinges entirely on the truth and importance of religion. If the church is a mere society for promotion of social and moral ends in life—if it is no more than a place for pastime, entertainment, education, and culture—then your friend is right. If, on the other hand, God is God, Jesus Christ is the Son of God, the Bible is the true revelation of God, who has reserved one day out of seven for worship and not for odds and ends at home—if man has an immortal soul, and there is a future abode where only those who have spiritual life in this world can go—then your friend is wrong. In other words, if he is losing his soul eternally in order that he may temporarily mend the teapot, play the 'fiddle,' and nurse the baby, he is making a bad bargain."

"Another minister quotes Pope's lines: "

Tis with our judgments as our watches—none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

He then proceeds: 'If one wishes to catch the train he must start in time. If he trusts in his own watch, and that is slow, he will "get left." And that because there is a standard of time, and it is not his watch, nor yours, nor mine, but the clock of the stars, which is never fast or slow. So there is a standard of truth; it is not your mind or mine, but God's Word—the Bible. And as the telegraph announces the hour of noon (at Washington) all over the land, and the clocks and watches in every office are set to agree with the standard, so we ministers preach the Word of God and bid men regulate their thinking by that, and not by us.' There is much censure for the worldliness of our times, the eager chase for wealth, and neglect of the spiritual side. One minister draws an analogy to an illiterate person who should persistently refuse to learn to read because of many duties and pleasures at home, to which he was more devoted than attending a night-school. 'Evidently he would be cutting himself off from a line of intellectual development, difficult and meaningless to him at first, but fraught with immense advantages if persistently followed.' Another aspect is brought out in the argument that the very existence of the church is involved. 'Those who are prepared to say that pagan is better than Christian civilization act consistently when they neglect the institution that confessedly underlies the best civilization of Christendom, but if our Christian civilization is to be maintained every man who stands for the best things must give his support to the institution upon which that civilization is founded.'"

## Christ as Our Contemporary

During recent years there has been a marked disposition on the part of serious minds to treat Christ in the modern spirit. If Jesus were living to-day, what would he say and do? is a question that has been asked and answered by a multitude of authors, artists and theologians. In England and America the vogue of the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's "In His Steps" is still fresh in the public memory. In Germany the paintings of Von Uhde, who has produced fully a dozen pictures showing Christ surrounded by modern men and women and laboring and teaching under modern conditions, have taken a firm hold on the religious thought of the age.

Three of the latest portrayals of a modern Christ are embodied in works by German authors. The first is H. S. Chamberlain's "Die Worte Christi"—an attempt to reproduce the teachings of Jesus in their exact historical meanings. The second is a remarkable production of the poet Rosegger, who, though himself a Roman Catholic, warmly advocates evangelical principles. His work bears the singular title, "I N R I" [i. e., Jesus Nazareus Rex Judæorum]. It presents a picture of Christ and his teachings, as conceived by a Roman Catholic prisoner who has been condemned to death and turns from the mechanical consolations of the priest to become acquainted for the first time with the Christ of the Gospel. Protestant theologians are vigorously discussing the merits and demerits of this book, some declaring it to be "epoch-making," others pronouncing it unworthy of so great a religious poet as Rosegger.

The latest and most notable work of this sort is by Walther Classen, entitled "Christus heute als unser Zeitgenosse" (Christ To-day as our Contemporary). The way in which this author seeks to transfer and apply to the conditions and needs of our times the teaching of Jesus can best be illustrated by extracts. Here, for example, is his rendering of the narrative of Mark 1: 16-20:

"He returned to the city in the evening and saw the people lounging at the wharf and before their doors. In the crowd were a couple of men, two brothers, machinists by trade, whom he knew. He stepped up to them and said: 'Come along with me, I have much to say to you.' Thereupon they went with him. As they passed on further they saw a young man who made a good impres-

sion on him and who was with his people at the door. He said to the young man: 'Come with me, I have much to say to you.' Thereupon the young man left his parents and went with him. And in this way he called a number of men into his circle of followers."

The Beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. v: 8-10) are put into the following shape:

"I praise those who have a great longing (Sehnsucht) in their hearts. God rules their souls.

"I praise those who have experienced sufferings; for they are able to win peace of heart.

"I praise those who are active in helping others; for everybody will be glad to help them.

"I praise those who have pure minds; for they can see God in the world.

"I praise those who maintain true peace; for people will call them the friends of God.

"I praise you if men hate and scold you and reject you on my account. This is what their fathers did to those who sought to do them good."

In a chapter headed "How He Began to Struggle," Classen reproduces the section dealing with the sin against the Holy Ghost as follows:

"He was present one evening at the meeting of a labor union (Arbeiterverein), and there sat near him a number of men from the capital city, who tried to be particularly smart and declared: He is the worst religious fraud (Pfaffe) and is paid for his speeches. Thereupon he suddenly stepped up to them and said: 'If a man opens a new business in order to compete with an old business, of course he must be in collusion with the old firm! Just to that extent am I a religious fraud.'

"Then anger seized him, and he cried out: 'If you say, There is no God, then the God of the world only laughs at you. And even if you commit all kinds of sin, you nevertheless can again become human beings. But he who flings mud upon the pure motives of enthusiasm has a mean soul. You have severed yourselves from God who dwells in every soul, and you will never again experience blessedness of heart.' Thereupon he turned away from them and all were silenced when he had departed, such was the terror produced by his wrath."

Under the heading, "Parables," the author gives the following modern conception of the good Samaritan (Luke x: 30-37):

"A man was walking in the dusk near a great city. In a deserted place two rowdies came forth, struck him over the head and robbed him of his watch and his pocketbook and left him there in a stupor.

"A business man who was in a hurry happened to come by the same way. He was hastening to a meeting of an association of which he was the chairman. He passed by with the thought: He is only drunk.

"A little later a city official passed by. He

stood still and looked at the man and said: 'Here some drunken laboring men have been fighting. This is terrible.' Then he thought of the fact that he had his new overcoat with him. In addition he did not want to have anything to do with the police, and accordingly he hastened away. At the supper table he told his wife and children: 'Just think how wicked some people are.'

"Then two Polish laborers came along. They were very tired and were anxious to get their supper. They stopped and examined the man, and finally lifted him up and put cold cloths upon his head and rubbed him with whisky. Then one of them went to call a physician and the other took the street-car to call a cab.

"Who among these was the neighbor of the unfortunate man?"

The concluding chapter, entitled "The

Way of Suffering," gives a rather disappointing account of the last days of the innocent Jesus, ending with an extraordinary story of his escape to England, with the assistance of his friends, and his death there in a hospital.

Probably the most noteworthy discussion of this strange work is found in the scientific "Supplement" of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, from the pen of the editor, Dr. Otto Bulle. He concedes the interest of the book, but thinks that it will not permanently satisfy the religious needs of readers. And yet, he adds, as a type of religious ideas and ideals in the modern world, it deserves attention and perusal.

### A Theological "Declaration of Rights" in Germany

Have radical thinkers who accept views contrary to the creeds of the churches any right to claim the privileges of church membership? This is the burning question of the day in German religious circles. At an immense convention of conservatives called the "Landeskirchliche Versammlung," held recently in Berlin, the demand was made, with practical unanimity, that those who deny the fundamentals of evangelical Christianity, such as the doctrines of the divinity of Christ, the Atonement and the Trinity, should sever their connection with the historic churches. The influential ex-court preacher, Dr. Stöcker, who took a prominent part in the discussion, outlined a plan which contemplates the division of the church properties and a peaceable separation between the conservatives and advanced thinkers. The liberal element has now given its official answer to this demand in a set of resolutions adopted at a general meeting held in Goslar. The substance of this "declaration of rights" is the following:

We protest emphatically against the demand, made by orthodox conventions and papers, that the adherents of a more liberal theology voluntarily withdraw from existing church organizations and form churches of their own, because they no longer are in agreement with the standards of the churches. This demand is a gross injustice because in nearly all cases it is made by those who themselves are not in perfect agreement with the confessions. We accordingly urge all whose hearts find satisfaction in proclaiming the redemption that came through Jesus Christ not to permit themselves to be disturbed by any

appeal to a formal confession. They may be called upon to yield to external force, but not to the arrogance of those who claim higher spiritual ideals and set themselves up as guardians of orthodoxy in the presence of church people who do not know any better.

The leading scientific representatives of orthodox theology are themselves untrue to the confessions, as can readily be proved. We refer only to the following points:

1. The confessions of the Lutheran church do not sanction altar fellowship with the Reformed; yet all the orthodox parties of the Prussian state permit such communion.

2. The confessions of the Lutheran church reveal an attitude of outspoken antagonism to Roman Catholicism; yet many of the orthodox church leaders of the present day in faith and service approach very nearly the practice of the Roman Catholic church.

3. The church confessions all presuppose the old view of miracles, yet this is universally discarded by modern orthodoxy.

4. The confessions teach the existence of two distinct natures in Christ but this is taught by very few to-day. Only a handful of the orthodox still maintain the central doctrine of justification by faith in its confessional form.

5. The confessions demand that every word of the Scriptures be regarded as binding; yet modern orthodoxy has seriously modified this old view of verbal inspiration. To illustrate;

- a. Nearly all orthodox theologians deny that the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount are binding in their entirety.

- b. They all reject the New Testament prophecies concerning the speedy approach of the last day and the beginning of the millennium.

- c. They all reject the position taken in the New Testament in regard to the mistrust of earthly wealth and honor.

We close this reply with the conviction that the representatives of orthodoxy are themselves not bound by the Scriptures and the confessions; and their own literature shows this.



This reply, which is published in the official organ of the advanced theologians, the *Christliche Welt* of Marburg, is supplemented by the editor, Dr. Rade, who appends an imaginary conversation between an orthodox and an advanced theologian, in which the charges against the latter are virtually all denied. The conversation is brief, but very clear, and reads as follows:

Orthodox: We are Christians, but you are not.

Advanced: You are Christians, and so are we.

O. You deny the facts of the Redemption.

A. We do not.

O. You deny the revelation of God.

A. We do not.

O. You withhold all religious importance from Jesus and put him in the same category with the average human being.

A. We do not.

O. You deny Christianity *in toto*.

A. We do not.

O. You deny the actual relation of God to man.

A. We do not.

O. You do not really know God; you only have a conception of God as the product of human development, back of which there is no life and no self-consciousness. In your eyes God is only air.

A. This is not true.

O. How then does it come to pass that you father all kinds of radicalism and rationalism?

A. This is something that it would be hard to make you understand.

Dozens of interesting side-issues have come up in this debate. For instance, a charge has been made against Professor Bousset, of Göttingen, a leading protagonist of the new theology, that he has consistently taught his pupils that Jesus is not a divine person, as is claimed by the older theology, and can no longer be regarded as an object of worship or prayer or service. And now the question is being asked and discussed: Can modern theology countenance prayer to Christ?

### Music as a Rival of Religion

It is well known that in certain exceptional natures the love of music is so deeply implanted and so fervently cherished as almost to rise to the dignity of religious emotion; but the idea that music and religion are naturally akin and that both "find their psychological origin in that part of human nature which we denominate the mystical" is seldom recognized. Mr. J. W. Slaughter, of Clark University, who propounds this theory in a recent issue of *The International Journal of Ethics* (Philadelphia), quotes a statement of Brandes to the effect that many of the most important romanticists—for example, the Abbé Liszt—"found their ultimate end in the Catholic Church"; but he points out that an absorbing affection for music often has the opposite effect. Music tends to become a rival of religion and a substitute for it, and it is suggested that a realization of this fact lies behind the papal effort to suppress all but Gregorian music in the Roman Catholic churches. The writer says further:

"The large majority of people will readily admit that they attend church primarily for the purpose of hearing music, and that without this feature the service would offer little attraction. The church, for its part, recognizes the situation in the popular mind, and, always desirous of securing churchgoers, makes the attempt, as to the legitimacy of which it must be its own best judge, to

give the public what is wanted. Witness the extensive provisions made in all churches in the way of musical committees and trained choirs, the large proportion of the ordinary service given over to music, and the immense number of purely musical programmes of the vespers order, which differ from ordinary dignified musical entertainments only in the fact that they are given in churches, and that the words deal with religious themes. The public readily sees that this is highly entertaining, and, to a certain extent edifying, but not altogether religious."

The craving for a state of mind which "becomes a source of satisfaction and therefore an object of realization in itself" is probably, continues the writer, the origin of both artistic and religious mysticism. Music is "that form of art in which the conditions are so arranged as to place the emotional attitude at its best, with a minimum of the thinking process." It is "the most mystical of all the arts because its limitations are the least." The principal difference between music and religion lies in the fact that "while the religious consciousness involves the same mystical attitude, and the same creation of ideal situations, as we find in the artistic consciousness, it goes a step further and requires assent to some body of doctrine." It is this extra step which, in the opinion of the writer, handicaps religion in its rivalry with music. He goes on to say:

"Why is there little probability of a religious revival at present? We are in a position to answer the question at least partially, if we put together some of the results of our analysis. We have seen that there are two chief factors in the religious consciousness, the personal, mystical attitude coupled with the element of belief. In spite of the fact that so many believe that faith must be supported by doctrine, the history of religion shows exactly the opposite. Just as artistic feeling inspires the imagination to create appropriate situations in the various forms of art, so the religious feeling is the one necessary motive in the creation of religious systems. Given a sufficiently strong faith, intellectual difficulties fall into the background, and assent to doctrine comes as a matter of course. Logical proof of the existence of God is for the intensely religious nature a needless procedure. If, however, the religious feeling fails to reach the proper degree of intensity, a body of doctrine must justify itself as a philosophy. This is just

the difficulty at present. Rationalistic investigation makes belief at the best a difficult matter, and the necessary element of faith is lacking. Why? Because music, the great modern art, can satisfy the mystical need, and indulge the cosmic emotion without asking assent to anything or putting the slightest strain upon purely thinking processes.

"The reaction against rationalism is now on. All kinds of small mystical 'isms' arise, make for a time absurd exhibitions of themselves, and then die out. Even the more respectable ones like Christian science, Spiritualism and Theosophy are not remarkable for the educated intelligence of their adherents. The scientifically trained mind which is unable to play its mystical inclinations out in any kind of crude occultism, is willing enough to be religious, but its faith is not sufficiently strong to overcome the difficulties, so it follows the line of least resistance and listens to music, and this still more dulls the edge of faith."

### Bushido: the Ethical Code of Japan

William Elliot Griffis, in his introduction to a little volume\* named "Bushido," by Inazo Nitobe, characterizes it as "more than a weighty message to the Anglo-Saxon nations," and further declares it to be "a notable contribution to the solution of this century's grandest problem—the reconciliation and unity of the East and the West." The volume grew out of an attempt on the part of the writer to show the source whence moral training is derived by the Japanese, since instruction in religion forms no part of their school system. That source is Bushido, a body of unwritten moral precepts conveyed from generation to generation since the immemorial days of Japanese feudalism. Bushido conforms in some degree to Western notions of chivalry. The word "means literally 'Military—Knight—Ways'—the ways which fighting nobles should observe in their daily life as well as in their vocation; in a word, the 'Precepts of Knighthood,' the *noblesse oblige* of the warrior class."

The elements of Bushido belong mainly to the realm of practical ethics, and comprise such subjects as justice, courage, benevolence, politeness, veracity and sincerity, honor, loyalty, self-control, suicide and redress, the ethics of the sword, the training and position of women. Among its precepts are some which, in their conception and ap-

plication show interesting differences from the views entertained in Western lands. Concerning politeness, for instance, the author insists upon "the moral training involved in the strict observance of propriety." He says:

"I have heard slighting remarks made by Europeans upon our elaborate discipline of politeness. It has been criticised as absorbing too much of our thought and in so far a folly to observe strict obedience to it. I admit that there may be unnecessary niceties in ceremonious etiquette, but whether it partakes as much of folly as the adherence to ever-changing fashions of the West is a question not very clear to my mind. Even fashions I do not consider solely as freaks of vanity; on the contrary I look upon these as a ceaseless search of the human mind for the beautiful. Much less do I consider elaborate ceremony as altogether trivial, for it denotes the result of long observation as to the most appropriate method of achieving a certain result. If there is anything to do, there is certainly a best way to do it, and the best way is both the most economical and the most graceful. Mr. Spencer defines grace as the most economical manner of motion. The tea ceremony presents certain definite ways of manipulating a bowl, a spoon, a napkin, etc. To a novice it looks tedious. But one soon discovers that the way prescribed is, after all, the most saving of time and labor; in other words, the most economical use of force,—hence, according to Spencer's dictum, the most graceful."

Homage and fealty to a superior are a distinctive feature of Japanese feudal morality, says the author. "Life being regarded as the means whereby to serve his master, and its ideal being set upon honor, the whole

\*BUSHIDO: THE SOUL OF JAPAN. By Inazo Nitobe, A. M., Ph. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

education and training of a *samurai* were conducted accordingly." He writes further on this point:

"The individualism of the West, which recognizes separate interests for father and son, husband and wife, necessarily brings into strong relief the duties owed by one to the other; but Bushido held that the interest of the family and of the members thereof is intact,—one and inseparable. This interest is bound up with affection—natural, instructive, irresistible, hence, if we die for one another with natural love (which animals themselves possess), what is that?"

Concerning the Japanese means of self-immolation by disembowelment known as *seppuku*, or *hara-kiri*, he writes:

"Now my readers will understand that *seppuku* was not a mere suicidal process. It was an institution, legal and ceremonial. An invention of the middle ages, it was a process by which warriors could expiate their crimes, apologise for errors, escape from disgrace, redeem their friends, or prove their sincerity. When enforced as a legal punishment, it was practised with due ceremony. It was a refinement of self-destruction, and none could perform it without the utmost coolness of temper and composure of demeanor, and for these reasons it was particularly benefiting the profession of the *bushi*."

As to the position of women, he writes:

"Woman's surrender to the good of her husband, home, and family was as willing and honorable as the man's self-surrender to the good of his lord and country. Self-renunciation, without which no life-enigma can be solved, was the key-note of the loyalty of man as well as of the domesticity of woman. She was no more the slave of man than was her husband of his liege lord, and the part she played was recognized as *naïjo*, 'the inner help.' In the ascending scale of service stood woman, who annihilated herself for man, that he might annihilate himself for the master, that he in turn might obey Heaven. I know the weakness of this teaching and that the superiority of Christianity is nowhere more manifested than here, in that it requires of each and every living soul direct responsibility to its Creator. Nevertheless, as far as the doctrine of service—the serving of a cause higher than one's own self, even at the sacrifice of one's individuality; I say the doctrine of service, which is the greatest that

Christ preached and was the sacred key-note of his mission—so far as that is concerned, Bushido was based on eternal truth."

The author of this interesting little treatise sounds a note of wistful regret over the apparent decay of the system of Bushido in the Japan of the present day. The edict formally abolishing feudalism in 1870, he says, was the signal to toll the knell of Bushido. "The edict issued five years later, prohibiting the wearing of swords, rang out the old, 'the unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise'; it rang in the new age of sophisters, economists and calculators."

He writes further:

One remarkable difference between the experience of Europe and of Japan is, that whereas in Europe when chivalry was weaned from feudalism and was adopted by the church, it obtained a fresh lease of life, in Japan no religion was large enough to nourish it; hence, when the mother institution, feudalism, was gone, Bushido, left an orphan, had to shift for itself. The present elaborate military organization might take it under its patronage, but we know that modern warfare can afford little room for its continuous growth. Shintoism, which fostered it in its infancy, is itself superannuated. The hoary sages of ancient China are being supplanted by the intellectual parvenu of the type of Bentham and Mill. Moral theories of a comfortable kind, flattering to the Chauvinistic tendencies of the time, and therefore thought well adapted to the need



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of this day, have been invented and propounded; but as yet we hear only their shrill voices echoing through the columns of yellow journalism. . . .

"Christianity and materialism (including utilitarianism)—or will the future reduce them to the still more archaic forms of Hebraism and Hellenism?—will divide the world between them. Lesser systems of morals will ally themselves to either side for their preservation. On which side will Bushido enlist? Having no set dogma or formula to defend, it can afford to disappear as an entity; like the cherry blossom, it is willing to die at the first gust of the morning breeze. But a total extinction will never be its lot. . . .

Bushido as an independent code of ethics may vanish, but its power will not perish from the earth."

## The Universality of the Psalms

The unique position held by the Psalms in their relation to human experience is strikingly brought out in a recent work\* by Rowland E. Prothero. They are at once, he says, "the breviary and the viaticum of humanity. Here are gathered not only pregnant statements of the principles of religion, and condensed maxims of spiritual life, but a promptuary of effort, a summary of devotion, a manual of prayer and praise—and all this is clothed in language which is as rich in poetic beauty as it is universal and enduring in poetic truth." He continues:

"The Psalms, then, are a mirror in which each man sees the motions of his own soul. They express in exquisite words the kinship which every thoughtful human heart craves to find with a supreme, unchanging, loving God, who will be to him a protector, guardian, and friend. They utter the ordinary experiences, the familiar thoughts of men; but they give to these a width of range, an intensity, a depth, and an elevation, which transcend the capacity of the most gifted. They translate into speech the spiritual passion of the loftiest genius; they also utter, with the beauty born of truth and simplicity, and with the exact agreement between the feeling and the expression, the inarticulate and humble longings of the unlettered peasant. So it is that, in every country, the language of the Psalms has become part of the daily life of nations, passing into their proverbs, mingling with their conversation, and used at every critical stage of existence."

Aside from the fact that the Psalms have been the source of inspiration for some of "the noblest hymns of our language," they have, as the writer points out, stirred the ingenuity of many of the great minds of the past in giving to them an English rendering:

"Their rendering into verse has occupied many of the most gifted men in the history of our nation—knights of chivalry, like Sir Philip Sidney, aided by his sister, Margaret, Countess of Pembroke; men of science, like Lord Bacon, in whose version the philosopher overmasters the poet; classical scholars, like George Sandys, one of the most successful of early versifiers; courtiers, like Sir Thomas Wyatt; ambassadors, like Sir Thomas Smith, Sir Henry Wotton, or Hookham Frere; distinguished prelates, such as Archbishop Parker, or Bishop Ken, or Bishop Hall, or Bishop King; queens and kings, like Elizabeth or James I; sturdy Puritans, such as Francis Rous; Cromwellian captains, like Thomas, Lord Fairfax, or George Wither, whose sweet vein of early poetry was soured by the vinegar of politics and polemics; poets like Crashaw, Phineas Fletcher, Henry Vaughan, Burns, Cowper, or

Milton, whose versions, with one exception, fall below the standard which we should have expected his lyric genius and devotional fervor to attain; parish priests, like George Herbert and John Keble; heroes of the Dunciad, like Sir Richard Blackmore and Luke Milbourne; masters of prose, like Addison; Methodists, like Charles Wesley; Nonconformists, such as Isaac Watts, whose version of Ps. XC., 'O God, our help in ages past,' is perhaps the finest hymn in the English language."

In addition to the indirect influence which the Psalms have exerted upon literature, the writer declares that they have created a literature of their own. They are the precursors and the pattern of that "mass of writings in which is recorded the inner life of Christians." They are "the parents of those religious autobiographies which, even in literary and psychological interest, rival, if they do not surpass, the 'Confessions' of Rousseau, or the 'Truth and Fiction' of Goethe." Further:

"In the pages of such works the tone and spirit of the Psalms are faithfully represented; whether in devotional exercises, in guides to the spiritual life, in meditations and counsels on holy living and holy dying, or in the unconscious records of the personal history of religious minds, their influence is everywhere present. They are the inspiration of that soliloquy at the throne of God, in which Augustine revealed his soul before a world which is yet listening, as for fifteen centuries it has listened, to the absolute truthfulness of his 'Confessions.' They are the wings which lifted Thomas à Kempis out of his white-washed cell, bore him above the flat meadows of St. Agnes, and floated heavenward those mystic musings of the 'Imitation' which thrilled with mingled awe and hope the heart of Maggie Tulliver. They lent their height and depth to the religion of Bishop Andrews, whose private prayers, in their elevation above doctrinal controversies, in their manliness and reality, and in the comprehensiveness of their horizon, seem to translate, for individual use in the closet, the public worship of the Anglican Church. They were the live coal which touched the lips of John Bunyan, and transformed the unlettered tinker into a genius and a poet, as, with a pen of iron and in letters of fire, he wrote the record of his passage from death to life. They sharpened the keen sight with which Pascal pierced the heart of truth, and nerved the courage with which he confronted the mysteries of the vision that his lucid intellect conjured up before his eyes. Thus the Psalms, apart from their own transcendent beauty and universal truth, have enriched the world by the creation of a literature which, century after century, has not only commanded the admiration of sceptics, but elevated the characters of innumerable believers, encouraged their weariness, consoled their sorrows, lifted their doubts, and guided their wavering footsteps."

\*THE PSALMS IN HUMAN LIFE. By Rowland E. Prothero. E. P. Dutton & Co.



## Science and Discovery

### Mr. Balfour on the New Theory of Matter

Although a full year has elapsed since the Prime Minister of England delivered his now famous address on the new theory of matter before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, it is only quite recently that his words, in authoritative form, have been made accessible to the American lay reader. There have been innumerable reports of Mr. Balfour's utterance in English newspapers and much complaint of the alleged "garbling" to which it has been subjected. The address has quite recently received the distinction of translation in full in the columns of the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris), and the *Temps* pronounces it the most lucid "comprehensive survey of the present state of physical science" now accessible. Mr. Balfour's disclaimer of any proficiency in physical science is not in harmony with the importance attached to his studies by various scientific periodicals abroad. But whether Mr. Balfour be a scientist or not, this address of his has been quoted not only in scientific organs as a masterpiece, but extracts from it have even found their way into text-books of science published in this country.

The attention of scientists has been most attracted to that portion of Mr. Balfour's address in which he said that if we jump over the century which separates 1804 from 1904 and attempt to give in outline the world picture as it now presents itself to some leaders of contemporary speculation, we shall find that in the interval it has been modified not merely by such far-reaching discoveries as the atomic and molecular composition of ordinary matter, the kinetic theory of gases, and the laws of the conservation and dissipation of energy, but by the more and more important parts which electricity and ether occupy in any representation of ultimate physical reality. Mr. Balfour's next words, which are said to have been sadly garbled in many reports, are here quoted from the official report of the British Association:

"Electricity was no more to the natural philosophers in the year 1700 than the hidden cause of an insignificant phenomenon. It was known,

and had long been known, that such things as amber and glass could be made to attract light objects brought into their neighborhood, yet it was about 50 years before the effects of electricity were perceived in the thunderstorm. It was about 100 years before it was detected in the form of a current. It was about 120 years before it was connected with magnetism, about 170 years before it was connected with light and ethereal radiation. But to-day there are those who regard gross matter, the matter of everyday experience, as the mere appearance of which electricity is the physical basis; who think that the elementary atom of the chemist, itself far beyond the limits of direct perception, is but a connected system of monads or sub-atoms which are not electrified matter, but are electricity itself; that these systems differ in the number of monads which they contain, in their arrangements and in their motion relative to each other and to the ether; that on these differences, and on these differences alone, depend the various qualities of what have hitherto been regarded as indivisible and elementary atoms; and that while in most cases these atomic systems may maintain their equilibrium for periods which, compared with such astronomical processes as the cooling of a sun, may seem almost eternal, they are not less obedient to the law of change than the everlasting heavens themselves.

"But if gross matter be a grouping of atoms, and if atoms be systems of electrical monads, what are these electrical monads? It may be that, as Professor Larmor has suggested, they are but a modification of the universal ether, a modification roughly comparable to a knot in a medium which is inextensible, incompressible, and continuous. But whether this final unification be accepted or not, it is certain that these monads cannot be considered apart from the ether. It is on their interaction with the ether that their qualities depend; and without the ether an electric theory of matter is impossible.

"Surely we have here a very extraordinary revolution. Two centuries ago electricity seemed but a scientific toy. It is now thought by many to constitute the reality of which matter is but the sensible expression. It is but a century ago that the title of an ether to a place among the constituents of the universe was authentically established. It seems possible now that it may be the stuff out of which that universe is wholly built. Nor are the collateral inferences associated with this view of the physical world less surprising. It used, for example, to be thought that mass was an original property of matter, neither capable of explanation nor requiring it; in its nature essentially unchangeable, suffering neither augmentation nor diminution under the stress of any forces to which it could be subjected; unalterably attached to, or identified with, each material fragment, howsoever much that fragment might vary

in its appearance, its bulk, its chemical or its physical condition."

Perhaps, however, the most impressive alteration in our picture of the universe required by these new theories is to be sought in a different direction, thinks Mr. Balfour. We quote again the prime minister's exact words (which have been revised by himself) as follows:

"We have all, I suppose, been interested in the generally accepted views as to the origin and development of suns with their dependent planetary systems; and the gradual dissipation of the energy which during this process of concentration has largely taken the form of light and radiant heat. Follow out the theory to its obvious conclusions, and it becomes plain that the stars now visibly incandescent are those in mid-journey between the nebulae from which they sprang and the frozen darkness to which they are predestined. What, then, are we to think of the invisible multitude of the heavenly bodies in which this process has been already completed? According to the ordinary view, we should suppose them to be in a state where all possibilities of internal movement were exhausted. At the temperature of interstellar space their constituent elements would be solid and inert; chemical action and molecular movement would be alike impossible, and their exhausted energy could obtain no replenishment unless they were suddenly rejuvenated by some celestial collision, or traveled into other regions warmed by newer suns. This view must, however be profoundly modified if we accept the electric theory of matter. We can then no longer hold that if the internal energy of a sun were, as far as possible, converted into heat, either by its contraction under the stress of gravitation or by chemical reactions between its elements, or by any other interatomic force; and that, were the heat so generated to be dissipated, as in time it must be, through infinite space, its whole energy would be exhausted. On the contrary, the amount thus lost would be absolutely insignificant compared with what remained stored up within the separate atoms. The system in its corporate capacity would become bankrupt—the wealth of its individual constituents would be scarcely diminished. They would lie side by side, without movement, without chemical affinity; yet each one, howsoever inert in its external relations, the theatre of violent motions and of powerful internal forces."

Mr. Balfour puts the same thought in another form, thus:

"When the sudden appearance of some new star in the telescopic field gives notice to the astronomer that he—and, perhaps, in the whole universe, he alone—is witnessing the conflagration of a world, the tremendous forces by which this far-off tragedy is being accomplished must surely move his awe. Yet not only would the members of each separate atomic system pursue their relative course unchanged, while the atoms themselves were thus riven violently apart in flaming vapour, but the forces by which such a world is

shattered are really negligible compared with those by which each atom of it is held together."

In common, therefore, with all other living things, we seem to be practically concerned with the feebler forces of nature and with energy in its least powerful manifestations. Chemical affinity and cohesion are, on this theory, no more than the slight residual effects of the internal electric forces which keep the atom in being. Mr. Balfour proceeds to remind us of another fundamental fact:

"Gravitation, though it be the shaping force which concentrates nebulae into organized systems of suns and satellites, is trifling compared with the attractions and repulsions with which we are familiar between electrically-charged bodies; while these again sink into insignificance beside the attractions and repulsions between the electric monads themselves. The irregular molecular movements which constitute heat, on which the very possibility of organic life seems absolutely to hang, and in whose transformations applied science is at present so largely concerned, cannot rival the kinetic energy stored within the molecules themselves."

But this "prodigious mechanism" appears "outside the range of our immediate interests":

"We live, so to speak, merely on its fringe. It has for us no promise of utilitarian value. It will not drive our mills; we cannot harness it to our trains. Yet not less on that account does it stir the intellectual imagination. The starry heavens have from time immemorial moved the worship or the wonder of mankind. But if the dust beneath our feet be indeed compounded of innumerable systems, whose elements are ever in the most rapid motion, yet retain through uncounted ages their equilibrium unshaken, we can hardly deny that the marvels we directly see are not more worthy of admiration than those which recent discoveries have enabled us dimly to surmise."

Mr. Balfour's summing up of this branch of his subject has been very much admired. It has been held to prove his ability to obtain a firm grasp of the modern scientific problem as a whole, instead of a mere aspect or fraction of it. We have space for the most salient paragraph:

"Now, whether the main outlines of the world-picture which I have just imperfectly presented to you be destined to survive, or whether in their turn they are to be obliterated by some new drawing on the scientific palimpsest, all will, I think, admit that so bold an attempt to unify physical nature excites feelings of the most acute intellectual gratification. The satisfaction it gives is almost æsthetic in its intensity and quality. We feel the same sort of pleasurable shock as when, from the crest of some melancholy pass, we first see, far below us, the sudden glories of plain, river, and mountain."

## The Present Boundaries of Human Ignorance

Vast as is that portion of the domain of knowledge which has yet to be explored, it is just now possible for the scientist to indicate at least the boundaries of human ignorance, and Prof. A. E. Dolbear, of Tufts College, has effectively done so in an article on the science problems of the twentieth century which appears in *The Popular Science Monthly*. The sciences included in his comprehensive survey of the subject are astronomy, geology, chemistry, physics and biology. Professor Dolbear shows that man's ignorance to-day, so far as the sciences are concerned, is a very different kind of ignorance from that of the ancients. They were not only ignorant of the western hemisphere, but they were not even in a position to conceive that they were ignorant of it. To-day, man can at least survey his own ignorance and map out, in a sense, its depth, width and extent. Thus, beginning with astronomy, Professor Dolbear notes:

"Now that we know so much of the past history of the solar system, and in addition that our nearest neighbor is more than 200,000 times the distance to the sun, also that the whole system is itself moving in space at the rate of about 400 millions of miles a year in the direction of the star Vega, we yet need to know whether this motion is a drift or part of an orbit. At present no one knows. The directions and rates of motion of a number of stars have been very well determined, but such measures are not numerous enough to enable us to say whether there is more order in the movements of stars than there is among the molecules of gas, where molecular collisions are constantly taking place. Such phenomena as that of the new star which suddenly blazed out in Perseus are now explained only by assuming stellar collisions wherein the masses are so large and have such velocity that impact at once reduces them to incandescent gas. This means the possibility of such disaster to the solar system, but it is a present comfort to know that if we were to collide with our nearest neighbor at the present rate, 12 miles a second, it will take nearly 50,000 years to reach it."

In the field of geology, again, "the mineralogical relations and precedents among basalts, granites and other rocks, as well as the physical conditions that determined composition, arrangement and distribution, remain to be determined. Volcanic phenomena are not at all well understood. The composition of the interior of the earth is quite unknown." More definitely outlined still is the domain of our ignorance of chemistry:

"As knowledge grew on the basis of experiment,

generalization of course was attempted, and as physical phenomena were inextricably interwoven with the chemical, constant modifications were required. Not a few propositions found their way into books and general use which had to be abandoned. Thus, it was assumed that when molecules of salt, NaCl, were dissolved in water, each molecule retained its identity and moved as a whole in the liquid. We now know this is not true, but each atom becomes practically independent and moves like a gaseous particle in the air, producing pressure in the same way and for the same reason. The new knowledge has made it needful to revise again some of the notions that were held, and so profound is the change required that some years will be needful to bring chemistry as a science into satisfactory relations with physics. That is not all. We have all been taught and have probably had no misgivings in saying that matter is indestructible. Much philosophy is founded on that proposition. But we are now confronted with the well vouched for phenomenon from two independent workers that under certain conditions a certain mass of matter loses weight, not by mechanical removal of some of its molecules, but by the physical changes which take place in it. This is a piece of news that is almost enough to paralyze a scientifically minded man, for stability of atoms, unchanging quantity and quality, seems to be at the basis of logical thinking on almost all matters. In the 'Arabian Nights' one may expect that the unexpected will happen—genii may be summoned to do this or that, matter may be created or annihilated at will—and the conception gives one pleasure though one knows it to be impossible, and one thinks it impossible because one has never known such changes in matter, and because one has been taught that matter is indestructible. The amount of change is slight in the experiments related, yet well within the possibility of measuring, and one may be sure that from now on the most expert and careful and patient experimenters will attack this question and verify or disprove it. If it be disproved, we shall be philosophically where we have so long been. If it be proved, it will be the most stunning fact that has come into science for a hundred years. The nebula theory, the doctrine of evolution, and the antiquity of man will be trifles compared with its significance."

In physics, "the old ideas of the nature of matter or of atoms have all been abandoned and we have come to the conclusion that matter is not inert but loaded with energy, that indeed the ether is saturated with it." The limitations of human ignorance in physics suggest themselves in another important respect:

"The nature of gravitation is as unknown as the nature of life itself. We know how it acts, and that this action is millions of times quicker than light, but that is all, and the one who unravels the mystery will deserve to rank with the greatest of discoverers."

"In like degree are we ignorant of electrical and magnetic phenomena which depend upon the ether. When the ether is understood we shall be able to understand in a mechanical sense how moving a magnet disturbs every other magnet wherever it may be, why chemical compounds are possible, why crystals assume geometric forms, and why cellular structure in plants and animals can embody what we call life. To discover the nature and mode of operation of this ether is the work of the twentieth century, and we may be sure that he who accomplishes this will deserve to rank with the highest; indeed it may fairly be said that in importance it is not secondary to anything known, for it is apparently concerned in all phenomena from atoms to masses as big as the sun."

In biology the nineteenth century made it apparent that "all the forms of vegetable and animal life of to-day are the product of slow changes in form and functions of living things reaching back millions of years." This we call evolution. "But how these changes occur and what necessitates them remain as mysterious as ever." And we get this glimpse of yet another department in the same science:

"Another piece of work, bringing great surprise among biologists as well as the rest of the thinking world, has been given to us within a year or two, namely, that unfertilized eggs have been made to develop in a normal way by subjecting them to certain inorganic chemical substances, such as magnesium chloride. It has been repeated by so many there is no doubt about it now, but its significance is that life itself is a chemical process and does not necessarily depend upon antecedent life any farther than such struc-

ture contains chemical combinations of proper sort, and that if these be provided in other ways life and growth will result. This research has no more than begun and we may be on the lookout for surprises. A French biologist reports that if an egg be properly cut into as many as sixteen pieces it will develop into sixteen individuals, differing only in size from the normal individual. This opens out a new field, the philosophical importance of which exceeds its biological importance, as can be seen in a minute's thinking. What the outcome will be no one can tell now, but we may envy the biologists who devote their time to such investigations.

"A few years ago two German scientific men discovered that a minute drop of a mixture of oil and a salt of potash acted like a microscopic living thing in several ways. It would move about spontaneously, change its form, had a circulation in itself, would gather to itself particles of other matter in its neighborhood, and was sensitive to stimulus from the outside. It comported itself like a thing of life in all ways but one, it could not reproduce its like. The material itself was called artificial protoplasm. The work is still being investigated, both abroad and at home, with the hypothesis that if the proper chemical constituents can be found and added it will then be a real artificial living thing. As it already possesses four of the five distinguishing characteristics of a living thing, ingenuity and persistence will enable some one to find and endow it with the fifth. It will not be safe for one to predict that this can not be done, for it may be done to-morrow, and the twentieth century starts with a pretty problem considered as a physico-chemical problem; but the one who solves it, if it should be done, will have reason to be thankful he is not living in any preceding century, for his life would be made a burden to him, if he were not made a martyr."

## The Anatomical Mystery of a Great Mind

The anatomical difference between corresponding areas in the brain of a great thinker and in the brain of an unintelligent servant presents, in many ways, a mystery to which science should address itself at once, thinks Dr. C. W. Saleeby, who deals with the topic in *Harper's Monthly Magazine* (New York). The question is very interesting, he declares, and it has never really been raised. "Physiology and anatomy tell me, for instance," he writes, "that the intense musical appreciation of a friend lies in a certain spot upon his cortex, just above his left ear—my friend being right-handed. But I have another friend who does not know Isolde's Liebestod from the 'Old Hundredth,' let us say. He is tone-deaf. Now what I want to know is the anatomical difference between these

corresponding areas in the two brains in question." Dr. Saleeby asks if his musical friend be possessed of more cells in this area than the other has, or are they bigger, or are they more closely connected with each other by their processes, or are they more numerously related with cells in other areas of the brain, or have they bigger blood vessels supplying them? The writer illustrates thus:

"The brains of certain famous people have been weighed: that is as far as we have gone. Cuvier and Sir James Simpson had very large brains—but many an imbecile has a brain much heavier still: so that we are hardly at the root of the matter in this rude observation. What we need is knowledge as to the *minute cell-differences* between the brain of a Beethoven and that of a luckless tone-deaf wight. I should like to be able to go to the British Museum and not merely look



at the autograph of Keats and Shakespeare and the others, but peer down long rows of microscopes showing me, side by side, a section of Beethoven's music area and that of an ordinary person's music area, Turner's visual area side by side with Ruskin's and an ordinary art-critic's and a philistine's, Wren's space-perceiving area and Phidias's and a jerry builder's. Sandow, as I have heard, once promised his body to the anatomical museum of the University of Edinburgh. Madame Patti, they say, has bequeathed her larynx to the incomparable museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of London. But no one who knows anything about singing needs telling that Madame Patti's larynx would look very much the same as a street-singer's. What the College of Surgeons should really get is a series of sections of Madame Patti's music centre and compare that with a street-singer's. I am told that Professor Goldwin Smith has bequeathed his brain for dissection by an American professor of anatomy.

But we do not want to know—when at length its powers are no longer vouchsafed us—what is the mere brute weight of Professor Goldwin Smith's brain. Nor do we want to see sections through the motor area of that brain. For sections of motor areas we will go to billiard-players, baseball-players, violinists, painters, surgeons, and others, whose motor powers are of a high order. But we want to see what are the peculiarities of the cell-structure of what are called the *silent areas* of a great writer's brain—those large areas which subserve no special sense, no motor function, nothing that can be objectively identified. Let those who desire to serve science, and who possess any special capacity, from mechanical drawing or chess to musical creation or philosophic thought, follow the example set by those I have named, and permit the psychologist to say whether and what anatomical differences are to be distinguished between the noteworthy and the mediocre brain."

### Burke's Experiments and the Production of Life in Dead Matter

Sensational as have been the accounts of the possible artificial production of life in dead matter by Mr. J. B. Burke, whose experiments at Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, have been recorded in innumerable newspapers, there remains considerable difficulty for one not a specialist in deriving definite ideas from all that has yet been published. Technical training on the part of his readers is taken for granted in much of Mr. Burke's own account of what he has accomplished, for he has evidently written for his fellow-workers in scientific fields. His exposition in *Nature* (London) of the results he has aimed at, or rather achieved, deals, nevertheless, with a comparatively simple matter—the action of radium on beef gelatin. In the influence of salts of radium on bouillon the mystery resides. Before quoting Mr. Burke, we reproduce a brief extract from a paper in *Public Opinion* (New York), in which Dr. S. S. Maxwell, instructor in physiology at Harvard Medical School, sets forth the fundamental problem of biology with which Mr. Burke's experiments have been coupled in the cabled accounts. Says Mr. Maxwell:

"The most fundamental problem of physiology, of all science in fact, is the origin of living matter. It was anciently believed that under certain conditions "spontaneous generation" occurred, that is to say, that living organisms sprang *de novo*, from not living matter. It was taught for centuries that eels came into existence spontaneously in mud and slime, and the teaching was believed

because nobody had seen eel's eggs. Not until the time of Spallanzani was the notion dispelled that maggots are formed from decaying meat, and the fact proved that these organisms are developed from the eggs which flies have deposited in the putrefying substance. Still later, in fact in years comparatively recent, it was commonly thought that bacteria and other microscopic organisms came into existence in substances into which none of their germs could have secured entrance.

"The most careful observation and experiment, however, have failed to show a single case of origin of life by any other means than from pre-existing life. Thus it comes about that in present-day biological teaching stress is laid upon biogenesis, i. e., the origin of life from life. The facts of biogenesis do not, however, necessarily exclude the possibility of abiogenesis, the origin of living from not living matter. Indeed, to many minds abiogenesis is an *a priori* necessity. It is argued that our present knowledge of life processes is too inadequate and the period under which biological facts have been a matter of record is too short to justify the conclusion that not living matter may not under suitable conditions have given rise to living matter. In fact, the transformation of dead to living matter goes on continually under our eyes in the processes of nutrition and growth of plants and animals; but so far as we are yet able to discover, only under the influence of life. To determine the conditions of this transformation, then, is the fundamental problem of biology."

Mr. Burke's experiment originated in a physical laboratory, but the results seemed to concern biology, and the young scientist accordingly handed his "growths" over to a biologist for some expression of opinion. These growths, as has been said, resulted

from the action of salts of radium upon a mixture of beef extract and gelatin. "As is well known," observes a scientific correspondent of the London *Speaker*, "if a tube containing such a medium [that is, bouillon made by a mixture of beef extract and gelatin] be plugged with cotton wool to exclude the germs floating in the atmosphere, and be sterilized by heating for a short time to a temperature somewhat above the boiling point of water, it will remain indefinitely without a sign of life and without decomposition." Into such a tube Mr. Burke put his tiny glass bulb, containing "radium bromide," and, after sterilization, broke the bulb by means of a special wire contrivance. Down fell the radium salt into the mixture of beef extract and gelatin. By the end of the ensuing day "a culture-like growth appeared on the surface and gradually spread downwards." This growth, when placed under the microscope, was ascertained to comprise "minute rounded bodies" which "ceased to grow after a certain size and then subdivided." The growth disappeared when heated or exposed to the light. When left standing for several hours the growth came into sight again. In hot water the growths were soluble and when transferred to fresh bouillon they showed "very slight signs of further increase." At this stage of his observations Mr. Burke showed the growths to Dr. Sims Woodhead, who concluded that they were not bacteria, but might be "crystals." Mr. Burke himself speaks of them simply as "highly organized bodies, although not bacteria." Mr. Burke writes in *Nature*:

"An extract of meat of 1 pound of beef to 1 liter of water, together with 1 per cent of Witter peptone, 1 per cent of sodium chloride, and 10 per cent of gold-labeled gelatin, was slowly heated in the usual way, sterilized, and then cooled. The gelatin culture medium thus prepared, and commonly known as bouillon, is acted upon by radium salts and some other slightly radio-active bodies in a most remarkable manner. In one experiment the salt was placed in a small hermetically-sealed tube, one end of which was drawn out to a fine point, so that it could be easily broken. This was inserted in a test-tube containing the gelatin medium. The latter was stopped up with cotton wool in the usual way with such experiments, and then sterilized at a temperature of about 130 deg. C. under pressure for about 30 minutes. Cultures without radium were also at various times thus similarly sterilized. When the gelatin had stood for some time and become settled, the fine end of the tube containing the radium salt was broken, from outside, without opening the test-tube, by means of a wire hook in a side tube. The salt, which in this

particular experiment consisted of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  milligrammes of radium bromide, was thus allowed to drop upon the surface of the gelatin.

"After 24 hours or so in the case of the bromide, and about three or four days in that of the chloride, a peculiar culture-like growth appeared on the surface, and gradually made its way downward, until after a fortnight, in some cases, it had grown fully a centimeter beneath the surface. If the medium was sterilized several times before the radium was dropped on it, so that its color was altered, probably by the inversion of the sugar, the growth was greatly retarded, and was confined chiefly to the surface. It was found that plane polarized light, when transmitted through the tube at right angles to its axis, was rotated left-handedly in that part of the gelatin containing the growth, and in that part alone.

"The controls showed no contamination whatever and no rotation. The test-tubes were opened and microscopic slides examined under a twelfth power. Objects were observed which at first sight seemed to be microbes, but as they did not give sub-cultures when inoculated in fresh media they could scarcely be bacteria. The progress of any of the sub-cultures after a month was extremely small, and certainly too small for a bacterial growth. It was not at all obvious how bacteria could have remained in one set of tubes and not in the other, unless the radium salt itself acted as a shield, so to speak, for any spores which may originally have become mixed with the salt, perhaps during its manufacture, and when imbedded in it could resist even the severe process of sterilization to which it was submitted. On heating the culture and re-sterilizing the medium, the bacteria-like forms completely disappeared; but only temporarily, for after some days they were again visible when examined in a microscopic slide. Nay, more, they disappeared in the slides when these were exposed to diffused daylight for some hours, but re-appeared again after a few days when kept in the dark. Thus it seems quite conclusive that whatever they may be, their presence is at any rate due to the spontaneous action of the radium salt upon the culture medium, and not alone to the influence of anything which previously existed therein. When washed they are found to be soluble in warm water, and however much they may resemble microbes, they cannot for this reason be identified with them, as also for the fact that they do not give sub-cultures as bacteria should.

"Prof. Sims Woodhead has very kindly opened some of the test-tubes and examined them from the bacteriological point of view. His observations fully confirm my own. He assures me that they are not bacteria, and suggests that they might possibly be crystals. They are, at any rate, not contaminations. I have tried to identify them with many crystalline bodies, and the nearest approximation to this form appears to be that of the crystals of calcium carbonate, but these are many times larger, and, in fact, of a different order of magnitude altogether, being visible under comparatively low powers; and are, moreover, insoluble in water. A careful and prolonged examination of their structure, behavior, and development leaves little doubt in my mind that they are highly organized bodies, although not bacteria."

## Surgery's Invasion of the Vital Organs

Modern surgery's greatest achievements have evidently been in the abdominal region, in the heart and in the intestines and kidneys, as is made manifest from a study which Dr. A. C. Seely and Leroy Scott contribute to *Leslie's Monthly Magazine* (New York). As recently as a generation ago, we read, fear of blood poisoning kept the surgeon out of the abdominal region; "but now the surgeon intrepidly enters disease's former stronghold, routs it and in so doing performs life-saving feats with the organs that seem absolute miracles to the onlooking world." In illustration of all this, we are thus invited to consider the case of the stomach:

"If it is too large, the surgeon enfolds a portion of the wall and sutures the edges; if a part of it is diseased, say with cancer, he cuts it out, sutures the edges, and if necessary cuts a new opening for the head of the small intestine and sutures (stitches) it into place; if the esophagus is obstructed so that food cannot be taken naturally, a tube is inserted through the abdominal wall into the stomach, and when the man is hungry he merely drops a pre-masticated meal into the tube; or in case a cancerous area be so large as to demand such a severe operation, the surgeon may remove the entire stomach and suture the esophagus to the duodenum. Contrast this last operation with the working principle of the seventies, that to enter the stomach is death, and you see how far surgery has traveled in a generation. This last operation is, of course, rarely performed even now, but there are to-day a few stomachless persons in the world (one returned to work within two months after the operation), attending to their regular duties, taking a special diet, and apparently just as happy as though their stomachs were not in jars on laboratory shelves."

Surgery now "does about as it pleases" with the intestines, we are likewise told by our authorities—"treats them almost as though they were coils of rope." Here is what took place when a surgeon in the South was lately called to a case in which a gunshot wound had made no less than eighteen intestinal perforations: "He removed between five and six feet of the small intestine, did some other tinkering and now the patient seems as good as new." Other wonders are referred to:

"Sections of the small intestine, eight, ten and, in one case, thirteen feet long have been successfully taken out. Surgery has been of especial value in removing obstructions that close the intestines. Two or three decades ago it was considered no discredit to stand by, a do-nothing, while a patient died of internal strangulation. As a significant comment on the state of intestinal surgery in the early eighties, take this instance: An eminent British surgeon seriously proposed as treatment for obstruction of the intes-

tines that the nearest policeman be summoned, the patient be suspended head downward, with his shanks hooked over the policeman's shoulders, and the officer then be ordered to jump up and down several times. The theory was that this jolting treatment would displace the hernia or undo the twist. And this was comparatively modern surgery! Now the abdomen is opened and the intestine put into its normal position—and a great number of lives are saved that two or three years ago would have been inevitably lost.

"The kidneys, too, are almost under the surgeon's control, with the result of a great decrease in mortality from kidney diseases. Portions of the kidney are cut away without danger to the patient, and it has been found that an entire kidney can be safely removed, its mate being capable of doing double duty. Kidneys are not always of steady habits; occasionally one breaks its home ties and wanders about the abdominal cavity. Recently a patient in a New York hospital was operated on for a tumor located in the pelvis. On opening the patient the surgeon discovered that the supposed tumor was a kidney—about ten or twelve inches from where it belonged. The kidney was brought back to its place and sutured to the abdominal wall, the regular method used to fix home-keeping habits upon floating kidneys.

It has been but a short time since surgery believed, with the rest of the world, that the slightest wound to the heart meant death. Now surgery holds that every heart wound should be immediately operated upon:

"In recent years over fifty bullet and knife wounds have been repaired, and between a third and a half of the patients fully recovered. One recent case was a negro with a knife wound three-fourths of an inch in length in the left ventricle. Six continuous silk sutures were required to close it, but at the end of two months the negro was in the street again, ready for more trouble. One successfully repaired wound was two and eight-tenths inches in length—the longest on record; and in another case that recovered there were eight knife wounds requiring eleven stitches to close them. In yet another case a pistol ball entered the left ventricle, perforating both anterior and posterior walls. Both holes were sutured and the man recovered. The reader, to appreciate fully these wonderful achievements, must bear in mind that while the surgeon works the heart is beating from sixty to one hundred times a minute, that the surgeon dare not interrupt this throbbing, that a very slight mishandling and the flickering life he is trying to save will be snuffed out.

"The restoration of life after the heart has actually stopped beating is another miracle of modern surgery, though the claim cannot be made that this accomplishment is of much general value. In cases where the patient has collapsed while under an anesthetic, the chest has been hastily opened, a hand thrust in, the still heart grasped and manipulated, and circulation thus artificially kept up till life flutters slowly back."

## The Meteorological Factor in Human Conduct

It cannot for an instant be doubted that certain phases of the weather have a marked effect upon the emotional states of many people. The statement is made, after exhaustive study of statistics, by Dr. Edwin Grant Dexter, Professor of Education at the University of Illinois, in his volume on the subject.\* Fiction bases many of its tragic climaxes upon a belief of the kind indicated and not a few of the world's greatest thinkers, have left a record of such recognized effects upon their own mental states. "Weather wisdom" is, much of it, based upon such an influence upon the members of the lower animal kingdom. The newspapers not infrequently touch upon it in attempting to account for an epidemic of suicide, and the literature of insanity is full of allusions to it. Dr. Dexter adds:

"School teachers, almost without exception, and all those who are in charge of individuals in great numbers—as wardens of prisons—are firm believers in such an influence. Yet most of us do not need the evidence of others to be convinced of its existence; we feel it and make it the scapegoat for all sorts of sins of omission and commission when no other seems conveniently near. . . . Given, then, the facts bearing upon the deportment of the people of a great city for every day for so long a period of time, and exact meteorological condition for each day, by means of a somewhat laborious process of tabulation, it is possible to determine with exactness the weather conditions under which deportment is at its best or worst. . . .

"We find marked fluctuations in the daily occurrence of immoral acts in a given community, and must believe these fluctuations to be the effects of some cause or causes, since the time is past when the scientific mind can relegate them to the category of chance. The community is large, and the immoral acts are distributed throughout its length and breadth, so, in searching for possible causes, all those which are narrowly local, in affecting but a few individuals, fail to meet the requirements. A's bad breakfast and B's financial failure and C's love affair, then, though all potent in determining the behavior of these individuals on given days, bear but accidental relations to one another in point of time, and in considering 1,500,000 A's and B's and C's for a series of years would fail to be cumulative in effect. There is, in fact, but one condition in the environment which changes simultaneously for all the individuals considered, and that is the weather."

Applying the deductions warranted by the figures he has studied, Dr. Dexter declares that arrests for drunkenness are far more prevalent during the colder months of

the year than during the warmer, varying inversely as the temperature; are slightly affected by varying atmospheric pressure, being somewhat above the normal for conditions of high barometer; increase as both the humidity and the wind increase, and are somewhat excessive for clear, dry days. On the subject of weather effects in relation to children we are told:

"The deportment of pupils is at its best during cold, calm and clear weather—at its worst during that characterized as hot and muggy. The opinion is also that boys are affected more than girls. As shown by empirical study, school attendance—and we have argued that this is a measure of health—is at its best during the spring and autumn months, upon days of moderate temperature, when the barometrical readings are at neither extreme; when the humidity and wind are moderate and upon 'fair,' dry days. Deportment is at its best during the winter months and at the beginning and end of the school year; when the temperature is either very low or very high; when the barometer is high; when the humidity is great; during conditions of calm and upon cloudy, wet days."

Regarding suicide and the weather, there are a few generalizations which seem to Dr. Dexter to be worth noting, especially, he says, as they are based in part upon findings which are entirely contradictory to popular opinion with regard to the time chosen by the suicide for the final act:

"The first is that suicide is excessive under those conditions of weather which are generally considered most exhilarating and delightful, that is, the later spring months and upon clear, dry days. . . . It was noted that there were the greatest numerical excesses for the most agreeable temperatures. Barometrical conditions can hardly be referred to the categories agreeable and disagreeable, but for humidity and wind the relation will hardly hold, since we have the greatest excesses during high humidities and great wind velocities, both of which are unpleasant. Yet these facts would not invalidate our first statement, for neither high winds nor great humidities bring a scowl upon the face of nature that can be compared with that of a wet, drizzling day. In fact, a day may be bright and be both windy and humid. Yet these latter conditions have effects peculiarly their own. They are, for wind, the production of a neurotic condition in which self control is in a marked degree lessened; and, for high humidities, the production of a minimum of vital energy. The former is shown especially in the study of the school children, and the latter of the death rate. These facts make it possible for us to amend our statement that suicides are excessive during the most noticeably delightful conditions by adding: coupled with especially de-vitalizing ones."

\*WEATHER INFLUENCES. By Edwin Grant Dexter. The Macmillan Co.



"But this does not in any way account for the seemingly anomalous effect of bright weather. To me the only plausible hypothesis is that of contrast. Investigation has seemed to prove that very few suicides are committed on the 'spur of the moment.' The act is generally premeditated, and its consummation deferred, sometimes again and again. We can hardly doubt, either, that it is dreaded, and the hope entertained, even to the end, that it may not need to be. During the winter months that hope must be centered on the belief that when Nature smiles with the spring sunshine all will be well; on the gloomy day, when the morrow comes with its exhilarating brightness, the present cloud of unhappiness will be gone. The love of life is still strong, and the grave can not be sought while there is still hope for better things. Spring comes with all its excess of life, and the morrow with its brightness, but do not bring to the poor unfortunate, unable to react to these forces as of yore, the hoped-for relief.

"Suicide is most prevalent in the late spring and summer months; is excessive at both extremes of temperature, and somewhat above the normal for days of moderate heat; is excessive in medium pressure of the air and deficient for the extreme of pressure; increases with regularity as humidity and wind increase from a deficiency for low readings of both; is excessive for clear dry days."

With the exception of sickness, death and

drunkenness, the year begins in every case with deficiencies in occurrence of those antimoral activities which have been made the basis of Dr. Dexter's investigations. Suicide, insanity and the misconduct of persons in the penitentiary reach the maximum in the late spring or early summer, declining somewhat during the heated period. The greatest excess for the hot months is shown for arrests for assault and battery, which, in the case of males, vary almost exactly with the mean temperature of the months:

"For all the other classes of data, occurrence is plainly below the normal for the lower temperatures, either gradually increasing with the temperature (assault), or seemingly unaffected by it for a considerable space (insane), then showing a very rapid increase beginning at from 70 to 80 degrees, which is again followed in the case of assault by a drop for the very highest temperatures. With the department in the public schools this drop comes at a lower temperature. The relation between the curves for the different sexes, where they are studied separately (as in the case of assault and insane) leads to the conclusion that the effect of heat upon females is greater than upon males. This is shown both in an increased pugnacity and in a greater mental unbalancing."

## The World's Debt to Its Old Men

In one of his most terribly realistic poems, Kipling represents the old men as sitting in the chimney-corner sucking their gums and thinking well of everything they do. But there is something far different from this rôle for the world's elderly men. Mr. John F. Cargill thinks that the important uses to society of the period of old age have been convincingly demonstrated by Professor N. S. Shaler, of Harvard. Professor Shaler, we are assured, has shown how the presence of three or four generations in a single social edifice gives to it far more value than is afforded by one or two. While the elders may contribute little or nothing to the direct profit of the association, they serve to unite the life of the community and bridge the gap between the successive generations. We quote further from Mr. Cargill's article in *The Popular Science Monthly*:

Professor Shaler shows that the average man up to the age of perhaps fifty has little or no time for calm reflection; that the necessities of existence demand that he pursue the gainful life, which is always more or less strenuous. What-

ever possible period there may be for the individual to pursue the intellectual life must come afterward. And it does come. Is it necessary to argue that the world needs the assistance of the calm reflective mind? Remove this possibility, and mankind may never be able to learn whether life has either meaning or value—in the larger sense.

"Recurring wars, he says, repetitions of political follies and the successions of commercial disasters, all show the need of adding in every possible way to the strength of the bond between generations, so that the life of society may gain a larger unit of action than is afforded by the experience of most of its active members. If the deeds of any single period could be the result of the experience of three or four generations of experienced men, rather than that of one, civilization would be an immense gainer. There would be fewer recitals of failure, fewer reversions toward savagery. This necessity is made evident, he says, because, notwithstanding the resources of our printed records, they convey only imperfectly the quality of one time to that which succeeds it. The real presence of the generations is necessary to the greatest extent that can be had.

He says that the idea of the apparent uselessness of man in advanced years is a survival from the time when a man's value in warfare was the paramount consideration; and he adds, 'The

generation which has seen an aged Gladstone guide an empire; a von Moltke at the three score limit beat down France; and a Bismarck at more than three score readjust the Powers of Europe, has naturally enough given up the notion that a seat by the chimneyside is the only place for the elders."

But it is in the indebtedness of science to men of advanced years that the truth of the whole proposition as to the value of old age is most strikingly demonstrated. One can specify no field in all the domain of science, Mr. Cargill contends, including astronomy, geology, biology, psychology, sociology, electro-magnetism, electricity, engineering, invention, mathematics or medicine, that does not owe much to men of advanced years. This statement holds good, we are told, of the fields of mechanics, philosophy, statesmanship and many others. We quote again:

"A noteworthy beginning may be made with the five great savants who, within the hundred years just passed, have given to mankind entirely new concepts, new understandings of the universe and of life; have revolutionized the greater sciences and made it necessary to build anew from the beginning. We will take them in chronological order. Immanuel Kant died in 1804 at the age of seventy-six. His *Kritik* [*Critique of Pure Reason*] was written or appeared after he had reached fifty-seven: a work of such vast comprehensiveness, such subtle, active and far-reaching intellectual resourcefulness that the world has produced but a handful of men since his day who could fully appreciate or appraise him. His '*Contest of the Faculties*' appeared when he had passed seventy. His primary formulation of the nebular hypothesis was when he was in the thirties; but much of its elaboration was concluded many years afterward. Pierre de Laplace, his coadjutor in the hypothesis which shook the world, died in 1827 at the age of seventy-eight. Laplace issued the earlier portion of his great '*Exposition du système du monde*' at about the age of fifty; and the completion of this monumental work containing the nebular hypothesis was not published until he was past seventy years."

The next great step forward in enlightenment, Mr. Cargill now notes, is from the field of astronomy to that of geology, and here we come to Sir Charles Lyell, who died in 1875 at the age of seventy-eight:

"The most important portions of Lyell's work were done after he had passed forty years; complete and sweeping revisions and enlargements of his earlier work were done late in life, and even down to within three days before his death, at the age of seventy-eight years, he finished a revision of his '*Principles of Geology*,' a work which amazed and electrified scientists of all nations, and remains to-day the unchallenged great text-book in that field. Lyell's is the broadest and best-balanced mind which has dealt with

deep-lying geological problems. In effect, he may be said to have created the science of geology. His work marked the second epoch in the thought of mankind, supplying the needed second link in the chain of evidence of planetary evolution. He applied in geology the principle of gradual development to the earth's crust, which Laplace and Kant had previously wrought in astronomy concerning sun systems and planets; which Darwin accomplished afterward in biology for living forms and organic life, and Spencer achieved for psychology in human consciousness and thought, and for sociology in human society and government."

The "fuller amplification" of Lyell's work, Mr. Cargill significantly notes, in addition, was achieved after the famed scientist had passed the age of sixty:

"With Lyell's work planetary evolution came to be a recognized and definite truth; and then came Charles Darwin. Darwin was born in 1809, and lived until the age of seventy-three. His lifelong habits of thought, and his methods of research are too well known to be repeated, but it may be said that up to the age of forty-nine years he devoted himself almost wholly to accumulating stores of experience and observation, and to the planning of the great work which was to come afterward. '*The Origin of Species*,' written at the age of fifty, sounded the farthest depth of biological knowledge and created such a whirlwind of controversy as no other book has done. His '*Descent of Man*,' written at the age of sixty-two, was not less remarkable, and had an effect almost as widespread and profound. No man then living, either young or old, had the preparation, patience in the working out of details, breadth of mind, modesty or the honest simplicity of character, necessary to the carrying out of his tremendous task. Darwin may not have created the science of biology, but unmistakably he brought it out of a vague, confusing and conflicting state, reduced the mass of evidence and details to concrete form, and made it into an orderly and perfect system."

We now come to "the latest of this remarkable group of investigators," Herbert Spencer, who was eighty-three when he died:

"Spencer's mind did not begin its functions until he was well on into the forties. He was storing up until then—his mind was incubating, as it were. At forty he had made merely a rough outline or program of his '*Synthetic Philosophy*,' which massive work he was to carry out triumphantly in his ripper and broader years. '*First Principles*,' the first work in the series, was finished when he was forty-two years old; '*Principles of Psychology*' when he was fifty-two; '*Principles of Sociology*' when he was fifty-six and one of the greatest in his ethics series, '*Justice*,' came at the age of seventy-one. He was close upon eighty when his monumental '*Synthetic Philosophy*' was completed, and the person had not yet appeared who has discovered any diminution of his powers from the earlier work to the last page of the final volume."

## Music and the Drama

### Ibsen as Revealed in His Letters

Ibsen's letters, already published in German\* and soon to appear in an English translation, come with the full force of a revelation. Despite the fact that for more than three decades the attention of the world has been turned toward Ibsen as the greatest dramatist of the day, as a man who has created a new era in letters, and around whom are grouped the most vital elements, the most representative figures of European literature, his personal life and character have in the main remained unknown. Pilgrimages have been made to the places which the wandering dramatist has frequented at various times, but his outwardly cold and reserved temperament has, as a rule, yielded but a scanty harvest to his devotees. In this respect Ibsen stands out in marked contrast to that other prophet of our time, Tolstoy, whose open nature has so far revealed itself that there is now scarcely a mood, a habit of thought or a relation in his life, however intimate, that has not become known to the public.

This failure to obtain a more thorough knowledge of the man Ibsen has been the more tantalizing because of the close connection that has been known to exist between his works and his life. Ibsen himself was by no means averse to rendering an account of his inner self. He had for a long time cherished the plan of writing his autobiography, but was prevented by ill health.

He was painfully aware of his inability to reveal his complete individuality even to his most intimate friends by personal contact and conversation. Thus he writes to Björnson in the year 1864, at a time when no serious break had yet occurred in their close friendship:

"I know that it is my fault that I cannot come complete and with my whole heart before people to whom I ought to give myself with every fibre of my being. I have something of the scald in 'The Pretenders to the Crown' in me. I can never make up my mind to reveal myself entirely. I have a feeling that in my personal relations I have at my disposal but a false expression for that which I carry in my inmost self and which constitutes my real ego. Hence I prefer to lock myself up, and for this reason it sometimes happens that we keep at a distance, mutually observing each other, so to speak. But this, or something like it, you must have noticed yourself; it cannot be otherwise. Else you could not have preserved such a warm friendship for me."

This passage proves how well Ibsen was able, in his correspondence, to do what he bemoans his inability to do in his personal relations, namely, reveal his "real ego." It is this which gives his

letters their greatest interest. Now, for the first time, we are enabled to see his soul through and through, as he himself saw it when not embarrassed by the presence of a friend. In this sense the editors of his letters are perfectly right in saying that Ibsen's "traditional reserve is proven to be not at all a fundamental trait of his character."



HENRIK IBSEN

"My book is poetry, and if it is not it shall be poetry. The conception of poetry in our country shall adjust itself to my book"

\*BRIEFE VON HENRIK IBSEN. S. Fischer, Berlin.

The letters cover a period of more than half a century, from the year 1849 to 1900. They are addressed to the King, to the Norwegian Storthing, to editors, translators, publishers and friends. It cost the editors long and arduous labor to collect them, and Ibsen himself was not aware that they were still extant. It is therefore hardly necessary to state that they were not written with any idea of ultimate publication. Under these circumstances it is most interesting to note how Ibsen emerges from a trying ordeal which has proved so disastrous to many a great author before him. He not only emerges unscathed, but gains in stature. His is a figure as imposing as Goethe's. His life is all one with his work; the man measures up to the full size of the author. Comparatively early in his career, writing to Björnson in reference to an estimate of "Peer Gynt," by Clemens Petersen, the most prominent critic of the day, who, applying to Ibsen's work the old standards of art, pronounced "Peer Gynt" to be no poetry at all, Ibsen, with a true Olympian audacity that savors of the Nietzschean phrase, "I am the foremost of the Germans," declares, "My book *is* poetry, and if it is not it *shall* be poetry. The conception of poetry in our country shall adjust itself to my book."

In a man who from the very beginning had so lofty an idea of his mission in life, it is not strange to find a disposition to ride rough-shod over every obstacle and to permit nothing to come between him and what he called the "perfecting" of himself. Thus, if it is difficult to excuse, it is easy to explain, his conduct to his poor parents. When, after many years of poverty, he had struggled up to a comfortable position and was able to help them, he abandoned them entirely in their old age, and never wrote to them. He had become "half a stranger" to his people. He knew that he would not be understood by his strictly orthodox parents, and to his independent temperament a relation of this kind was intolerable. "Do you know," he writes to Björnson, "that I have separated myself forever from my own father and mother, from my entire family, because I did not want to place myself in a position where I should be only half understood?" And again, prescribing a medicine for Brandes' spiritual ailment, he says:

"An energetic productivity is an excellent specific. What I wish you above all things is a downright full-blooded egoism which might compel you for a time to regard as of value and im-

portance only yourself and that which pertains to yourself. Do not regard this as a sign of brutality in my nature. You cannot serve humanity better than by turning the metal you have in you into circulating coin. I have never had a strong sense of solidarity. I have only adopted it as a sort of traditional article of faith; and if one had the courage to ignore it entirely one would perhaps be freed from the worst ballast that encumbers one's personality. There are times when the whole world's history appears to me like one great shipwreck. The thing to do is to save yourself."

And again:

"Friends are an expensive luxury, and when one stakes his capital on a mission and calling in life one cannot afford to keep friends. The expensive thing about keeping friends lies not in what you do for them but in what you leave undone out of consideration for them. In that way many spiritual sprouts are dwarfed in one. I have been through it myself, and on this account I have many years behind me in which I have not succeeded in becoming myself."

The letters throw a flood of light on the political and religious ideas of Ibsen. We see that he had strong political convictions, although he steadily kept aloof from active participation in politics; that he followed with intense interest political developments in the Scandinavian countries; and that he was stirred to enthusiasm by the short-lived triumph of the Paris Commune, the defeat of which, however, he accepted with philosophical resignation and with an expression of confidence that the principles it represented would prevail in the end.

"I began by feeling myself a Norwegian, I developed into a Scandinavian, and I have ended by becoming a Pan-German," is the way in which he once summed up his political creed to Brandes. But this utterance must not be construed as arguing any sympathy on the part of Ibsen for the state, however extensive its boundaries may be. On this subject he expresses himself very clearly in a communication to Brandes:

"The state must be abolished! In this revolution I will also take part. Abolish the conception of state; make voluntary association and spiritual kinship the only bond of union. This would be the beginning of a freedom that is worth something. A change of governmental forms is nothing more than a trifling with degrees—a little more or a little less—nonsense all from top to bottom. Yes, dear friend, it is simply this: you must not allow yourself to be frightened by respect for property. The state has its root in time; it will have its culmination in time. Greater things than the state will fall; all religions will fall. Neither the concepts of morality nor the conventions of art will last forever. How much, after all, are we in duty bound



to preserve? Who will vouch that two and two are not five on the planet Jupiter?"

With a similarly bold iconoclasm he expresses himself, in the same letter to Brandes, on the bourgeois conception of liberty:

"You can never get me to regard liberty as synonymous with political liberty. What you call liberty I call license; and what I call the struggle for liberty is nothing else than the constant, living acquisition of the idea of liberty. He who possesses liberty as something other than that to be striven for possesses it dead and soulless, for the concept of freedom has the quality of extending itself in its acquisition, and therefore if during the struggle one stops and says: 'Now I have it,' he shows by this very fact that he has lost it. But it is just this dead way of having a certain, well-defined standpoint of liberty that is characteristic of the body politic; and it was this that I meant when I said it was of no good. To be sure, there may be some good in freedom of the ballot, freedom from taxation; but for whom is it good? For the citizen, not for the individual. But there is absolutely no rational necessity for the individual to be a citizen. On the contrary, the state is the curse of the individual. What is the price that Prussia paid for its power as a state? Why, the sinking of the individuals into the political and geographical concept! The waiter is the best soldier."

As a commentary on Ibsen's plays, this collection constitutes an invaluable document. Mr. William Archer, the English translator of the plays, commenting on the style of Ibsen's letters, says that Ibsen is not a born letter-writer, that his letters are as labored as his plays, and that he remains always a "dramatist to the marrow"; but he seems to miss the evident significance of the point he is making. Ibsen does not write his letters as a great many others do. He is as original in this respect as he is as a dramatist. He repeatedly tells us that in his writings he had striven for nothing else than to give expression to himself in as complete and in as simple a manner as he was capable of. He found that the literature of his country was written in a style that seemed to him unnatural, and he transformed that style into what he conceived to be the natural mode of human expression. When Edmund Gosse wrote to him that he should have written his play "Emperor and Galilean" in verse, Ibsen replied: "In this I must contradict you, for the drama was put in as realistic a form as was possible. What I aimed at was to produce the illusion of reality. I want to give the reader the impression that what he reads is a real event." "Everything which I have created as a poet had its origin in a mood and a situation in life; I never created anything because,

as they say, I had 'hit a good subject,'" he writes in another letter. What is more natural, therefore, than that an author who had striven for the utmost realism in his dramas should have written his letters as he wrote his dramas? In a nature constituted like that of Ibsen's, had he written his letters differently we should have expected him also to write his dramas differently.

The following passage from a letter to Prof. P. Hansen, dated Oct. 28, 1870, gives the "inner story" of the origin of his plays:

"'Cataline' was written in a little provincial town where it was impossible for me to give expression to all that fermented in me except by mad pranks and all sorts of excesses, which drew upon me the displeasure of the respectable society that could not enter into a world in which I wandered about alone.

"'Mrs. Inger of Osteraad' is based on a hastily entered into and violently broken off love affair. 'The Heroes of Helgeland' I wrote after my engagement.

"After I had married, my life for the first time grew into something weighty and serious. The first fruits of this was the poem 'On the Heights.' The longing for freedom which runs through this poem first found its full expression, however, in the 'Comedy of Love.' The book gave occasion to a great deal of talk in Norway; my personal relations were dragged into the discussion, and I lost a great deal in the public estimation. The only one who could appreciate my book at that time was my wife. She is just the character I need—illogical, but endowed with a strong poetic instinct, large and broad in her views and almost excessive in her hatred of all kinds of pettiness. All this! my countrymen did not understand, and it never occurred to me to make any confession to them. Hence I was placed under the ban and even ostracized; everybody was against me.

"The fact that everybody was against me, that I had no one in the world of whom I could say, 'He believes in me,' was bound, as you can well imagine, to produce in me the state of mind which found its outlet in the 'Pretenders to the Crown.' Enough of this.

"Just as this play appeared, Frederick the Seventh died, and the war commenced. I wrote the poem 'A Brother in Need.' Of course it became ineffectual when pitted against the spirit of Norwegian Yankeeism that beat me at every point. So I went into voluntary exile.

"When I came to Copenhagen, Dybbøl fell. I saw King Wilhelm enter with trophies and spoils of war. In those days 'Brand' began to grow in me like an embryo. In Italy the unification of the work was completed at a boundless sacrifice, while at home—!

"Think of Rome, moreover, with its ideal peace, and the intercourse with the care-free world of artists, an existence that can only be compared to the atmosphere in Shakespeare's 'As You Like It,' and you have the environment in which 'Brand' was produced. The belief that I intended to depict the life and career of Søren Kierkegaard is altogether based on a mis-

conception. That Brand is a priest is really immaterial. The demand, 'All or Nothing,' manifests itself in every relation of life, in love, art, etc. Brand is myself in my best moments, just as by self-analysis I have brought to light many traits in 'Peer Gynt' as well as in 'Stensgaard.'

"At the time when I wrote 'Brand,' I had before me a scorpion in a glass upon my table. Now and then the animal grew sick. Then I would throw a piece of soft fruit to it, whereupon it would attack the food greedily and spit its venom into it. Then it got well.

"Is it not the same with the poet? The law of nature holds true also in the spiritual domain.

"'Peer Gynt' followed 'Brand' as though of itself. It was written in southern Italy, on Ischia and in Sorrento. At such a distance from one's future readers one becomes indifferent. The poem contains much pertaining to my own experiences in youth. My own mother was the model for 'Aase,' with the necessary exaggerations, as well as for 'Inga,' in the 'Pretenders to the Crown.'"

In the same way are elucidated in different parts of the volume many of his later dramas. The gloom that comes over the artist Oswald in "The Ghosts," when he returns from Paris to his Norwegian home where the sky is always clouded, where lack of sunshine robs him of the joy of life, and where the people themselves seem to him dreary and

lifeless, finds its counterpart in Ibsen's mood on his return home from a long stay in Italy and in Germany, which he describes to Björnson. "When I went up the fiord I felt my heart literally contorted with pain and anguish. I had the same feeling all the time I stayed up there. I was no longer myself under the gaze of all these cold Norwegian uncomprehending eyes that looked out from the windows and the sidewalks." The main idea of "The Enemy of the People" is contained in the following lines to Brandes: "I hear that you have organized a society. How far your position is strengthened thereby I do not know; it seems to me that he is strongest who stands alone." And "Rosmersholm" had evidently developed from the germinal thought contained in advice given to Brandes many years prior to the appearance of the play, when the Danish critic was engaged in a controversy: "Be dignified! Dignity is the only weapon in such conflicts."

Ibsen's correspondence reaches out to almost every part of the civilized globe save America. England is represented by Edmund Gosse and William Archer.

### Björnson's Dramatic Portrayal of the Old and New Generations

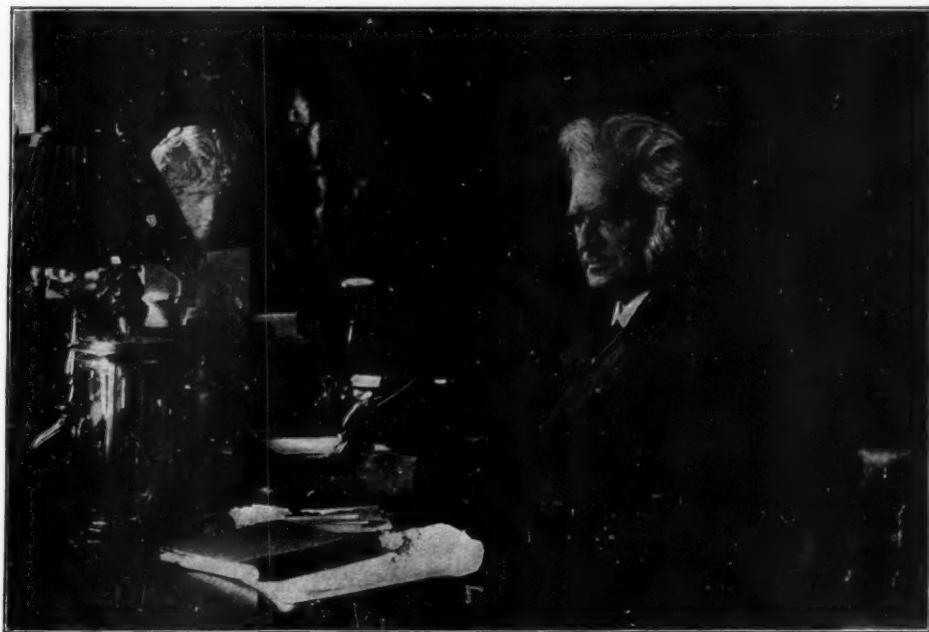
"Dagland," the latest play of Björnstjerne Björnson, deals with a subject of world-wide significance that has already been treated in Turgeneff's "Fathers and Sons" and Sudermann's "Magda"—the conflict between the older and the younger generations. It is a drama of family life. It depicts the gulf existing between a father and a son; it shows the mother as a mediator; it tells how the chasm is finally bridged.

Dag, a landed proprietor, in his advanced age has retired high up into the mountains, in the solitude where the snow remains for months after it has left the lower regions. He cannot tolerate the air down below, where the fiord cuts deep into the vast acres of his land. He feels especially the atmospheric pressure when the fermenting and struggling elements of spring assert themselves. He sits alone, introspective, with thoughts of himself and the period that belonged to him and his ancestors.

And because his belief is retrogressive in its intent, because his whole concern is with

the past, his exasperation at youth's exuberance becomes with him well-nigh a passion. Dag's severe bringing up of his children has contributed toward making him feel as he does. One thing they had to learn—obedience to traditions, "piety." For the sake of inspiring them with dread, punish them. Rather than have the young idea raise the banner of rebellion against tradition it were better, if necessary, to break the youthful stem. The injury thus inflicted would be the lesser of the two.

The youthful opposition that Dag encounters is embodied in his own son, Stener. The young man is of a fiery disposition, clever, progressive, ambitious. Since the days of his boyhood the waterfalls of Dagland had drawn him as if with a magnet. His constant companionship with the majestic, rushing power made an engineer of Stener. He went to Australia and returned to his beloved Dagland rich in experience and with a knowledge of the very newest inventions pertaining to his



*Courtesy of Public Opinion, N. Y.*

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON

"The only living author who has created a national literature."

calling. And now he desires to utilize the power of the mountain river for the purpose of manufacturing on a large scale. Norway is a land of waste, is what Stener's lawyer tells him. Millions on millions of money pour into the sea; it had been this way even before the discovery of America.

Stener exemplifies the new era, and to shut the gate in its face is the aim of the elder Dag. In fact, he carries his opposition to such an extent that, relying on what he considers his indisputable privilege, he would deprive his son of the very ground that by right of heritage should fall to him and none other. The tension between the two has reached the breaking point. But it is now that the playwright infuses into the plot that subtle substance which is love—love of home and kindred. It is here that his Scandinavian conservatism comes to the fore. It is exceedingly difficult for Björnson to give up the balming influence that rests in love, in the ties of home. And while many of the greatest writers of the day seem to doubt the fact that the home is to remain an institution of the future, with him there never been the slightest

question as to the sacredness of the word Society—"the thousand homes."

For this reason it is the home that saves the situation in "Dagland." All that happens is in reality that the old and lonely man is induced to return to the family circle—to once more mingle with his human kind. The artistic contrasts that Björnson here makes use of are of a special Norwegian character. That they assume the form they do may be due to the characteristics of the country. "Those mountains are too dangerous," we are told in the play, "they are too immense for us." To be possessed of the "mountain fever" is like drifting away from human society.

Dag does come down to the valley, to his home, "beneath the roof of his house where the wife of his bosom stands clarified in the midst of children's laughter." He meets the good fairy of his family in the form of his helpmate—at first glance a somewhat strange figure in the gallery of Björnsonian characters. Mrs. Dag is a Frenchwoman by birth, but exactly because of her French liveliness, her lovable "spirit of rebellion," does she form the most living, the most hearty

contrast to the mountain chill and inflexibility exhibited in her husband. While he has chastised the children and inspired them with fear in order to teach them respect, the mother has become their companion and their ally. In the scene where the mother with girlish curiosity questions the youngest daughter about her suitor, Björnson introduces a bit of delicious comedy that belongs to the finest writings of the Norwegian dramatist.

It is a living and a cozy home to which

Dag returns, and it conquers him. As he views it all at close range, notices how the children not only have the strength of their fathers, but in an even higher degree retain their love for their parent, then the old man no longer resists. When his daughter Ragna takes on herself the dangers of the mountain climb, the fearful peril of the steep ascent through snow and ice in order to show him reverence, the heart of her father melts and everything ends in a light of joy.

### Are We to have an American School of Music?

Within the memory of the present generation Russia and Norway have both developed a distinctively national school of music. America is also struggling toward adequate musical expression; but can it be said that she has yet realized it? Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, of Chicago, who raises this interesting question in the Boston *Musician*, is inclined to answer it in the negative. "I do not say that no one of our American composers has as yet produced music of world currency yet of American flavor," he declares; "all I say is that I have not heard of any in the larger sense. While we have distinguished talents here and there, it stands 'not proven' whether we have also a genius." He continues:

"I wish to enter my protest against the effort to impart Americanism to music through the use of half-barbarous themes, whether Indian or negro. Neither method can lead to anything of more than temporary value, for two reasons,—both important, even vital: First of all, neither the Indian nor the negro is American in the sense of which we are speaking; second, half-barbarous themes are merely striking themes which are only 'half-baked,' not yet musical in the sense of being plastic. Such themes can indeed be worked by composers with good enough technique, but at best they do not lead to good results. It is the same thing over again as the story of Bach, who gladly improvised upon themes given him by Frederick the Great; but when he was asked to improvise a fugue in six voices, he had to take an original theme, because not every theme is capable of the necessary transformations. Hence, while I cheerfully admit that the Indian with his mystic liturgies in traditional poetry and song, is seeking the same thing that the white man is seeking after when he tries to be his own Beethoven or Palestrina, the Indian is after all but in the rudiments of tonal development, and the significant and attractive thing about his best melodies is their

inner striving to realize something which the tonal environment did not permit."

Passing on to a definite consideration of the question whether we are really making progress toward a great American school of music, Mr. Mathews says:

"Wonderful progress has been made since the Germania musical society, in 1851, played the 'Tannhäuser' overture in Boston with twenty-four men, Carl Bergmann at the head. We have four or five great symphony orchestras and as many superior directors; but this sort of thing will never develop an American art. It furnishes a part of the tonal stimulus, but under limitations. All our orchestral players are German or foreign; German is the language in which all orchestral rehearsals are conducted and managed. 'No American need apply.' What we need is many lesser orchestras, not mortgaged to symphonies and grand overtures, but capable of lesser flights, mortgaged to single movements and popular support. If we had one such orchestra playing nightly, even in beer gardens, in every city, there would be occasions where a young composer, having perpetrated a grand symphony, might take the trouble to copy his parts, proof-read them, and by good luck hear a movement played now and then. This for a long time would not appreciably affect the public, although there would always be the chance of a really fine movement's making friends at first hearing. But at all events the composer would learn much. He would see his painting hung upon the wall in a fair light, and could stand off and reflect whether his working out of ideas had accomplished what he meant, and whether his colors had been discreetly chosen."

Our musical needs are further set forth as follows:

"It is a pity that we do not have student orchestras in our leading conservatories. There are almost insuperable difficulties. The woodwind instruments are not studied; the players do not wish to teach, because any good pupil might become a professional rival; yet the violinist teaches gladly, and there are hosts of violinists,



some of them good. At Oberlin they have a student orchestra which accompanies concertos successfully, also choral works. The wood wind has to be brought in from outside or supplied upon the organ,—an indifferent makeshift at best. No other conservatory except, perhaps, the Cincinnati College of Music, has anything so advanced and complete. Such orchestras will in time supply opportunities for informal productions of promising movements, and by their aid our young composers may learn something of their art.

"As yet very few young American musicians have betaken themselves to conducting theatre orchestras and light operas; yet this is a school of experience only less thorough than conducting opera.

"And in those departments where there is opportunity to hear how things sound,—the piano-forte, violin and piano and song—we do have already very promising results. Our best song writers are nearly or quite on the level with the best contemporary artists in that line. But we still wait for an American as fluent and spontaneous as the Russian, Glazounow, for instance. Wait—how long?"

The musical critic of the New York *Evening Post* echoes Mr. Mathews's protest against the effort to impart Americanism to music through the use of Indian and negro themes, but thinks he is too derogatory in his estimate of American composition. "We have several composers" he says, "whose

works are quite un-European, notably Kelley, H. W. Loomis, and MacDowell. The Americanism of MacDowell's 'Eight Songs' or the 'Four Songs,' opus 56, or the 'Woodland Sketches' for piano, is as unmistakable as the Americanism of the books of Howells or Mark Twain. They certainly do not suggest the music of Germany, France, Italy, or any other country."

Victor Herbert, the well-known composer, 'cellist and conductor, is convinced that this country will not evolve great operas and symphonies until the munificent musical patron espouses the cause of the American composer. He writes (in *The Broadway Magazine*):

"The pressure of actual living in this country is formidable and complex. The cost of musical environment means a residence in New York and a well-filled exchequer in order to enjoy the luxury of attending our concerts and operas. A composer must create a dozen symphonies before the great symphony descends upon him in tongues of fire. Wagner, Liszt, Tchaikowski and a dozen others owe their great creativeness to the munificence of great musical souls, who fostered and sheltered their genius from the sordid struggle of the material things of life.

"The musical patron is not the product of the young country. When musical America reaches maturity, the American composer will rise triumphant from this new and fuller life."

## The Music of the Future

Realism is to be the note of the music of the future, says Ernest Newman in his volume of "Musical Studies."\* Romanticism, he declares, "has done its work, and the future is with the men who live not in that old and somewhat artificial world of gloomy forests, enchanted castles, men that are like gods, and gods that are like men, impossible maidens and superannuated professors of magic, but in a world recognizably similar to that in which we ourselves move from day to day." The highest exponent of the new spirit so far, he remarks, is Richard Strauss, whom he dubs "realist" and "humanist" and calls "an epoch-making man not only in virtue of his expression and his technique, but in virtue of the range and quality of his subjects." He sees in Strauss a sign of the death of the romantic spirit, in that he has "thrown over almost all the old erotic tags of the musician—though he can be passionate enough upon

occasion—in order to tell the story, in the true modern spirit, of other elements in human life that also have their poetry and their pathos." Mr. Newman says:

"We like our art to have a rather more acrid taste, and to come to closer quarters with reality. Even the apparatus of the Wagnerian opera seems to us a trifle *vieux-jeu* in these days. Strauss has wisely recognized that the operatic form, at its worst a ludicrous parody on life, is at its best only a compromise limited in its choice of subjects no less than in its structure. Much greater freedom is to be had in the symphonic poem or in other purely instrumental modern forms, because here we have at once a wider range of subjects open to us and a medium of expression into which the voice, with its limiting associations, does not enter. Nothing but the freest, most expansive of forms could be suited to the peculiar temperament of a realist like Strauss."

Accepting the tone poem as the form in which he expresses his musical ideas, Strauss, according to Mr. Newman, has inaugurated the period of the novel in music, and his work is characterized as "the cleanest,

\*MUSICAL STUDIES By Ernest Newman. John Lane.

most sexless, and most athletic" known to the writer. He continues:

"We have had our immortal lyrists, our sculptors, our dramatists, our builders of exquisite temples; we now come to the writers of fiction, to our Flaubert and Tourgeniev and Dostoievski. And here we see the subtle fitness of things that has deprived Strauss of those purely lyrical qualities whose absence . . . makes it impossible for him to be an absolute creator of shapes of pure self-sustained beauty. His type of melody is now seen to be not a failing but a magnificent gift. It is the prose of music—a grave, flexible, eloquent prose, the one instrument in the world that is suitable for the prose fiction in music that it is Strauss's destiny to

develop. His style is nervous, compact, sinuous, as good prose should be, which, as it is related, through its subject-matter, more responsibly to life than is poetry, must relinquish some of the fine abandonment of song, and find its compensation in a perfect blend, a perfect compromise, of logic and rapture, truth and ideality.

"His qualities are homogeneous: he is not a Wagner *manqué* nor an illegitimate son of Liszt, but the creator of a new order of things in music, the founder of a new type of art. The only test of a literature being alive is, as Dr. George Brandes says, whether it gives rise to new problems, new questionings. Judged by this test, the art of Strauss is the main sign of new and independent life in music since Wagner; for it perpetually spurs us on to fresh problems of æsthetics, of psychology, and of form."

### New Plays by Conrad and Stephen Phillips

Two one-act plays presented on the London stage during July have considerable literary, as well as dramatic, interest. They are the work of Joseph Conrad and Stephen Phillips, and deal with widely differing phases of life. Mr. Conrad's play, "One Day More," made over from a short story, is concerned with a tragedy among humble, seafaring folk; while Mr. Phillips's "Aylmer's Secret" is the tale of a new "Frankenstein," inevitably recalling Mary Shelley's novel of that name.

"One Day More" is generally regarded as a notable achievement. It is a characteristically grim commentary on the vanity of human wishes, telling of frustrate hopes and the mocking irony of fate. Its plot is sketched by the *London Times Literary Supplement* as follows:

"Years before the curtain went up Captain Hagberd's son Harry ran away to sea, and the old man has been half-crazy ever since. His *idée fixe* is that his lost son will return 'to-morrow,' and he is always preparing for that morning, starving himself that he may furnish a home for the boy. The neighbors jeer at the old man—all except Bessie Carril, who humors his fancy and saves him from utter breakdown. His wife had broken down and died; died, as he says, of 'impatience.' But, with Bessie's help, he is 'patient,' and, in gratitude, he destines her for the boy's bride 'to-morrow.' The girl herself, though she feels this to be only a crazy man's dream, finds some comfort in it. For she is wasting her youth as the drudge of her blind old father, a querulous tyrant, who will never let her out of his reach. And so these two unhappy ones, poor distraught Captain Hagberd and the down-trodden Bessie, console each other with that desperate hope of Harry's return 'to-morrow.' . . . Harry, stranded

with a mate in port, has seen the old man's advertisement for his lost son, and has been persuaded by his mate to run down home on the chance of getting at least a 'fiver.' He is not recognized by his father, who takes him for one of the mocking village lads and drives him from the door. (It is a relief to have a 'wanderer's return' play in which the *voix du sang* is for once dumb). Bessie finds out who he is, and shyly tells him the plans that have been made for him on his return. But the lad, a born rover, turns with disgust from the thought of house and wife. Not for him the landsman's 'rabbit-hutch'! Not for him the marriage tie, when all the girls in all the ports will give him their kisses and then let him go free! Poor Bessie tries her little artless wiles on him, but the fellow is heartless. He half-coaxes, half-bullies her into giving him money to take back to his mate, rudely kisses her, and makes off singing a sailor's chanty. And so old Hagberd never knows that his son came back, and Bessie returns to her servitude, without the solace of her old dream. It is a heart-breaking little piece, and, for our part, we should prefer Mr. Conrad if he would let 'cheerfulness break in' now and then. But, while we may make a wry face over so bitter a morsel, we cannot but admire the rugged strength and unflinching sincerity of Mr. Conrad's work."

"Aylmer's Secret," which is said to have been written many years ago, but is new so far as the public is concerned, evokes much less favorable comment. Aylmer is a scientist; his secret is the human being he has fashioned in his laboratory. Mr. Max Beerbohm, of the *Saturday Review*, who refers to the play as "a fantasy misbegotten," analyzes its shortcomings thus:

"If Aylmer, on the stage, were presented as a mediæval alchemist, with a long white beard, square-shaped spectacles, and a furred mantle,

and if the whole of the play's sitting were in accord to him, I should be susceptible enough to Mr. Phillips' intent. I should be able to believe. Also, I should be able to control my features. But I defy myself not to be utterly sceptical, and not to smile, when Aylmer is standing all the while before me in dark-grey trousers, a brown velveteen coat, and an up-and-down collar with a neat black cravat. . . . There you have the exact measure of Mr. Phillips' blunder. Having tied us firmly down to actuality, he expects us to take his miracles reverently. Wriggle as we may in our bonds, there is no escape for us; and so we cannot rise to reverence. The trousered alchemist trem-

ulously plucks aside a curtain, and gazes at the lifeless youth who is his handiwork. The youth is not naked. But, we object, he surely would be. The notion of dressing him up before he comes to life strikes us as rather genteel. . . . I have no patience with persons who, witnessing such fantasies as Maeterlinck used to write, have so little imagination that they can take the incidents only in reference to actual life. Still less patience have I with them if they titter, for lack of the good manners that would make their mistake inoffensive. I should blame anyone for tittering in the course of 'Aylmer's Secret.' But I should marvel at any one who were not, throughout, sorely tempted to guffaw."

### The Coming Dramatic Season

During recent years we have heard a great deal about the European invasion of the American stage; but, judging from the announcements of plays to be given in this country next season, the home-made drama is in no danger of extinction. Charles Klein and C. M. S. McLellan, the authors, respectively of "The Music Master" and "Leah Kleschna"—two of last season's greatest successes—both promise new plays. Clyde Fitch has written "Her Great Match" for Maxine Elliott and "The Comedy Mask" for Viola Allen, and has rewritten "His Grace De Grammont" for Otis Skinner. William Gillette will appear in a new play of his own—"Clarice." Augustus Thomas has finished a play in which John Drew will take a leading part. George Ade has written "Just Out of College" and "A Bad Samaritan." David Belasco's plans contemplate a dramatization of Robert Hichens's novel, "The Garden of Allah," for Mrs. Leslie Carter. Mrs. Fiske stands sponsor for new plays by Rupert Hughes and Langdon Mitchell. And, finally, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Luscombe Searle are collaborating on a poetical drama called "Mizpah."

English drama will be represented by Henry Arthur Jones, H. V. Esmond, J. M. Barrie and George Bernard Shaw. The enthusiasm evoked by Shaw's plays seems to be on the increase. Arnold Daly promises productions of "John Bull's Other Island" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession"; Robert Lorraine will take the leading rôle in "Man and Superman"; and Ada Rehan will appear in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." Mr. Barrie's charming fairy plays, "Peter Pan" and "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," which

have already been warmly greeted in London, have been apportioned respectively to Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore.

Robert Mantell will appear in Shakespearean rôles, and Sothorn and Marlowe are returning from England for rehearsals of "The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night" and "The Merchant of Venice." For the first time in seven years James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering will appear as co-stars, in Alfred Sutro's London success, "The Walls of Jericho." Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin will also be associated in a varied repertoire.

From a literary and intellectual point of view, the two most interesting events of the season will probably be Richard Mansfield's revival of Schiller's "Don Carlos" and the appearance of Madame Bertha Kalisch, under Mr. Fiske's management, in Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna." Sarah Bernhardt is to visit us, and Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore will also return for a fifteen weeks' tour. Olga Nethersole will be seen in Hervieu's "The Labyrinth"; and another Paris success, Henri Lavedan's "The Duel," will be given. A company has been formed by Oakleigh Thorne, William H. Chesebrough and other well-known New Yorkers interested in the drama which will conduct a theater in New York to be devoted to exploiting exclusively the contemporary French dramatists. The performances will be given in English.

Not the least interesting announcement is that of the Russian players who came to our shores last spring under the leadership of Paul Orlenoff and Madame Nasimoff, and

who have been summering on an island in Long Island Sound. An ambitious repertoire is planned, and Madame Nasimoff has been to Russia to get new actors and new plays. The performances are to be given in a remodeled theater on the East Side of New

York. Among the plays promised are: "The Children of the Sun," Gorky's latest drama; Herman Baer's "The Apostle"; and plays by Chekhoff, the two Tolstoys, Dostoyevsky, Andreyev, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and Hauptmann.

### An Italian Opera With A Japanese-American Theme

Signor Puccini, the composer of "La Bohème" and "La Tosca," has been occupied for some time on a new opera, conceived in the modern spirit. It was suggested by a visit to London, in 1900, during which the composer saw David Belasco's dramatic version of John Luther Long's story of "Madame Butterfly" and was impressed by its possibilities from an operatic point of view. His friends, Signori Illica and Giacosa, the authors of "La Bohème," collaborated on a "Madame Butterfly" libretto, and the result of their joint efforts was first given to the public last year in Milan. The opera was unfavorably received, and Puccini withdrew and revised it. The new version was produced at Covent Garden, London, a few weeks ago, with Signor Caruso and Mlle. Destinn in the leading parts, and scored a pronounced success. It tells the story of an American naval lieutenant who contracts a false marriage with a pretty Japanese girl, and then deserts her. The little "Butterfly" has relinquished all for her false hero. She is overcome with anguish, and when the lieutenant finally appears with an American wife, she kills herself by the side of her child.

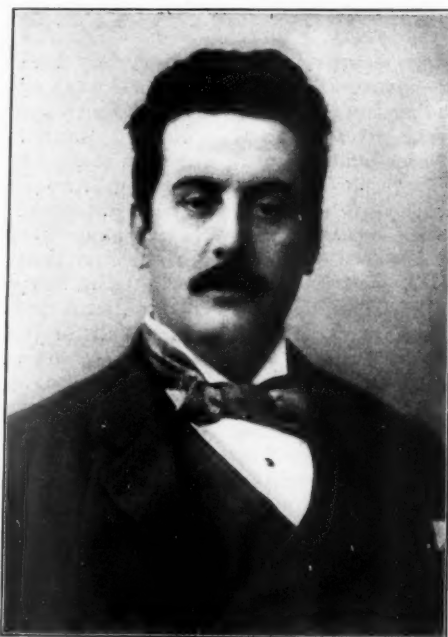
"Madame Butterfly" is warmly praised by almost all the London critics. *The*

*Times* refers to the opera as one of "very remarkable beauty, pathos and charm"; and *The Athenæum* says: "There are fine out-

bursts of impassioned melody of Italian type; there are telling dramatic moments, skilful writing, and most finished and picturesque orchestration." *The Illustrated London News* comments:

"Puccini's new opera, entirely remodelled since it was first produced and condemned at La Scala, more than a year ago, is a tragedy, as complete a tragedy as our operatic stage knows. By its side works like 'Faust,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Rigoletto' seem almost tawdry in their dramatic aspect, for while they leave us conscious of beauty that is merely sensual at their most dramatic moments. 'Madame Butterfly' has something of the deliberate movement and inevitable dénouement of a Greek tragedy. In saying this, we do not write of the libretto only,

although it is a work of more than common merit, as might, indeed, be expected from Signori Illica and Giacosa, and a long way in advance of the books that Verdi had to set to music. Puccini's music conveys the tragedy as surely as the printed word, and conveys it in manner that we have not hitherto associated with the composer, even while recognising that his achievements have been many and notable, and that he stands for what is best in modern Italian music. Now he seems to discover new paths, to express himself after his own convention, but with an utter absence of conventionality. . . . Some of the music has a beauty of its own that few operas written in the nineteenth century can improve upon."



GIACOMO PUCCINI

Whose new opera, "Madame Butterfly," is warmly praised by the London critics



## A New Play that has "Just Missed Greatness"

A touch of modernity, so Alfred Capus, the successful playwright, has remarked, would have made "Scarron," Catulle Mendès's new play, a true masterpiece. Other critics likewise say that it "has just missed greatness." It has been compared with "Cyrano de Bergerac" and placed above that notable success.

"Scarron" is praised in the dramatic columns of the Parisian press as a striking, exuberant, fascinating and splendid work. It is written in Alexandrine verse, of which Mendès is a master, and its five acts are full of stirring action, impressive contrasts and astonishing imaginative flights. The plot is historical, but Mendès, in the exercise of poetic freedom, has given the characters traits which the strict biographer might not have found them to have possessed. Its rare effectiveness on the stage, especially with Coquelin as the hero, Scarron, is sure to give it a permanent place in the dramatic repertory. It was produced in Paris toward the end of the season with the intention of "introducing" it preliminarily to a long run in the autumn.

Scarron, a scoffer, skeptic, erratic poet and unbalanced philosopher of the seventeenth century, a victim of physical disease and popular fickleness, an unfortunate lover and jealousy-tormented husband, is the hero of the tragi-comedy. In brief, the bewilderingly complex plot is as follows:

In the first act we see Scarron as a young canon. The scene is laid at Mans at carnival time. Scarron appears in a religious procession, though there is nothing ecclesiastical about him except his robes. Scarron is gay, ready for mischief, and full of life and vigor. A merry throng of masqueraders fills the street, and strolling players on a carnival car recite amorous verses and impersonate Pagan deities. Scarron leaves the procession for the masquerade, climbs into the carnival car and begins to recite blasphemous lines. Then he disguises himself as an ape and mocks everything that humanity reveres and cherishes. The crowd is greatly amused at the grotesque spectacle, and Scarron is the hero of the hour. However, in his wild and irresponsible intoxication he overpasses the limits of all decency and a little girl, who crosses the place with her mother, shrinks from him in horror and disgust and so effectually rebukes him in her innocence that the populace experiences a revulsion of feeling. Not only is he shamed into silence, but the mob, as indignant now at his blasphemy and obscenity as it was delighted at first, turns upon, seizes him and throws him into the river. Not until nightfall does he emerge from the water. Trying to sneak into safety, he

again meets the little girl. He presents a sorry and wretched appearance, and he falls on the street in a swoon.

We meet him again ten years later. As the result of his carnival adventure and compulsory bath he has become a hopeless invalid. His limbs are paralyzed and he has to be wheeled about in a chair. But he has become a popular and famous poet, and Parisian society is at his feet. He is the same scoffer and literary libertine; he is, however, in love with Françoise d'Aubigné, the little girl of ten years ago, now a charming young lady of sixteen. Her mother had died, leaving her friendless and penniless. [This Françoise later becomes the Marquise de Maintenon.]

Scarron has proposed marriage to Françoise, and she, in her piety, simplicity and poverty, has consented to become his—nominal—wife. She pities Scarron, the physical wreck, and is willing to give him her companionship and devotion for the protection and material comforts of wedded life.

On the very wedding day a handsome cavalier, Ninon de l'Enclos, the famous beauty, and others, guests at the feast, embarrass Françoise by their ironical references to the unnatural union. The cavalier, de Villarceaux, goes so far as to make love to her. Scarron's cynicisms aggravate the painful situation, and Françoise impulsively promises to receive the cavalier clandestinely.

But Françoise is pure at heart and her inclination toward the cavalier is romantic and platonic. Scarron worships her; her influence changes his literary course. He no longer writes profane, audacious, *risqué* verses; his poetry is noble, inspiring, lofty, and he loses the favor of the mob.

His publisher, resentful and malicious, excites his suspicion against the virgin wife by repeating the gossip of the boudoirs about her relations with de Villarceaux. He refuses to believe anything, demands proof, and what seems like proof is offered him. He finds Françoise in Ninon's house with the cavalier. He rushes upon them sword in hand, having in a frenzy of jealousy and passion managed to leave his chair, but after the supreme effort he falls, exhausted and more helpless than ever, at their feet.

In the last act he has returned to his ribald, scoffing, blasphemous mood. He believes Françoise guilty, and his rage and brutality are boundless. He curses everything human and divine and dies in physical and moral agony at the end of a scene full of horror and sickening realistic details.

Infinite pity for the unhappy Scarron, says the critic of the *Mercure de France*, is the emotion Mendès would arouse in us. Deformed in body and in mind, Scarron's life was terribly, wretchedly ugly. Peace of mind was impossible for him—trust, affection, human sympathy equally impossible. Death alone could bring him relief, and yet even his death could not be serene, human.

## Scene from Gerhart Hauptmann's Latest Play

"Hauptmann is in the fashion," notes the dramatic critic of the London *Times*. That he is "in the fashion" in Great Britain may or may not be indicated by the bestowal upon him recently of the degree of LL. D. by Oxford—an honor not yet conferred by that university upon any British dramatist—but that he is both honored and popular in Berlin was demonstrated by the comments of the leading organs of that city after the first performance of the still young dramatist's latest play, "Elga." It is founded upon a story by Grillparzer, and the action is in the form of a dream. This dream comes to a knight-errant who with his servant is afforded hospitality for a night in a monastery in Poland. He has assigned to him in the tower a vaulted chamber with a black-curtained four-poster bed that looks like a catafalque. The nameless knight is in marked contrast with the cowed and black bearded Polish monk who ministers to his wants, we read in the London *Times*, the excellent summary of whose dramatic critic is here followed. The joyousness of the nameless knight is explained by his domestic felicity, on which he enlarges, while he shows the monk a miniature portrait of his wife and child. The monk warns his guest not to rely upon earthly felicity, and goes off to the midnight mass.

Now the guest dreams, and we witness the dream. It opens with a bright domestic scene in the castle of Count Starschenski, who is in reality none other than the grim monk who has just gone to midnight mass. The count is expatiating to his mother, the aged Countess Marina, on the happiness of his wedded life with Elga Laschek, whom he had discovered and wedded three years earlier in Warsaw, when her father's fortunes were at a low ebb and her family had been reduced to beggary. Countess Marina warns her son against this excess of felicitation, but all these remonstrances are overborne by the entrance of Elga and her child, in whose society the husband and father yields to still more intense delight. The character of Elga is sketched so as to show us that she values her husband only as the source of her prosperity, while she carries on a secret amour with her cousin Oginski, with whom she had been brought up in Warsaw. The lover's stolen interview and the interruption of the husband follow in the play, and

Oginski makes his escape through a window. This lover is depicted in a somewhat sympathetic light as a recluse and dreamer and perhaps as more sinned against than sinning. It is on the attitude of the woman that the play is ultimately made to hinge, the theme being fully developed in the two closing scenes. At last Count Starschenski's suspicions have been fully aroused and confirmed by the accidental discovery of a miniature and by the resemblance of Elga's child to Oginski, whom the picture represents. He determines to ascertain the whole truth by direct methods. He drives off to Warsaw in his sleigh and ferrets out Oginski in accordance with a carefully matured plan. Then follow the two closing scenes, which aroused such enthusiasm in Berlin that Hauptmann was called many times before the curtain, while the Berlin press proclaims them, almost without exception, the finest work of his career. The critics even compare this latest play of his with Maeterlinck at his best. Here are these two closing scenes:

*A hall in the castle. It is evening. Marina sits knitting beside the light. Elga paces the room slowly.*

*Elga:* I do not understand what he can be doing in Warsaw—he is now three days gone.

*Marina:* I don't either.

*Elga:* And that he should have taken the steward with him, too!

*Marina:* Yes, that is not well, either. The peasants come and ask about their work. One does not know what to say to them.

*Elga:* It is so fearfully monotonous, too. You know, mother, I am so easily bored. I dread monotony as though it were some great ugly beast with blinking eyes and dripping jaws. Pah!

*Marina:* I do not feel the monotony, my child.

*Elga:* I don't understand it.

*Marina:* You see, things were not with us as they were with you. My father was stern. At home I always did what I ought, not what I wanted. I would scale three hedges to run after the down blown in the wind. The days were always too short for me. But in your home you did what you pleased—and you were pleased mostly to do nothing. That is why you know what monotony is.

*Elga:* But what should we wish, mother?

*Marina:* We should because we should.

*Elga:* I don't understand that. I have myself climbed steep mountains several times with great toil. Something drew me upward. I wanted to be nearer to the sun, to the sky, to God—I know not. But if I had not wanted to do it, mother, I should have certainly remained below. I don't climb a mountain because I ought—boredom would overcome me then.

*Marina:* You Lascheks are another race from

ours. Self-willed, light-hearted, ever ready to risk all on a single throw—that is why you lost all you had.

*Elga:* And won it back again.

*Marina:* You perhaps.

*Elga:* To be sure—I.

*Marina:* And you may lose it again.

*Elga:* Yes indeed. Up and down, always up and down runs the road, and it turns in and out. That is better than to be always living on a straight line and a level surface. The beast monotony is rigid, like a crocodile. It can not readily go up hill and down hill. It even turns poorly.

*Marina:* Have you then no taste for peaceful happiness?

*Elga:* Very little.

*Marina:* Who lives in such a mood lives in constantly growing peril.

*Elga:* That's it precisely. That is what makes life worth living to me. Death goes at one's side, almost visibly, and drives one ever deeper into life—here cold, there hot, here horror, there happiness.

*Marina:* Don't talk so. Heavens! How can anyone talk so of death?

*Elga:* I am on very good terms with death, better terms than you think. It does not dash my spirits half as much as do you people. When I stood beside my father's sick bed in those by-gone days, without bread, without money, in a hovel in Warsaw, I called to death and recognized it. And do you know what death taught me, mother? It taught me to smile. It taught me to smile in a right special way at many of the grim things in life. But la! la! la! I am still glad to live. If only Starschenski would come home.

*Marina:* Here is Timoska. *(The steward enters.)*

*Steward:* Good evening, my lady.

*Marina:* Where is your master?

*Steward:* He sent me on ahead, my lady. I was to give his orders, my lady.

*Marina:* What orders were you to give? Get your breath and speak.

*Steward:* There is a guest coming with the master. They are hungry and thirsty. I was to give orders that the table be laid.

*Marina:* God be praised, if it be nothing worse. Must you startle one for such a matter as that?

*Elga:* Who is the guest?

*Steward:* *(guardedly):* I do not know him.

*Elga:* Who can it be, mother?

*Marina:* What I was about to ask you. It has never been his custom. But the guest will be welcome if only he be cheerful. Let us hope he will lighten the hours for every one of us.

*(The steward departs.)*

*Marina:* A carriage is coming. They are here already. I recognize my son's step.

*Elga:* *(growing pale):* Do you recognize your son's step?

*Marina:* Go and meet him. I'll stay here.

*Elga:* No, mother, you go.

*(Marina goes to meet her son. By another entrance, Dorka, the maid, rushes hastily in.)*

*Dorka:* *(with suppressed demonstrations of joy):* Who is coming with my Lord the Count up the stairs?

*Elga:* Hush! I know.

*Starschenski:* *(his voice is heard, he being still on the steps):* Elga, my dove!

*Elga:* Go! Let him not see you here.

*(Dorka goes. Starschenski enters.)*

*Starschenski:* *(his appearance changed, drink and passion having visibly roused him):* Good evening, my dove.

*Elga:* You have been away a long time.

*Starschenski:* Yes. But don't chide me now. I have brought you something.

*Elga:* What did you bring me?

*Starschenski:* Guess.

*Elga:* The silk shirts I asked you for?

*Starschenski:* Yes. The silk shirts are in the carriage. I got the costliest I could buy. But I brought you something besides. Guess.

*Elga:* I did not ask you for anything else. I don't know what it can be.

*Starschenski:* I brought your cousin Oginski for you.

*Elga:* *(smiling in apparent incredulity, gives him a light tap on the cheek):* Oh, fool that you are!

*Starschenski:* Are you not pleased?

*Elga:* What should I be pleased at? Am I to be pleased by cousin Oginski?

*Starschenski:* By cousin Oginski?

*Elga:* Have I not given you my opinion? But now that he is here—unless you are jesting—what is to be done about it? He may be there or he may not—I cannot alter the fact.

*Starschenski:* Come in, dear cousin. Don't be hanging back there by the wall. *(Oginski enters.)*

*Oginski:* When did I do that? You are pleased to jest, Count. Your servant, Countess.

*Elga:* Good evening, cousin.

*Starschenski:* Pardon me, Oginski. I scarcely know what I was thinking of. This is an old baronial seat. The walls on each side of the stairway are always damp, mouldy and poisonous. I was anxious regarding your costly new cloak. Come, sit down, be my guest and my friend,—And what has happened, my dove, since I left? Have you longed for me? She does yearn for me, Oginski. As the child clings to its little pet bird, she holds me fast to herself. If I go but a mile or so into the fields, she begins to long for me again. Is it not so, my dove?

*Elga:* You talk nonsense, Starschenski.

*Starschenski:* Indeed? I talk nonsense? It may well be. We were both a little wild in Warsaw, we two. Is it not so, Oginski? But we have become friends.

*Elga:* Just listen! You must not drink any more wine this evening.

*Starschenski:* Why not?

*Elga:* You should not drink any more this evening, believe me.

*Starschenski:* *(placing his arm about Elga):* Is she not beautiful, Oginski?

*Elga:* Let me go!

*Starschenski:* Is not her mouth sweet and tender like that of a nursing child?

*Elga:* You must release me!

*Starschenski:* —And pure, not yet weaned from the mother's breast? It is a dangerous mouth. See how this dangerous mouth quivers, Oginski. Travel through Poland and Russia, through all places—the deserts and forests of Asia, and you will find no mouth like this—and so seductive too.

*Elga:* Let me go! Forgive him, cousin.—You are drunk. *(She goes out.)*

*Oginski:* You are not good to your wife.

*Starschenski:* No.

Oginski: You should be better to your wife.

Starschenski: I should tame my wife with a whip.

Oginski: Hem!—Why am I here?—People have told me many things about you. At times even Elga's brothers have spoken of you. I thought you were a gentleman.

Starschenski: And what have I thought of you? What, indeed, are you?—I do not know.

Oginski: Stop, Starschenski. I did very wrong in following you. What am I doing here? I have never loved men. What would you now drag forth from my past? Now, farewell!

Starschenski: No, Oginski, I will not let you go.

Oginski: What do you want of me?

Starschenski: Your friendship.

Oginski: That is not true.

Starschenski: So help me God! Sit down, friend. Drink this wine. It is very good. Now I am another man. Forgive me. Forgive me, if I acted ill. Drink and forgive.

Oginski: I have nothing to forgive.

Starschenski: Now tell me—drink and tell me—you knew Elga from childhood?

Oginski: Yes.

Starschenski: You played with one another as children?

Oginski: She played with me.

Starschenski: She liked you?

Oginski: Perhaps.

Starschenski: You liked her?

Oginski: Not I, for she was not lovable.

Starschenski: You did not like Elga?

Oginski: I am telling the truth.

Starschenski: She was not beautiful?

Oginski: No.

Starschenski: You lie there.

Oginski (rises).

Starschenski: Stay—sit down.

Oginski: Enough!

Starschenski: Elga is beautiful. Say that she is beautiful.

Oginski: Enough!

Starschenski: I could kill you—and embrace you if you did not lie. Give me your hand. Brother, give me your hand.

Oginski: What do you want with it?

Starschenski: I called you a liar. Forgive me.

Oginski: We all lie.

Starschenski: Then you lied just now?

Oginski: I did not say that.

Starschenski: Take care!—Or rather, have mercy—!

(He lets his head fall upon the table and gasps.)

Oginski (rising and speaking with cruel coolness): What good is mercy to you? Pity is tenfold pain. I have felt that tenfold pain. Were God to show compassion for a man who gives up, he would not be a God of mercy and grace. Ask for no compassion.

Starschenski (mastering himself): I ask for none. (Elga returns, richly attired.)

Elga: Are you sober again, my friend?

Starschenski: I think so. Come and talk to us.

Elga: Good. The table will soon be set and we shall be summoned to it. What kind of wine is there?

Starschenski: Light.

Elga: How have you been, Oginski, since we met?

Starschenski (suddenly): How long is it since you have met?

Elga (to Oginski): How long is it?

Oginski: I do not count the days. They come and they go—it is all the same to me.

Elga: Ah! Have you not longed in the least for your old-time little playmate? Do you still remember, Oginski? I ran faster than you. I jumped farther than you. In your battles I commanded. I was your leader. You boys had to follow me, and do as I commanded, every one. Oh, how merry that was!

Oginski (repelled): I beg you, say no more. I can not smile and be gay.

Starschenski: What good is it? I can not do so either. She does it for us. I will tell you what I dreamed. I dreamed of a young woman. It is so. Yes. The woman was nude and she danced the whole night. She danced, danced, danced, in a way fearful to me. Now pay attention—what did the woman dance on? Imagine a chalky white moon. The chalky white, ghostly pale moon shone as if it were livid with terror over an immense, boundlessly immense, mountainous land. In this vast mountain region, which seemed as if it were a sea frozen in storm, nothing grew, neither stalk, nor tree, nor bush. It seemed in my dream as though the mountain tops were crowned and the valleys filled with human bones and skulls. On these danced the woman.

Elga: You have strange dreams. But stop—it terrifies me.

Oginski: But the dream has not all been told.

Starschenski: Then bring it to an end. You tell it.

Oginski: I cannot tell things.

Elga: He asks you and I ask you. Do it.

Oginski: Good. Listen. I saw the woman as you did, dancing upon the skulls. She was beautiful—

Starschenski: Beautiful, like Elga.

Oginski: She was beautiful and nude—

Starschenski: And her figure was like Elga's figure.

Oginski: But the strangest thing was her eyes. From them at times a light that dimmed the moon. Then there streamed out of them death and night. She had eyes—

Starschenski: Like Elga's eyes.

Elga: Stop!

Oginski: They were able, in my dream, to make the valleys and the mountains green with a look—I mean the eyes of which I spoke. Then the streams began to flow and the trees to bud—

Starschenski: Yes, that was how it was.

Oginski: Then the same look penetrated to one's heart, like poison.

Elga (rises and goes slowly forth): Your tales freeze me. Good night!

Starschenski (alone with Oginski, rises frowningly yet with a joyous manner): Oginski, I think we will now make an end of this.

Oginski: Yes—to-day or to-morrow, it is all the same.

Starschenski: To-day, I think (significantly). So good night!

Oginski (in the same tone): Good night!

Starschenski: You will not see the to-morrow's sun, Oginski.

Oginski (with bitter irony): Nor you either.

Starschenski: It may be so. But you will die a shameful death.

Oginski: You live a shameful life.



Starschenski: It may be so. I might not make away with you upon a mere suspicion—

Oginski: Don't be uneasy.

Starschenski: She has rested in your arms?

Oginski (with unconcealed triumph): I have lived!

Starschenski: Very well. (He strikes the table thrice with his sword. The steward and some armed men rush in.) Do your work! (He goes. The armed men bind and gag Oginski with haste and drag him off. The room remains empty and there ensues a long pause of silence. Then Dortka in great anxiety hurries in.)

Dortka: My lady! My lady! Countess Elga! (Elga enters.)

Elga: Dortka, why do you shriek so?

Dortka: It is lucky, Countess Elga, that I have found you.

Elga: Why is it lucky?

Dortka: Back in the garden where the old watch tower stands—see, there is light there.

Elga: Well?

Dortka: Men are going about with night torches.

Elga: What are they doing there?

Dortka: They are men with weapons.

Elga: You are dreaming.

(Starschenski appears at a door and fixes his gaze rigidly upon Elga. His face is the hue of a corpse.)

Elga: Starschenski, what does this mean?

Starschenski: It means nothing.

Elga: Then good night and more to-morrow.

Starschenski: You can not sleep now, Elga. You must take your cloak and go with me.

Elga: You are drunk to the point of madness.

Starschenski: Drunk to madness, not worse. Go, Dortka. Look for the steward and ask him if he has obeyed the master's order. Then bring me word. Elga, rise and come. (Dortka goes.) Follow me.

Elga: I will not. I will not follow you.

Starschenski: You will not?

Elga: No.

Starschenski: Then stay and tell me—

Elga: You have been roused to madness—by what I know not.

Starschenski: Perhaps by you.

Elga: Then let me go free and keep what is yours, Starschenski. Better to live in poverty and bitter want than like this.

Starschenski: I am to keep what is mine? What will you leave me?

Elga: As much as you want. You are weary of me. I feel it. I am distasteful to you. Let me go.

Starschenski: To cousin Oginski. It is to him you wish to go.

Elga: Well—wherever I go, that— (She rises and walks back and forth.)

Starschenski: Lie if you can. Listen and answer me: You and Oginski were betrothed when you first knew me?

Elga: You listen now, too. I am tired of this. If Oginski has babbled in his drink, very well. We were children together, he and I. To you I now say: we are too old to be children still. So don't plague me with things that are past. Don't plague me with cousin Oginski. Or let me go.

Starschenski: So you do not love Oginski any more? Tell me that: You do not love him any more?

Elga: Would I have taken up with you? Would I have become your wife? Your sphere has not always seemed home-like to me. A common childhood makes a common world.

Starschenski: A common paradise, perhaps.

Elga: That, too, as far as I am concerned. Well, I became your wife. What else?

Starschenski: Then do you love me?

Elga: No. I do not love you now. Because you torment me and torture me, I do not love you any longer. But once I was happy with you. Blithe and happy was I in your society—and where I can be gay and happy, there I love.

Starschenski: Then come.

Elga: Where am I to go with you now? I shall stay here,—or go alone. You are ill and should go to the doctor. I speak in all candor—I am anxious. I am afraid to go with you now.

Starschenski: Then say only this: do you love Oginski no longer?

Elga: I say no.

Starschenski: Living or dead, is he all the same to you?

Elga: He does not live for me. He does not die for me.

Starschenski: Come. (With iron grasp he seizes her wrist and takes her with him.)

The scene now changes to a gloomy room in the lonely watch tower. To right and left of a canopied bed stand great, golden candlesticks with unlighted candles in them. It is night and the moon is shining. The steward stands before the bed holding a long, unsheathed sword. Dortka enters.

Dortka: What a night! Are you here, Timoska?

Steward: Yes. What do you want?

Dortka: Our master sent me. I was to ask if you have obeyed his orders.

Steward: I should say so. Go and say to the master that the dead wolf devours no living sheep. There is nothing more for you to seek here. Why do you remain?

Dortka: Steward, what are you doing?

Steward: Ask the master.

Dortka: I am filled with dread when I look at you—why I can not tell.

Steward: Yes, you have reason to feel dread.

Dortka: I?

Steward: Yes, you.

Dortka: What have I done?

Steward: You know, wench?

Dortka: Timoska, have pity on me. I do not know.

Steward: Did you have pity upon my master?

Dortka: Upon your master, Timoska?

Steward: What have you done to him? Rich, young and amiable a few days ago, he is to-day old, poor and full of hate.

Dortka: And I? Do you hold me responsible?

Steward: Not you alone. You and the whole brood. I hate the Lascheks. There is a curse upon them.

Dortka: What have I in common with the Lascheks? I loved the young lady, that is all.

Steward: Still no lady. She is a wench, like you.

Dortka: It is false. People lie if they talk so. You are deceived. It is not so.

Steward: We know it. She is no lady. No. She is a devil. She was a wench when he first found the beggar in the streets of Warsaw. She

was a bit of vermin that he saw and brought home. I and Madame Marina knew it. She stuck her hand in his pockets. Her brothers stuck their hands in his pockets. She is a vampire and she drank the blood out of his breast. Now get out. Someone is coming. Save your life. (*Dortka goes. Starschenski appears in the doorway.*)

*Starschenski (speaking to one behind him):* It is nothing. Come along. It is all over a trifle I admit, but come along.

*Elga's voice:* I will go no farther.

*Starschenski:* You can not go back. There are armed men at the door. You can not go back. You risk your life if you turn back without me. Come along and don't be afraid. Or are you afraid?

(*Elga appears attired in a cloak.*)

*Elga:* No.

*Starschenski:* It is cold down there. It is all right now. It is warmer here. Did you see? There was a severe frost last night. We trod upon a whitened carpet of leaves through the whole garden from the castle to this place. Have you ever gone this way before?

*Elga (to Timoska):* Who are you? Who is the man standing there?

*Starschenski:* Come, I will take your cloak. It is old Timoska. Sit down. Yes, indeed, it is a strange, gloomy room. I can readily understand how uncanny it must be to one who enters it for the first time. It is as if from the creation of the world ghosts and only ghosts had crowded here. Have you never been up here before?

*Elga:* You know I have been up here. Why do you ask me?

*Starschenski:* I did not know it. How many times have you been up here in this accursed room?

*Elga (sullenly and defiantly):* Many times.

*Starschenski:* And do you know also what is behind the curtain?

*Elga:* If I were up here I know what is behind the curtain.

*Starschenski:* Then tell me what it is. I have good reason to ask and I await an answer. You mean that there is a bed behind this curtain?

*Elga:* Well, and what then?

*Starschenski:* There is something more. Do you know the tale that is told in the peasants' huts and in the neighboring castles and in the highways about the old room and the bed?

*Elga:* I don't know it and I don't want to know it. Now I have had enough. I am going.

*Starschenski:* Don't run into danger, you know. Stay. Timoska will tell the story. The old man knows it.

*Steward (begins to read from a parchment in a slow and loud tone):* In olden times there lived a true man and rich count. He lived alone in peace with his gracious mother. At last he fixed his heart upon a woman.

*Starschenski:* Have you arranged everything as I ordered?

*Steward:* Exactly as you ordered.

*Starschenski:* So that there is nothing left to be done?

*Steward:* No. Everything is done and there is nothing left to be done.

*Starschenski:* Go on.

*Steward:* But she was a cave of serpents and no woman at all. She lied to him, and deceived him, who was honest and without falsehood. She betrayed him and covered him with shame.

*Starschenski:* Where did she do that?

*Steward (pointing to the bed):* Here, Count Starschenski.

*Starschenski:* In this bed, you mean?

*Steward:* Yes.

*Elga:* You are mad. Help! Help! (*She takes refuge, like a hunted thing, close against the wall.*)

*Starschenski:* Elga, be quiet. Nothing will happen to you. Light the candles.

*Steward:* Yes, Count, at once. (*He lights the candles.*)

*Elga (gazes at the lights like one mad):* Dortka! Oginski! A nightmare oppresses me. Wake me, Dortka! The curtain is black. Why did I not see it? I have already had this dream of the lights. Why do you not wake me? I do not want to dream.

*Starschenski:* Be quiet, madame, be quiet. No harm shall befall you. You are not dreaming. You are awake. But do not lie. Do not lie in this terrible hour. You are stained. You are not pure. Now—do you love Oginski no longer? Speak one word.

*Elga (almost weeping in maddened anxiety):* I have spoken it. You do not believe me.

*Starschenski:* By the love of God, if it be the truth, you are pure to me. Then step over to me and be my wife!

*At this moment, the candles being all alight, the curtain, upon a sign from Starschenski, parts and Oginski is discovered lying on the bed strangled. Elga, on the very point of obeying the behest of Starschenski by crossing over to him, is seized with a sudden rigidity upon beholding the dead man. It seems as if she were deprived of all will and were drawn by the dead man to himself. Gasping, she throws herself upon the corpse. After a long silence, Starschenski resumes, with altered tones):*

*Starschenski:* Elga.

*Elga (she makes no reply).*

*Starschenski (more urgently and drawing nearer her):* Elga.

*Elga (she turns filled with hatred, like a she wolf defending her young):* Do not touch him!

*Starschenski (soothingly, almost beseechingly):* Elga.

*Elga (rises slowly and retreats before him with hatred, horror and loathing):* I hate you! I spit upon you!

Here the play ends, except for a very brief dialogue between the nameless knight, who has dreamed all this, and the servant who comes to tell him that day is dawning and that it is time to depart. Once more the knight gazes on his miniature, but his lightness of heart is no more and he vows that he will never forget the moral to be drawn from this vision of the slumbering hours.

## Persons in the Foreground

### The Personality of John Hay

For twenty years Walter Wellman has been a "Washington correspondent" for important daily papers, which fact implies a wide observation of public men, a quick eye to discern personal weaknesses, and sagacity in distinguishing between the genuine and the theatric in human nature. After the discussion of John Hay the diplomat and John Hay the writer, it is pleasant to get the intimate glimpses of John Hay the man which are afforded us by Mr. Wellman in the August *Review of Reviews*. One of the most interesting bits in the article is this tribute which, he says, President McKinley, shortly before his death, paid to John Hay in a conversation with Mr. Wellman. "To my mind," said President McKinley, "John Hay is the fairest flower of our civilization. Cultured, wealthy, with a love of travel, of leisure, of scholarly pursuits, with money enough to go where he likes and do what he likes, he is yet patriotic enough to give his great talents to his country."

That refers to Hay as patriot; here is what Mr. Wellman says of Hay the man, as manifested in daily intercourse:

"Perhaps the best and truest thing that can be said of John Hay the man is that every one who had the good fortune to get really close to him loved him. His was one of those rare natures that win, without conscious effort, the deep and abiding affection of all who draw near. John Hay's 'sweetness and light,' of which Secretary Taft spoke so feelingly and fittingly the day after the death of the great Secretary of State, were not reserved for his family, nor for his equals in station, but were shed generously and habitually upon all, high or low, who came in contact with him. Three Presidents of the United States basked in their warm rays and felt spiritually refreshed; most of the notable Americans of the last fifteen years fell under their charm; scores of eminent diplomatists have been lured by them into passing forgetfulness of professional thrust and parry and have lingered within the spell of delight. But so it was also with the humblest. Mr. Hay's official subordinates loved the man even more than they respected and admired the superior. His household servants gave him, not only their service, but their hearts.



MRS. JOHN HAY

She was Miss Clara Stone, daughter of Amasa Stone, of Cleveland, O.



MRS. PAYNE WHITNEY

This daughter of the late John Hay inherited much of his poetic ability, as her verses show

Doubtless it is true that few men are heroes to their valets, but John Hay's skillful Swedish *masseur*, after years of attention to the high and mighty of this and other national capitals, declared, 'Mr. Hay is the finest gentleman I ever knew.' Newspaper men, at Hay's elbow night and day, in hours of stress, of trial, of disappointment, of the most delicate relations and situations, of triumph and success,—catching all the moods and reactions of a highly sensitive nature amid the vicissitudes of a strenuous career,—are profound in their admiration for his serenity, his dignity, his kindly helpfulness, his courtesy, his wit and humor. Often they were conscious that they tried his patience to the full, but the 'sweetness and light' never failed.

Mr. Wellman speaks interestingly of the personal relations between President Roosevelt and Mr. Hay, between whom there was, we are told, "a close and intimate friendship" that grew out of their official relations. Says Mr. Wellman:

"Mr. Roosevelt may have depended more upon the judgment of a Root or a Taft or a Knox in all matters not of international bearing, but no other member of his cabinet enjoyed more of the President's personal affection than Mr. Hay. Each was the complement of the other, each a constant source of delight to his friend. Roosevelt's buoyant, almost boyish, high spirits and rapid-fire comment upon men and matters and Hay's quiet, incisive, dry humor and facility for making pertinent quotations from the whole range of literature and anecdote formed a combination which gave unalloyed pleasure to both. It was President Roosevelt's habit to walk to church every Sunday afternoon, in Washington, and on his way home to stop at the house of Secretary Hay, on Lafayette Square, just opposite the White House, for a chat of an hour or two. He rarely went to the houses of other cabinet officers, but to miss the Sunday afternoon visit with John Hay, the President has confessed, was a distinct deprivation. 'Mr. Hay was the most charming man and delightful companion I have ever known,' said the President, a day or two ago, to a friend. 'Those Sunday talks of ours nearly always ended in a discussion of Abraham Lincoln!'"

Mr. Wellman once made bold to ask Mr. Hay for his comparative estimate of the three Presidents under whom he served—Lincoln, McKinley, Roosevelt. "Experience has taught me the unwisdom of personal comparisons," was the diplomatic reply. Then after a pause: "But Abraham Lincoln was the greatest man I have ever known or shall ever know."

"One is interested to know that when Mr. Hay had an engagement to speak he 'spent weeks of fretful nervous apprehension and preparation.' Like many another successful public speaker, he showed no trace of this nervous apprehension when on his feet before an audience. "When he did speak it was

with the confidence and poise of the man who is his own master."

Apropos Mr. Hay's detestation of falsehood even in diplomatic intercourse, Mr. Wellman repeats one of the Secretary's sayings that "is famous in the diplomatic world." "When the Count comes to talk to me," said he, referring to a European diplomat not now a member of the diplomatic corps at Washington, "I do not use my wits trying to ascertain whether or not the man is lying. I know he is lying. What I try to find out is why he is telling that particular lie." As this seems to indicate, he could be caustic when he wished to be, and at times, we are told, he was fierce in his denunciations, especially of Senators who juggled with important international interests for personal political purposes.

Mr. Wellman gives us this view of Mr. Hay out of business hours:

"Of late years he spent only the mornings at his desk in the State Department. At 1 o'clock he walked across the park to his home, carrying a well-stuffed portfolio of dispatches and memoranda. His best work he did at home, in the afternoons. Before dinner, he almost invariably took a stroll with his chum of a lifetime, Henry Adams, the historian, whose house stands next to Mr. Hay's, the two being so alike and so well blended, like the natures and tastes of their owners, that they appear the same structure. On these walks Mr. Hay invariably wore a top hat and a frock coat. He was punctilious in all matters of dress and deportment. Returning from his walk, which till recently was that of a man in robust health, with the swing of strength in the stride, he donned evening clothes for dinner. He cared little for society, and since the death of his elder and exceedingly promising son Adelbert, through an accident at New Haven, Mr. and Mrs. Hay eschewed society almost entirely, save for the formal functions incident to Mr. Hay's official station. Callers at Mr. Hay's home in the evenings usually found him ensconced in a snug corner of his library, book in hand. He read much, and marveled somewhat enviously because President Roosevelt, with more work to do, ten times as many people to see, and much more time spent in the open air, could read twice as much as he."

He not only read but quoted Kipling, and one effective quotation was made at the time of the excitement over the destruction of North Sea trawlers by Rozhdestvensky's fleet. Wellman asked him what he thought of it. He replied by asking if his questioner remembered Kipling's lines in "The Destroyers," at once repeating them:

"Panic that shells the drifting spar—  
Loud waste with none to check;  
Mad fear that rakes a scornful star  
Or sweeps a consort's deck."



And when Mr. Wellman asked about the future of the Russian fleet, the answer was, "The true poet is also a prophet."

The notion that Mr. Hay was aristocratic and exclusive in his bearing was, Mr. Wellman assures us, the reverse of true; he was

"distinctively democratic," in fact, one of the most accessible of Secretaries of State. "It was easier to get audience with him than with many of his subordinates," and the simple code that governed his office was a source of constant astonishment to foreign visitors.

### Ito, the Pioneer of the New Nippon

More than to any other of her sons, Japan stands indebted to Hirobumi Ito for the progress that made Rozhdestvensky's destruction possible in the straits off her southern isles. At a time when it was a capital offense for a Japanese subject to leave the dominions of the Mikado, he led four youths of his own mettle to the Western world in quest of modern knowledge. Every member of this pioneer quintet subsequently rose to renown in the history of modern Japan, but Ito became the most famous of them all. He is to the land of his birth what Peter the Great was to Russia. In the diplomatic history of Japan he is what Richelieu was to the France of Louis XIII. This means that he is no liberal in the sense that he would transform his sovereign's realm into a parliamentary England. His political ideal is said on high authority to be Bismarckian Germany, with its personally supreme over-lord, its "legality" unaffected by representative enactment. Progress, to be sure, he wants always, but the will of the people has no apparent place in his Utopia.

Of all the wonderful personalities who adorn the Nippon name he has been most "written up" while remaining in many senses the least known. Only a rare mortal here and there can presume to say what he really is and stands for. Dr. William Elliot Griffis is one of these. Dr. Griffis has known Japanese men and boys for thirty-seven years and more. "I have heard them," he can truly affirm, "from forty distant and different parts of the island empire tell me their life story, and during four years, in town and country, by the seashore and on the mountains, I have seen them live it." In *The Craftsman* (New York), Dr. Griffis tells what he knows of Ito. He writes, in part, as follows:

"Ito, boy of destiny, or 'self-made' lad, as we may elect to call him, was born in 1841, in Choshu, the province lying between the Sea of

Japan and the beautiful inland sea. At its tip end is the historic Shimonoseki. Ito was twelve years old when, in 1853, Commodore Perry sailed into Japanese history. It was a peaceful armada that mirrored the flag of stars on the waters of Yedo Bay. Very clearly now do we see that when the American frigates reached port, Ito's ship came in. For him they revealed a golden opportunity, of which he made strenuous improvement. What feelings must have been his when, in 1902, he wrote in colossal letters the inscription, now glittering golden and seaward in 'Perry Park,' at Uraga! A monolith of Sendai granite, incised and gilded, rises augustly to commemorate the visit of the American squadron and the delivery of President Fillmore's letter. This document proved to be the 'open sesame' to a sealed treasure-house, even while it swung wide the doors of opportunity to a whole nation. No country on earth to-day is more emphatically the land of promise to her sons and daughters than is the country of Brave Warriors.

"Ito's fame abroad, as that of the best known of the Mikado's subjects, arises chiefly from his shining political abilities. Yet in reality he is the creator of industrial Japan. In his boyhood's days the merchant had no chance of rising. He was on the lowest round of the social ladder. However diligent in business, he was spurned by gentlemen and society. Now, on the contrary, he stands before kings. He sits with fifty or more of his fellows, not only in the lower branch of the Imperial Diet, but in the House of Peers. With her new nervous system of electric wires that thrill and flash and speak, the quest of wealth in Japan is no longer a disgrace. Feudalism was responsible for the low estate of the trader. It was Ito who led the assault and dealt the fatal blow to the system that nourished drones."

Ito's education was not markedly different from that of Japanese youths of his not very exalted social class. Then came the dark night, in 1853, when he stood on the deck of Perry's flagship imploring that he be taken to the United States. In vain! So he shipped before the mast for London, where he stayed a brief while. "It was mighty England that impressed." "What a race, to have built such bridges, launched and sailed such ships!" Yet, even while ravished with the drafts of the new knowl-



*From stereograph copyrighted, 1905, by H. C. White Co., N. Y.*

MARQUIS ITO, "FATHER OF THE CONSTITUTION" OF JAPAN, WITH HIS WIFE, THEIR SON AND TWO GRANDCHILDREN

edge, Ito found he must leave England. Arrived in the land of his fathers, disguised as a Portugese for the sake of his personal freedom—"in faultless frock coat, silk hat, kid gloves and patent leathers"—he essayed, but fruitlessly, to persuade his infatuated countrymen that it was useless to resist the squadrons of the great powers, "assembling for chastisement." "But the Japanese 'sick man's' medicine of brimstone, saltpetre and iron wrought purge of pride and brought clearer vision." The foundation of modern Japan was laid at last and Ito began the construction of the edifice itself. We quote Dr. Griffis further:

"On January 3, 1868, fifty-five young men, of the average age of thirty, of whom Ito was not least, secured possession of the Imperial Palace

in Kioto, and the new Japan began. Having foreign experience and a knowledge of English, Ito was made governor of the new treaty port of Kobe, soon bringing order out of chaos.

"Here Ito saw clearly the need which both natives had felt from the first. There was no real national currency. With a constantly fluctuating medium of exchange in a country having nearly *eleven hundred* known sorts of 'shinplasters,' how could business be done? Good Queen Bess, when throne and people were united in England, gave her people honest and uniform money. Ito became Japan's Gresham. Sent to the United States, he found a welcome at Washington so warm that he has never ceased to admire the American people and government. He read our classic political literature. He found 'The Federalist' as fascinating as a novel. Indeed, at many points, the careers of Hirobumi Ito and Alexander Hamilton, both with constructive minds in eras of unique opportunity for the exercise of their genius, are wonderfully alike. Each

one was 'The Conqueror' of his time and circumstances. To each the problems of finance presented themselves and were mastered. Each was the father of a nation's written constitution. Both were famous for their versatility and their powers of work and ability to provide resources. Both honored the men in business and the toilers who with intelligence loved their craft. In the end of their lives, may there never be a parallel!

"After a thorough study of our financial system and coinage—both the creations of Hamilton—Ito presented his report to the statesmen of Tokio, and his recommendations were adopted.

"To tell how he reorganized the cabinet, codified the laws, wrote the constitution of 1889, and the wonderful 'commentaries' on that superb instrument, how he was repeatedly called to the premiership, or sent by the Emperor as envoy to Korea, China, Europe, and how in council, whether in or out of office, every word of his weighs a ton, is beyond the scope of our present article. Ito is a man of all around vision and his mind recalls a sphere, rather than a cone or rhomboid, or indeed anything with angles or projections. His political measures are always based on the resources on hand or possible. Of infinite patience, he inspires others to like toil

and tact. Personally he is one of the most genial of men, as the writer can testify, not only from seeing him often in Japan in the days of mutual strength of youth and hope, but from personal letters breathing the warmest sentiments towards Americans. From the first, Ito, in the face of conservative tradition that overestimated the sword, treated the engineers, advisers, professors and men of technical skill, called out from Europe and America, as gentlemen worthy of the highest regard. They were the favored guests of the Emperor and nation. Four times in audience of the Mikado, the writer bears glad personal testimony to the honors bestowed upon the foreign servants of the new Japan. Not a few of them have been decorated by His Majesty. When this wholesome example of Tokio is followed in all Asia, there will be an awakening from weakness and darkness into strength and light.

"Happily amid all changes Ito remains, while a cosmopolitan, a lover of things eternally beautiful in his beloved land. At Oiso, between ever-glorious Fuji mountain and the sparkling ocean, in a house one-half of foreign and the other of native architecture—the one better for winter, the other excelling in comfort during the summer—and amid gardens rich in indigenous flora and evergreens, Ito finds his home."

### Lawson's Pen Pictures of Henry H. Rogers

Thomas W. Lawson's narrative of "Frenzied Finance" is in no point more interesting, at least for the general public, than in the pen pictures which he gives of various eminent men, such as Addicks, Morgan, Rogers, Lewisohn and others. He has an eye for illuminating details and he has unquestionably had opportunities for intimate knowledge such as enables him at times to give descriptions as clear-edged as a photograph. Through his entire series of articles against the "System" (as he calls the Standard Oil combination and its methods in financing operations in general), the figure of Henry H. Rogers looms large and dominates operations of vast moment. Lawson has, apparently, had little or nothing to do directly with John D. Rockefeller, who remains in the obscure background; but Rogers appears again and again and there are repeated illustrations of the way in which his personality dominated not only over Lawson but over all others with whom he came in contact.

It seems worth while to extract from the long series of "Frenzied Finance" articles appearing in *Everybody's Magazine* and soon, we understand, to appear in book form, those passages which cast the clearest light

upon the personality of Mr. Rogers, who is the executive officer of the Standard Oil, and, in Mr. Lawson's judgment, "the master of all frenzied financiers," having, indeed, with Mr. William Rockefeller, "actually supplanted John D. Rockefeller in the kingship of finance."

Mr. Lawson's first meeting with Mr. Rogers was narrated in the fourth instalment of Mr. Lawson's articles, in November of last year. Lawson had joined with Addicks, who controlled the Bay State Gas Company, and who had been fought nearly to a finish by Rogers, who controlled the rival Brookline Company. Lawson had come on to see Rogers and, if possible, make arrangements to end the fighting. Here is his account of that first meeting, eliminating the narrator's reflections and inferences, interesting but not important for the purpose of this article:

"At last I turned the corner of 57th Street, and when I looked down Mr. Rogers's home-like hall and grasped his outstretched hand and heard his 'Lawson, I'm glad to see you!' I would have sworn it was hours and hours since I left the little table in the corner of Delmonico's.

"The chief impression I recall of my experience that night is gratitude for Henry H. Rogers's unexpected kindness, and admiration for his

manliness, ability, and firmness. When this memory rises in my mind I regret 'Frenzied Finance' and all the consequences with which it is fraught for him and his connections.

"Come this way," said my host, striding ahead of me along the hall. "The drawing-rooms are full of young people. In here we can have our talk and our smoke undisturbed." He led me into the big, empty dining-room and closed the door.

"Mr. Rogers," I began, "it is kind of you to be so nice after the mean things we have said of each other. Am I to understand you don't lay any of all that has passed up against me?"

"Lay it up against you, my boy? Drop that all out of your mind. You probably know I talk to the point and mean what I say. If you had hit below the belt as that—Addicks has, I would lay it up against you and a hundred years would not make me forget it. I know what you've done and why you've done it, and it was as much your right as mine to do what I have done. I have nothing against you, and, if it comes so that I can do anything to make your job easier without hurting my own interests—mind that, without hurting my own interests—I will do it. You have my word for it."

"We sat within a few feet of each other, and I looked squarely into his eyes as he said: 'You have my word for it,' and they were honest eyes—honest as the ten-year-old boy's who with legs apart and hands in pockets throws his head back and says: 'Wait until I am a man, and I will do it if I die for it!' I looked into them and I knew 'My word for it' was all gold and a hundred cents to the dollar. For a minute we looked steadily into—through each other, and I knew he was reading away into the back of my head. Inwardly I said: 'If I do business with this man for a day or for a lifetime, I will never face him and say one thing and mean another,' and in the years after when we did millions upon millions of business, with only each other's word for a bond of fair treatment, not once did I depart from the letter of my resolution."

Lawson proceeded to speak his piece. Unless one of three things was agreed on he purposed to place Bay State Gas at once in the hands of a receiver, and the resulting crash would, he argued, disastrously affect Mr. Rogers's company also. The interview resulted in an agreement by Rogers to sell out to the Bay State provided a forfeit bond was given him covering any possible damage his company might suffer while in Addicks's hands and prior to its being paid for in full. Then:

"He [Rogers] arose from his chair and stood directly in front of me and straightened up for what I could see was to be an unusual effort. Then with the force and the fire which in all his supreme moments make Henry H. Rogers well-nigh irresistible he said:

"Lawson, I have listened to you. Now listen to me. I have taken you at your word, and have talked frankly and shown you my hand as I have seldom shown it to a stranger. To do the business I want to do, I see I must talk even more

frankly than I already have, and I want you to weigh carefully what I shall say to you, for it may have a great bearing on your after life. How old are you?"

"Thirty-seven," I replied.

"I thought you were about thirty-seven," he said. "Well, I am fifty-six, and am old enough to be your father, so you can afford to give weight to what I am about to say, especially as I give you my word that I speak for your benefit first and my own afterward. I watched you before you hitched up with Addicks, and always thought that, if the opportunity arose, we might do business together. We, or as you and others like to call us, 'Standard Oil,' have money enough to carry through whatever business we embark on and we know where there is all the business to be had that we care to engage in. We have everything, in fact, but men. We are always short of men to do the things we want to do—young men, who are honest, therefore loyal, men to whom work is a pleasure; above all, men who have no price but our price. To such men we can afford to give the only things they have not got, or, if they have already got them, to give them in greater quantities—I mean power and money."

Lawson refused the overture on the ground that he could not wear a collar such as Standard Oil required a man to wear. The narrative continues:

"I stopped; I was not excited; I could not be with that calm figure, apparently cut from crystal ice, so near me, but I was very much in earnest. I stopped; I didn't know what he would do—he raised his hand and held it out to me, mine grasped it, and without a word thus we stood long enough to put that seal on our friendship which none of the many financial hells we jointly passed through in the after nine years was hot enough to melt.

"But that is ended. Henry H. Rogers's evidence in the Boston 'Gas Trial' was the spark that kindled the dead leaves of the past into the conflagration which, now spreading beyond the control of man, has brought to light the hidden skeletons of past misdeeds and exposed them for all the world to see.

"He at last broke the spell. 'Lawson, you're a queer chap, but we are all queer, for that matter, and we must work along those lines we each think best. I once stood, just as you do now, in front of a man whom I looked up to as all that was wisest and best. He made an earnest effort to induce me to choose the ministry for my life work, but I chose dollars instead, and I sometimes wonder if I chose wisely; but, as I said, we all must select our pack and, as we are the ones who must carry it, I suppose no one else should complain.'

"There was a tinge of disappointment in his words, but I shot ahead into the business as though we had not left it."

The operations concerning the Amalgamated Copper Company involved numerous meetings between the two men. The reports are, of course, made from memory, and each reader will decide for himself just



what degree of faith should be attached to them. But they evidently convey very accurately the impressions that Mr. Lawson carried away and, as such, furnish a sort of evidence that is well worth consideration.

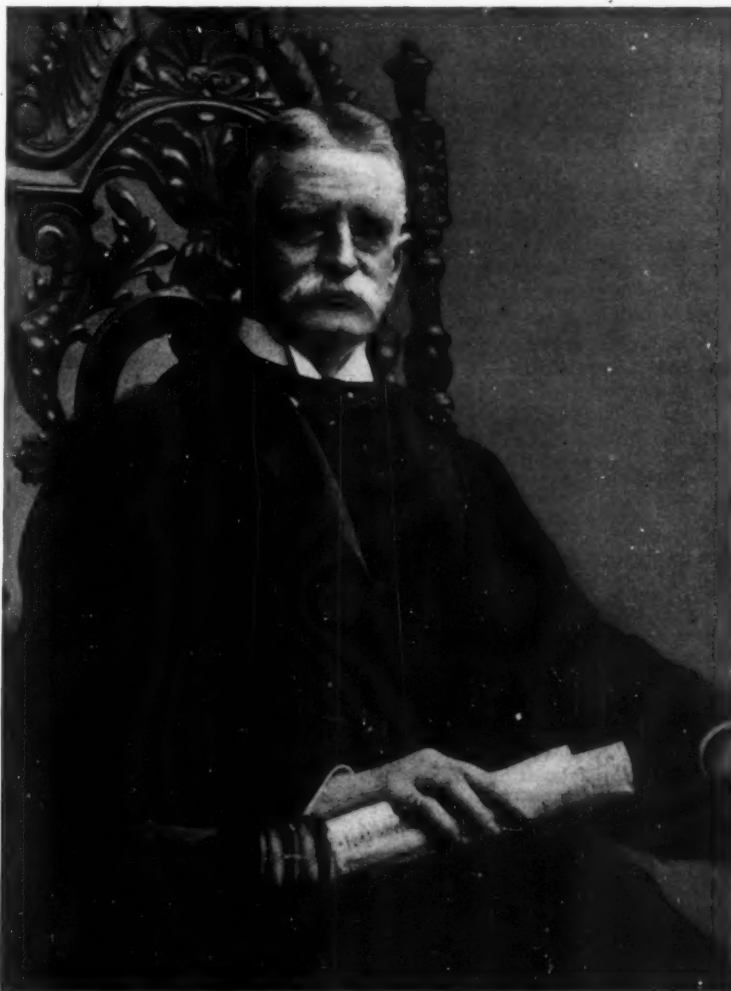
Before taking up the story of Amalgamated, however, we will quote Lawson's description of Rogers in a rage. The scene was a sequel to the foregoing interview. Lawson took the train at once to get from Addicks the million and a half of Bay State bonds which he had promised to deliver to Rogers to hold as a forfeit. He was astounded to find that these bonds were no longer in Addicks's possession and were not available. He was informed that only \$904,000 of the bonds were left. He was forced to return to Rogers humiliated, to tell him so. There was a brief explosion, and then Rogers peremptorily demanded that Lawson secure the \$904,000 of bonds. But it transpired later that, in fact, Addicks did not have a single bond, and Lawson had to face the "most humiliating ordeal" of his life. His account runs as follows:

"As I entered, and before a word of greeting passed, he Rogers gave me one of those keen, appraising glances that seemed to pierce into the innermost interstices of my soul.

"Well?" was all he said.

"Your estimate of Addicks was correct. He

has no bonds," I said, giving him the worst of it at once. I was desperate and certainly in no mood for apology. Rogers looked at me. I thought he gasped. He rushed—whether he pushed or pulled me, or we both slid, or how we got there I don't know, but in an instant after I had said, 'he has no bonds,' we were in one of a number of 8 x 12 glass-sided pens he calls waiting-rooms, but which the clerks have dubbed 'visitors' sweat-boxes.' He put both hands on my



*Courtesy of Everybody's Magazine*

HENRY H. ROGERS

"The master brain of the greatest and most successful commercial enterprise in the world"

shoulders and he yelled—fairly yelled: 'Say that again! I did not get it.'

"That which followed had all the power of

the unexpected for me. . . . Just what was going to happen I could not imagine. I remembered afterward that the preponderance of the impressions that chased each other through my mind was that Henry H. Rogers would surely have a stroke of apoplexy. Then that he would 'bust.' However, I pulled myself together and began:

"Mr. Rogers, what's the use of getting excited?"

"I got no further. He jumped backward. The next second I was in the storm-centre. The room was small. Suddenly it became full of arms and legs and hands waving and gesticulating, and fists banging and brandished; gnashing teeth and a convulsed face in which eyes actually burned and rained fire; and the language—such a torrent of vilification and denunciation I had never heard, mingled with oaths so intense, so picturesque, so varied, that the assortment would have driven an old-time East Indiaman skipper green with jealousy."

The outburst ended, however, in Rogers expressing regret for the predicament in which Lawson had been placed and assurance that no suspicion was ascertained of his good faith in the negotiations.

In one of the interviews about Amalgamated, Mr. Rogers is represented as laying down certain business rules for a monopoly to follow:

"'Lawson,' said the master brain of the greatest and most successful commercial enterprise in the world, 'you know the stock market, but you don't know the first principle of working to advantage a great business in which you absolutely control the production. The novice assumes that consumption when it is greater than production makes the price, but this is one of the many time-worn sophistries of business. Do you suppose "Standard Oil" has built itself up to where it is and made the money it has, simply because there were always more lamps than we had oil? If you do, you are in dense ignorance of the foundation requisite for great success. As the world goes to-day, the prices of necessities and luxuries are fixed and should be fixed by the man who controls both the selling and the producing end, for there is a greater profit to be had by supply to regulated demand and demand to regulated supply than from a charge made and regulated by supply and demand. "Standard Oil," gets to-day and has always since its birth got its enormous profit from its "regulation" department. Production yields it a proper profit and by supplying legitimate demands it earns other fair profits, but its big gains come from so adjusting one to the other that there can be no such thing as competition. Do you see?"

"I agree that is not my end, Mr. Rogers, though in a general way I know about railroad rebates, steamship come-backs, and such things; but I don't see how they are required in our copper business, where the demand is of such proportions that the producer sets the price and makes a profit away above what may be gained in other business enterprises. Surely no one would ask larger gains than are naturally made out of copper."

"'Lawson,' responded Mr. Rogers with oracular emphasis, 'that is where your business education is flawed. No man has done his business properly who has missed a single dollar he could have secured in the doing of it. I do not think a fair judge would find me guilty of avarice, either in business or in the manner of my living, and yet I am made fairly miserable if I discover that, in any business I do, I have not extracted every dollar possible. It is one of the first principles Mr. Rockefeller taught me; it is one he has inculcated in every "Standard Oil" man, until to-day it is a religion with us all.'"

The arrangement as Rogers planned it (which comprised control not only of the copper productions but of the Lewisohn companies that had sales contracts which enabled them to control the copper market and its selling prices) went through, but struck a snag when it was submitted to the law department of the Standard Oil for examination as to its legal soundness. The result is told as follows:

"We arranged that night that next morning Mr. Rogers should himself go over the matter with Mr. Sterling. I was waiting in his office when he returned from this consultation, and the expression of his face as he entered indicated plainly that a real snag had been struck. His jaw and the droop of the upper corners of his eyelids gave a curiously sinister aspect to his face.

"'Well,' said he, 'Sterling says if we carry out that plan there may be h—l to pay some day.'

"'Wherein does he say it is wrong?' I asked, not over surprised.

"'Everywhere. He says if there is any slip-up in the future Mr. Rockefeller and myself may have to pay back a lot of money.'

"'Well, what are you going to do?' I said.

"'Just what we started to do.' No lawyer's warnings could hold him back from the bursting barrels now in sight. He went on:

"'I told Sterling to forget I had asked him to pass on the matter, and that I would have my own counsel take the responsibility. So we go right ahead, and nothing is to be said to any one, not even to William Rockefeller. I have always argued that it is fool business to go to a lawyer with a scheme that depends entirely on how it is carried through as to whether it is perilous or not. I could have told Sterling there is apt to be more danger in a deal in which one makes thirty-five to forty million dollars without turning a hair, than in furnishing staid advice from an office-chair for a fixed per diem.'

"The concentrated incisiveness of these sentences!—Opposition, the mere suggestion of danger, had stimulated his determination to proceed rather than enjoined caution. Himself convinced of the expedience of our deal, no power in heaven or on earth could make him deviate or face about. Truly a man of blood and iron, as Bismarck or Moltke was, his erected will is a sword and a vise. To gain a predetermined goal Henry H. Rogers will go through hell, fire, and water, swing about and make the return trip, and then repeat, until death interferes, or his object is attained. Such men as he in other

days subjugated kingdoms or made deserts where they operated; in religion they became St. Pauls or Savonarolas."

There were various stormy interviews between the two men before the final break came. Here is the termination of one of the stormiest, in which Lawson had threatened to go to the newspapers and into the courts to upset everything relating to Amalgamated:

"I proved to him that I would have injunctions against Stillman, the National City Bank, and every one in interest, before the allotment could be made. Gradually his rage subsided and he broke down—not as other men break down, but as much as it is possible for his stern nature to give way. We remained there until seven o'clock. The building was as still as a set mouse-trap, and he strove with me. Such action, he demonstrated, would precipitate a panic. His argument was perfect in its logic.

"Not one man in a million, Lawson, will agree with you that you are justified in bringing about all this disaster simply because you think that we are taking too much of the cash that has been voluntarily paid in by people well able to attend to their own affairs. You must remember once this scandal and trouble are public they never can be smothered. There can be no more consolidation, no more copper boom in your lifetime and mine, and as soon as the collapse comes every one will look for the victim, and it will be you. Even your best friend will say if you were going to turn reformer you should have been smart enough to have discovered your mare's nest before you let it grow so big. Look at it, Lawson, look at it, and in the name of everything that is reasonable get back your senses."

"My readers must remember that the Henry H. Rogers I am portraying here is no ordinary man, but the strongest, most acute, and most persuasive human being that in the thirty-five active years of my life I have encountered. And on me all the magic of his wonderful individuality, all the resources of his fertile mind, all the histrionic power of his dramatic personality were concentrated. His logic was resistless. As he spun the web of his argument my position seemed hopeless, but more forcible against my resistance than his reasoning was the graphic recital of how both increases had been made. His eyes watered as he spoke. They were not his ideas, but Stillman's and the others' who had been let in on the several floors, but to whom he had never explained my rights nor my position in the enterprise.

"The truth is, Lawson," he said—"and I'll not mince matters further: From the beginning I have done business with you on a basis absolutely different from what our rule is in dealing with agents or associates. At the start I expected that you would, as all others have done, fall into our ways. Instead, you have grown more stubborn, and the result is, I have been forced into all kinds of holes, some of which I have not even let Mr. Rockefeller know about. Here at last I am in between the grinders. I can not go to such men as Stillman and Morgan

and admit that you are the one who has been doing this copper business that I have had them think I was doing myself. You would not ask me to put myself in so ridiculously humiliating a position. Think what John D. Rockefeller would say of such a confession. It's impossible. And when these associates of mine get down to this matter and all agree upon the way it should be closed up, what can I do but go with them? If they knew the facts it would be easy to run you in between us, and then you would either have to convince them or agree yourself, but this is not the condition here."

As usual, Rogers's persuasive logic prevailed.

The most damaging story Lawson tells of Rogers appears in last month's (August) number of *Everybody's*. It is a case of alleged treachery that cannot be excused by any of the "rules of the game" as played even by frenzied financiers, and consists, in brief, of persuading Lawson, on personal grounds, to suspend hostilities against a gas combination in which Rogers was interested, and then going to his associates in the combination and representing that Lawson would quit fighting for a million dollars in stock, receiving the stock, pocketing it himself, and afterward selling it through Lawson as his stockbroker. We reproduce here simply a part of the interview in which Rogers succeeded in calling Lawson off.

"After hours of wrestling he saw it was useless to argue further. I would not be moved; and then he changed: Rogers the steely financier melted, and Rogers the man took his place. All the stern dominance and crushing force of the master of 'Standard Oil' gave way, and in their stead I listened to a heart-square, fair, manly appeal to my good nature and friendship.

"Lawson," he said, "I have been carrying this load so long now that I am sick and tired of it. I don't care so much for my own pocket, because I can stand carrying it longer, but William Rockefeller has relied upon me to get him out of it, and it hurts me more with him and the building [26 Broadway] than I can tell you, that I am stuck in and cannot get out. I suppose all this Boston scandal has injured William Rockefeller and myself more with John D. than anything that ever happened before, and I have made up my mind to expect scandal as long as we stay in Boston Gas. There are lots of things in the early history of this business that I won't rest easy until I get buried, and I know this is the only chance. That is what more than anything thing else made us go to Whitney. Now if you come out against us publicly when William Rockefeller and, in fact, all the others, think we are very close on copper, I shall be humiliated beyond words. What you do to Whitney, after I am free from this affair, Lawson, I don't care, but it does seem as though you might find a way to get at him without grinding William Rockefeller and myself."

"What is the use of denying that this plea from

the master of 'Standard Oil' affected me on the sentimental side?—for it did. How specious and insincere his arguments seem after all these years! Yet I allowed myself to be overcome by them. The flattery of the appeal, I suppose, did affect me, but it was more the pleasure of doing Henry H. Rogers, the man, a favor that softened me."

Nevertheless, Lawson tried to persuade him to pull out of the gas 'combination' because of the injury it would do to many innocent people. The only effect of his appeal is thus described:

"I had warmed to the subject and spoke with all the emphasis and fire that were in me. At once I saw I had irritated him and that he was restraining himself with difficulty:

"All right Lawson, I have heard what you say, and if you are through we will call the matter

closed.' He said this with an effort and almost between clenched teeth. He paced the room once or twice and then squared himself in front of me.

"Lawson, every man is his own judge in such matters. I have always taken the responsibility for my decisions, and no man ever heard me whimper if I found I had made a mistake, and no man ever will. These men, Whitney, Mcmillan, Widener, Elkins, and the rest, are all in the game for dollars, and they have to take the same chance I take. You know I have tried to do all in my power to make the thing a success. If you would come in, there would surely be success and profit for every one, but you won't, so I must do the next best thing, and I am going to do it. You may think I should do something different, but I will do as I always do, and as I believe all successful men do—the best thing they can for their own interests."

"He said this bitterly."

### An American of Many Careers

To this country returned, not long ago, an American who has been for fifteen years a resident of Italy, and who in that time has achieved distinction of several kinds. For his services to Italian literature he is soon to be made an Italian noble. His books, written in Italian, were recently luxuriously bound by Barbera, in Rome, for the Royal Library, and his latest work on Italian romance, soon to be published in this country by Brentano, has been extensively reviewed by the best critics of Italy.

But literary distinction is only one of the forms of distinction that have attended his career. He is an artist of note, an explorer, a successful lawyer, and an archeologist.

The name of this versatile gentleman is Joseph Spencer Kennard. His father and grandfather have been well known for years as prominent Baptist preachers, and his earliest ancestors came to America before the days of William Penn. Young Joseph started out to earn his own living at the age of fifteen. To make his way through Columbia College law school he worked as a clerk in the New York post-office by night, and acted as "emergency man" on the reportorial force of the daily press. Prior to going to Columbia he had graduated from Colgate University, and after graduation at Columbia he soon acquired in practice as a corporation lawyer in Washington and Chicago a modest competence. Before he was thirty, having in the meantime been married,

he packed up his household goods and with his family departed for Italy.

In Italy he studied art, graduating as a painter from the Royal Academy at Florence. His pictures, chiefly studio paintings of the nude, found a place in important exhibitions and brought him medals and other honors. He served for a time as legal adviser to the Bey of Tunis. Last year he was invited to deliver lectures at the Sorbonne, in Paris—an honor extended to no other American since the days of Benjamin Franklin. The degree of Litt. D. was conferred upon him by the French Academy, and he was admitted to the debate, being able, together with but four or five Frenchmen, to carry on a discussion about Satan—"De Deo Lapso"—in the Latin tongue.

He has been an indefatigable tourist, a mountain-climber and an explorer of sacred places forbidden to travelers. In the costume of a Turk, he attended services in a Turkish mosque where none but Mohammedans were allowed to enter on pain of death. He was not suspected until, by some little slip in the genuflexions, it was seen that he was not a true son of Allah. About two thousand persons set upon him in fury, and the only explanation he is able to give of his escape in the terrible confusion which followed is that there were two thousand. If there had been many less, he insists, he could never have got off with his life.

His principal achievement, as has been



indicated, is as a writer in the Italian language. Two of his more recent works have gone into several editions. One is a novel entitled "Il Paura del Ridicolo," the other is a two-volume quarto on Italian romance, from the time of Manzoni to that of D'Annunzio. Other of his Italian writings are: "Entro un Cerchio di Ferro," a psychological study of marriage; "The Fanfara of the Bersiglieri," a volume of short stories; "Studi-Danteschi," studies in the Divine Comedy; "Memmo, one of the People," a novel of Italian Socialism and the Florentine bread riots. He has also written a volume in Latin, "De Deo Lapso Commentarius," which is a study of Satan; and several volumes in English, namely, "Alaska Legends and Totems," "The Friar in Fiction," and "Some Early Printers and Their Colophons."

Writing in the *Gironale d'Italia* (Rome) recently, Guido Mazzoni, reviewing Mr. Kennard's work on Italian romance, said:

"Mr. Kennard is of the opinion that Italy is in great need of moral regeneration and he thinks that prose fiction—romance, the novel—will conduce greatly as a means to this end. To the woman question, the educational question, the question of family training, the religious question and many others will be brought by the Italian novel of the future, powerful auxiliary facilities for solution. And possibly even more than this is to be expected from the Italian novel of the future, which, to speak candidly, seems to-day unconscious, so far as its authors are concerned, of any mission in this respect, or which fails to attach importance to it. . . . Will the work of Mr. Kennard accomplish good in the sense he has defined for himself? It may be doubted. Much muddy and foul water will have to pass under the bridges spanning the Tevere before there will be any desire for a flow of fresh and clear waves. The mere suggestion is indicative of a certain simplicity. But Mr. Kennard has certainly done well and done much through his diligent and loving study of his theme, through his measured and sane observation and the tem-

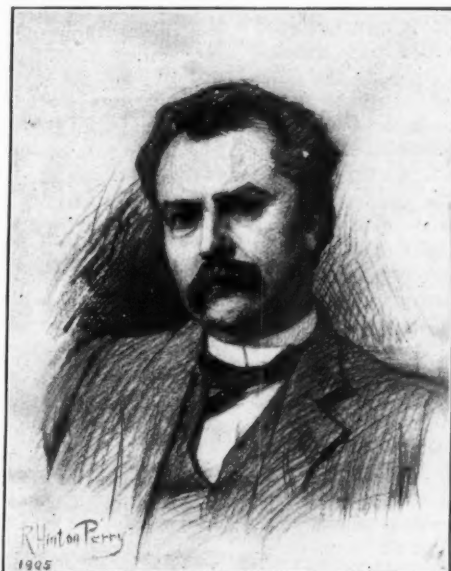
perance of his judgment. Few foreign works on our literature possess the fullness and the merits of his."

With even more enthusiasm, the Florence *Marzocco* assures its readers that Mr. Kennard's judgment on every point involved in his elaborate study may be trusted implicitly. His appreciations of the great works in Italian fiction are pronounced by this authority illuminating and true. His sense of proportion never leads him astray.

In a sketch of Dr. Kennard recently written, Dr. Matthew Woods, of Philadelphia, searches for the clue of such brilliant and many-sided success attained by a man still in the forties. Dr. Woods writes:

"Just the clue for a comprehension of so many sided a success it is impossible to supply. It is a practical genius which brings a man back from his heights or his depths to the plains of industry. This personality includes an organization which would be sleepless, or at least restless, in one of less balance. But every mood of restlessness is, by such a science of practical living, turned into work, accomplishment. What would be a mood, vague or devouring in a different nature, is here, through

a peculiar energy, the material for manufacture. Delight is not voiceless. Have the senses taken delight in color, delicate contour, deep contrast? The painter hastens to his canvas. Has he heard music, drowned himself in its flood? The basic psychologist has learned why and knows how to count the very vibrations which awaken his ardor. Had he scaled the peaks of the world dumbly, it would still be something; but, his analytical faculty awake, we hear of the various characters of their skyward beauty, we receive a discriminating comparison, we can see the sheer wall of that ice-bound Alaskan height, the finest of the earth, shedding its frozen flowers into the green icy sea. And instead of a restless being, in this temperament is rather a man who never rests. The only rest worth having, says Dr. Kennard, is a change of occupation. In such a manner is life to be lived at its fullest. In such a manner may many careers be crowded into one lifetime. The man of action is the man of reflection almost simultaneously."



JOSEPH SPENCER KENNARD

"Last year he was invited to deliver lectures at the Sorbonne, Paris—an honor extended to no other American since the days of Benjamin Franklin"

### Why The Czar Dislikes Mr. Witte

Nicholas II's dislike of Mr. Witte is as much of an established fact as the practically unanimous evidence of the most reliable newspapers in Europe can make it. The dislike is declared to be abiding and profound. The Czar is alleged to have manifested traces of an emotion so joyous when he got rid—or thought he had got rid—of Mr. Witte some two years ago that it can only be compared with the delight credited to Louis XIV when he was told that Cardinal Mazarin lay dying. Exactly why the Czar detests his most illustrious living subject is not made clear by those dailies which in Europe vouch for the genuineness of the antipathy. But there are theories. The *Paris Action* says Mr. Witte is allied with no clique. The *Vienna Neue Freie Presse* asserts that the whole weight of orthodoxy is thrown in the scale against Mr. Witte because he is out of sympathy with the principle of religious intolerance. The religious emotionalism of Nicholas II has been "worked upon," according to the *Paris Aurore*, and he has been made to believe that the work of Witte is essentially anti-religious. But the *London News* and the *London Standard* analyze somewhat more profoundly. They tell us that the dislike of the Czar for Witte is a plant which owes some of its hardness to the slowness of its growth. Mr. Witte westernized his native land to the utmost extent possible. In so doing he laid the whole fabric of Romanoff autocracy in ruins on the ground.

The theory fits so well into the facts that it gains more and more acceptance among students of Russian affairs. The Czar has been assured by his reactionary advisers that it was Mr. Witte who built up the factories in Russia. The building of factories drew the peasants from the rural districts to congregate in large towns. Hence a labor problem, which portends gloomy things for the next few years of the reign of Nicholas II. Mr. Witte is held up to the Czar as "the enemy of the national life," and that, in the court of St. Petersburg, is the most serious charge that can be brought against anyone.

But the most damning fact regarding Mr. Witte would seem, as the *Paris Gaulois* notes, to be the circumstance that he is most enthusiastically praised by every non-Russian foe of all that the Romanoff dynasty

stands for. The reactionaries who rise so numerous to power and wealth in St. Petersburg are believed to be heavily indebted to those eulogies of Mr. Witte that fall so naturally from lips that are loudest in acclaiming the triumphs of Japan in the war which the world does not yet dare hope is at an end. The immense prestige of Mr. Witte outside of Russia has thus entailed the immense loss of prestige sustained by Mr. Witte in the land of his birth. The notion that an overbearing and masterful manner has hurt him with Nicholas II receives little credence from those foreign observers who understand the capacity of the man in dealing with an autocrat. He knows when to be brusque, when to speak plainly, when to present an argument. His "bad manners" have nothing to do with his failure to gain the lasting favor of Nicholas.

Even should peace be concluded through his efforts, Mr. Witte, say those who prophesy, will not vanquish the inveteracy of the Czar's aversion. The war party would hugely rejoice if a Witte peace proved unworkable, if the Czar rejected it. The last triumph of Witte—his attainment of something like religious tolerance in Russia—made many grand ducal enemies and many ecclesiastical foes for him. The achievement is one of the most colossal of Witte's career, thinks Dr. E. J. Dillon, the expert on world politics, who writes thus in *The Contemporary Review* (London):

"Pobiedonostseff, the Ober Procurator of the Most Holy Synod, was the chief opponent of Witte's system of toleration. According to him there was quite enough toleration in the Tsardom already. Greater firmness was really what was needed. And for a time the Emperor appeared to share his belief. But even from afar M. Witte was watching over the offspring of his heart and brain, and by circuitous ways he piloted it through dangers, until finally on Easter Sunday the Ukase, announcing to all Russia that Witte's mildness had received the Imperial sanction, was promulgated, and Nonconformists and sectarians were free. That is the first fruit of the revolution."

All of which may be true, yet it is notice of a kind calculated, according to recent observations of the *Paris press*, further to injure Mr. Witte at home. American newspapers, we are assured, have helped to disgrace Mr. Witte in autocratic eyes by their incessant praise of him. His popularity since his arrival as peace commissioner has awakened signs of discontent in St. Petersburg.

## Various Topics of General Interest

### With Commodore Perry in Japan

The American expedition which effected the "opening of Japan" started only fifty-two years ago, and at least one survivor of it is still living in this country. Mr. John S. Sewall, a young man just out of college and with college debts hanging over him, had two years before secured a place as the captain's clerk on board the *Saratoga*. This ship had, during these two years, been cruising in the China seas chasing pirates and protecting American commerce. When Commodore Perry's expedition reached Hongkong the *Saratoga* was added to the fleet, and Mr. Sewall now gives us, in the *Century*, his personal recollections of the event that was destined to have such momentous consequences.

Perry's fleet of four ships—two steam frigates and two sloops-of-war—was for the purpose of carrying a letter to the Mikado. This letter was splendidly engrossed, one copy in English, one in Dutch, one in Chinese. It was enclosed in a sumptuous gold case, and the case enshrined in a rosewood coffer. The letter had originally been written by Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, and was refashioned by his successor, Edward Everett. It asked the Mikado for friendship and trade.

When the little fleet reached Japan, its appearance created a commotion that has been thus described by a Japanese writer, Nitobe:

"The popular commotion in Yeddo . . . was beyond description. The whole city was in an uproar. In all directions were seen mothers flying with children in their arms, and men with mothers on their backs. Rumors of an immediate action, exaggerated each time they were communicated from mouth to mouth, added horror to the horror-stricken. The tramp of war-horses, the clatter of armed warriors, the noise of carts, the parade of firemen, the incessant tolling of bells, the shrieks of women, the cries of children, dinning all the streets of a city of more than a million souls, made confusion worse confounded."

Despite all the terror, officials came out to the fleet, and the usual cordon of guard-boats was drawn around it. Perry objected, and ended the argument that ensued by

promising to sink all the guard-boats that did not vanish within fifteen minutes. Here is an extract from Mr. Sewall's narrative:

"I well remember that still, starlit night which closed our first day in Yeddo Bay. Nothing disturbed its peaceful beauty. The towering ships slept motionless on the water, and the twinkling lights of the towns along the shore went out one by one. A few beacon-fires blazing on the hill-tops, the rattling cordage of an occasional passing junk, the musical tones of a distant temple-bell, that came rippling over the bay at intervals through the night—these were to us the only tokens of life in the sleeping empire.

"A sleeping empire, truly; aloof from the world, shut in within itself, utterly severed from the general world-consciousness, not awake to the opportunities and privileges it was later so suddenly and so brilliantly to achieve as one of the world-powers, not even aware that there was any such high position to be attained.

"A more vigilant watch has rarely been kept than was kept that night on board that fleet. Nothing happened, however, except a brilliant display of meteoric light in the sky during the mid-watch, an omen which terribly alarmed the Japanese on shore, as portending that the very heavens themselves were enlisted on the side of the foreign barbarians. The commodore refers to the phenomenon in his narrative, and adds the devout wish: 'The ancients would have construed this remarkable appearance of the heavens as a favorable omen for any enterprise they had undertaken; it may be so construed by us, as we pray God that our present attempt to bring a singular and isolated people into the family of civilized nations may succeed without resort to bloodshed.'"

The Japanese visitors that were admitted on board the next day proved to be a great surprise. They asked about the then recent Mexican war; about General Taylor and Santa Ana; whether a certain big gun was a Paixhans—which it was; whether the ship had come from New York or Philadelphia or Boston. All this for a "hermit nation" was doing pretty well, and showed that the Japanese intelligence department was already in working order. The American officers afterward found out that the Japanese printers were in the habit of republishing in their own language such textbooks as Bridgman's "History of the United States," which American missionaries in China used in their schools.

We quote again at this point from Mr. Sewall;

"In their official dealings with us, it was interesting to see how the authorities clung to their time-honored policy of exclusion. It was a curious contest of steady nerve on one side, met by the most nimble parrying on the other. First they directed the commodore to go home; they wanted no letter from an American president, nor any treaty. But the commodore would not go home. Then they ordered him to Nagasaki, where foreign business could be properly transacted through the Dutch. But the commodore declined to go to Nagasaki.

"If, then, this preposterous barbarian would not budge, and his letter must be received, they would receive it without ceremony on board ship. But his Western mightiness would not deliver it on board ship.

"Then they asked for time to consult the court at Yeddo, and the commodore gave them three days—days big with fate; but exactly what happened at court we may never know. This much is certain, that our reluctant friends yielded at last; that pestilent letter would be received, and commissioners of suitable rank would come from court for the purpose."

Commodore Perry played his part with consummate diplomacy. In all the preliminary negotiations he kept himself veiled in mystery, in accord with Oriental ideas and customs. Until he landed for the actual ceremonial presentation of the letter, no Japanese eye had been allowed to behold him. He was a man, Mr. Sewall says, "of splendid physique and commanding presence," and his insight into Oriental character, his dignity, firmness, poise, and stately courtesy were prime factors in his success. The ceremony of the presentation was very brief:

"A few words between the interpreters, and then, at a signal, entered two boys in blue followed by two stalwart negroes. In slow and impressive fashion they brought in two rosewood boxes which contained the mysterious papers.

These were opened in silence and laid on the scarlet coffer. Prince Iwami handed to the interpreters a formal receipt for the documents. The commodore announced that he would return the next spring for the reply. A brief conversation in answer to a question about the progress of the Taiping Rebellion in China, and the conference closed, having lasted not more than twenty minutes. It was a short ceremony, witnessed by not more than fifty or sixty persons; but it was the opening of Japan!"

Years afterwards it transpired that, in a room adjoining that in which this ceremony took place, was a young Japanese by the name of Nakahama Maujiro, who acted as interpreter and informant for the Japanese commissioners. Fifteen years before, Nakahama, with two other boys, while out fishing in a boat, had been carried out to sea and wrecked on a desert island. After living a Swiss-Family-Robinson sort of life for a year and a half, they had been picked up by an American whaler and carried to Honolulu. They afterward reached the United States and received an education. Later, growing homesick, they took a ship for Shanghai, and when a few miles from Loochoo cut adrift in a whaleboat and pulled for shore. On reaching shore they were arrested, forwarded to Japan, and there imprisoned for three years, while the officials debated what to do with them. Perry's arrival made their knowledge of America peculiarly valuable to the Japanese, and Nakahama, after the negotiations, was transformed into a noble and decorated with two swords.

In February of the next year, 1854, Perry with nine ships went to get an answer to his letter. His demands "were contested inch by inch," but the Japanese commissioners "almost invariably yielded," and the treaty was signed on Friday, March 31, 1854.

### "Frivolous" Influence of American Women in England

"Colonial influence in England is masculine, vigorous and wholesome; American influence is feminine, frivolous and fleeting." Such is the conclusion set forth by an anonymous writer in *The Contemporary Review*, who signs himself "Colonial," and whose paper, as might be inferred from this pseudonym, is an *ex parte* presentation rather than an attempt to be judicial. His theme is "Titled Colonials"—referring, of course, to British Colonials—"versus Titled Americans," and in all the many points of comparison which are instituted between these

two classes there is but one in which the comparison is at all favorable to the American women. The latter are admitted to have the greater "charm"; but even here the writer hastens to show the superficiality of this charm and to make it appear almost as another count in the indictment rather than a mitigating circumstance.

The world hears much of Americans, "Colonial" admits, and very little of colonials in London. A writer in a woman's magazine—presumably in England—is quoted to the effect that "it is a reproach to be a



colonial, a distinction to be an American." But the reasons given by "Colonial" for this lack of attention given to titled colonial women in England are all of them in his eyes creditable to the colonials. One reason is the readiness with which they identify themselves with the English. They are "more English than the English"; whereas the American titled woman "seldom if ever becomes English." "The institutions and circumstances of the United States," says the writer, "have brought forth social and political ideals which have little or nothing in common with ours"—the British.

Another reason for the greater notice paid to Americans is their greater wealth. "Take away their millions from Americans and how much would one hear of them in the great world?" The colonial is often rich, but not so rich as the Americans, because "he enjoys life too well to become entirely absorbed in money-getting, or to exhaust himself in the mad race of the plutocrat." He is not, therefore, worn out in his prime, and "young colonial widows of fortune are as few as young American widows of fortune are many." Again, the colonial families are larger than the American; consequently the daughters inherit less individually. Then they are not permitted to "roam over Europe" hunting titles while their fathers are working hard at home. Moreover, the colonial rich are not made so notorious by advertising methods and by lavish display. The American rich "hold perhaps the cheapest social ideal of any great people of whom we have any record, for it aims at nothing higher than 'having a good time.'" Feminine frivolity is not unknown among the English, this writer admits, but, being crude, it is not so clever nor so charming as transatlantic frivolity. The American girl's whole education is for social success. Says "Colonial" further:

"Hence, up to a certain point, she has no superior. Bright, good-natured, tactful, well-dressed, she skims over the surface of things with all the grace imaginable. She has a cool head and a cold heart, and is, therefore, without that exquisite suggestiveness which is to the English woman as the delicate blue haze to an English landscape. Individually and collectively the word 'charming' describes her to a nicety; for knowing that charm is essential to social distinction, she has cultivated it until she is a past mistress in the art. But because the world she moves in is divorced from politics and philanthropy, art and literature, she loses touch with the realities of life, the result being that her crowning defect is superficiality. Society having no recognised distinctions, and

birth no privileges, she has not only to struggle for a footing, but to maintain it, which tends rather to restlessness than to repose. Finally, the one essential factor to success is wealth, which is twin sister to luxury. Hence the American in London is irresistibly drawn towards the "smart set," whose one aim is to amuse and be amused; and so it is that while at least two Colonials, Lady Holland and the Empress Josephine, stir the imagination of mankind even to this day, no American has ever become an historical personage except in her own country."

Another grievance "Colonial" gives expression to—for the whole article suggests the word grievance—is the comparative sterility of the American titled women. He goes into considerable statistical detail on this point, but the figures are all summarized in the following tabulation:

AMERICANS OF TITLE.		THEIR CHILDREN.
30	Peeresses.....	39
22	Wives of Baronets.....	42
22	with a Courtesy Title.....	26
—		—
74		107
COLONIALS OF TITLE.		THEIR CHILDREN.
23	Peeresses.....	63
30	Wives of Baronets.....	102
42	with a Courtesy Title.....	101
—		—
95		266

There is not, we are assured further, a single distinguished peer's son with an American mother, whereas there are several with colonial mothers. Some light on what is thought by the writer to constitute distinction appears from the particulars he goes on to furnish. One of these distinguished sons of colonial mothers is "a famous cricketer"! Another is "equerry to the Prince of Wales." Another commands a brigade of imperial yeomanry and Australian Bushmen. "Colonial" sums up the general effect of the American invasion in England as follows:

"It is often argued that the growing strength of Americans in London is an advantage. But is it? No doubt they have helped to make society brighter, but they have also helped to make it shallower, more extravagant, and more vulgar than it ever was before; and this must be so because, unlike other 'invasions' which have enriched England at the expense of other countries, the American represents no moral or political force. The Huguenots and French Royalists did nothing to lower the tone of English society, because their ideals were lofty and their standards of duty, manners and public service as high as our own. This can hardly be said of the Americans who settle in this country. Their horizon is bounded by society, which would have none of them only for their wealth."

## Recent Poetry

Now here is a strange thing—a poet who has lived a half-century, won fame and widespread popularity, and yet has never published a love-poem! Mr. Edwin Markham's "first love-poem to appear in print"—so it is heralded, and so far as we are aware correctly heralded—appears in the August *Cosmopolitan*, and it has excited a discussion that by its intensity reminds one somewhat of that caused by his "Man with the Hoe." The new poem is by one writer designated "the noblest love-poem of any length yet produced in America," while another professes to be unable to find "hardly one image, one metaphor, that is not strained, trivial, or false." The poem is undoubtedly studied, and like most studied poems it requires study on the part of the reader. But it will repay him. Here it is in full:

### Virgilia.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

#### I

Had we two gone down the world together,  
I had made fair ways for the feet of Song,  
And the world's fang been but a foam-soft feather,  
The world that works us wrong.

With you the cloud of my life had broken,  
And the heavens rushed up to their final height:  
That lone last peak of my soul had spoken,  
That last peak lost in light.

If you had but stayed when the old sweet wonder  
Was a precious pain in my pulsing side!  
Why did you hurry our lives asunder—  
You, born to be my bride?

What sent it upon me—my soul importunes—  
All the grief of the world in a little span,  
All the tears and fears, all the fates and fortunes,  
That the heart holds for a man?

Is this then the pain that the first gods kneaded  
Into all joy that the bright world brings?  
Did the tears fall into the heap unheeded,  
These tears in mortal things?

But why it was that the whole world wasted,  
This you will know when they count the tears,  
After the dust of the grave is tasted,  
After this noise of years.

Yet some things stay though a world lies broken,  
I keep some things that were dear of old—  
That first kiss spared and that last word spoken  
And the glint of your hair's faint gold.

Do you mind that hour in the soft sweet morning  
When I held you fast in divine alarms,  
When my soul stood up like a god adorning  
His body with bright arms?

Forget it not till the crowns are crumbled  
And the swords of the kings are rent with rust—  
Forget it not till the hills lie humbled,  
And the springs of the seas run dust.

#### II

What was I back in the world's first wonder?—  
An elf-child found on an ocean-reef,  
A sea-child nursed by the surge and thunder,  
And marked for the lyric grief.

So I will go down by the way of the willows,  
And whisper it out to the mother Sea,  
To the soft sweet shores and the long bright billows,  
The dream that cannot be.

There will be help for the soul's great trouble,  
Where the clouds fly swift as the foot of fear,  
Where the high gray cliff in the pool hangs double,  
And the moon is misting the mere.

'Twas down in the sea that your soul took fashion,  
O strange Love born of the white sea-wave!  
And only the sea and her lyric passion  
Can ease the wound you gave.

I will go down to the wide wild places,  
Where the calm cliffs look on the shores around:  
I will rest in the power of their great grave faces  
And the gray hush of the ground.

On a cliff's high head a gray gull clamors,  
But down at the base is the Devil's brew,  
And the swing of arms and the heave of hammers,  
And the white flood roaring through.

There on the cliff is the sea-bird's tavern,  
And there with the wild things I'll find a home,  
Laugh with the lightning, shout with the cavern,  
Run with the feathering foam.

I will climb down where the nests are hanging,  
And the young birds scream to the swinging deep,  
Where the rocks and the iron winds are clanging,  
And the long waves lift and leap.

I will thread the shores to the cavern hollows,  
Where the edge of the wave runs white and thin;  
I will sing to the surge and the foam that follows  
When the dark tides thunder in.

I will go out where the sea-birds travel,  
And mix my soul with the wind and sea;  
Let the green waves weave and the gray rains  
ravel,  
And the tides go over me.

The sea is the mother of songs and sorrows,  
And out of her wonder our wild loves come;  
And so it will be thro' the long to-morrows,  
Till all our lips are dumb.

She knows all sighs and she knows all sinning,  
And they whisper out in her breaking wave:  
She has known it all since the far beginning,  
Since the grief of that first grave.

She shakes the heart with her stars and thunder  
And her soft low word when the winds are late;  
For the sea is Woman, the sea is Wonder—  
Her other name is Fate!

There is daring and dream in her billows break-  
ing—  
In the burst of her beauty our griefs forget:  
She can ease the heart of the old, old aching,  
And put away regret.

### III

Will you find rest as our ways disserve?  
Will the gladness grow as the days increase?  
Howbeit, I leave on your soul forever  
The word of the eternal peace.

I will go the way and my song shall save me,  
Tho' grief goes with me ever abreast:  
I will finish the work that the strange God gave  
me,  
And then pass on to rest.

I will go back to the great world-sorrow,  
To the millions bearing the double load—  
The fate of to-day and the fear of to-morrow:  
I will taste the dust of the road.

I will go back to the pains and the pities  
That break the heart of the world with moan;  
I will forget in the grief of the cities  
The burden of my own.

There in the world-grief my own grief humbles,  
My own hour melts in the days to be,  
As the wild white foam of a river crumbles,  
Forgotten in the sea.

Another love-poem, which is said by the San Francisco *Argonaut* to be "a favorite poem" with Bliss Carman, is printed by that journal with an interesting explanation. "The man who is supposed to have written it—now a journalist in New York—is believed never to have written any other poem." The *Argonaut* does not know where it first appeared, and thinks that the copy from which it prints "is probably imperfect," having been given by Bliss Carman to a friend and several times copied. It appears in none of the anthologies, and no title is given, except the one below:

#### A Wandering Poem

By MITCHELL KENNERLEY.

Heart of my heart, my life, my light!  
If you were lost what should I do?  
I dare not trust you from my sight  
Lest Death should fall in love with you.

Such countless perils lie in wait!  
The gods know well how fair you are  
What if they left me desolate  
And took and set you for a star!

Then hold me close, the gods are strong,  
And happiness so rare a flower  
No man may hope to keep it long—  
And I may lose you any hour.

Then kiss me close, my star, my flower!  
So shall the future grant us this:  
That there was not a single hour  
We might have kissed, and did not kiss!

A very successful use of the meter of "Locksley Hall" is found in the following melodious love-poem by a writer whose name is not familiar to many. It is printed in *The Smart Set*, and it has melody and passion and tropical glow:

#### Carita

By HILTON R. GREER

Do you ever dream, Carita, of a twilight long ago,  
When the stars rained silver splendor from the  
skies of Mexico?

When the moonbeams on the plaza traced a shim-  
mering brocade,  
And the fountain's tinkling tumult seemed a rip-  
pling serenade?

When the velvet-petaled pansies, lifting light  
lips in the gloom,  
Breathed their yearning for the night winds in a  
passion of perfume?

When in soft cascades of cadence from a garden  
dim and far,  
Came the mournful mellow music of a murmurous  
guitar?

Years have flown since then, Carita, fleet as  
orchard-blooms in May;  
But the hour that fills my dreaming—was it only  
yesterday?—

Stood we two a space in silence while the southern  
sun slipped down,  
And the gray dove, Dusk, with brooding pinions  
wrapt the little town.

Then you raised your tender glances, darkly,  
dreamily, to mine,  
And my pulses clashed like cymbals in a rhapsody  
divine,

And the pent-up fires of longing burst their pris-  
on's weak control,  
And in wild, hot words came leaping madly from  
my burning soul;

Wild, hot words that told of passion, hitherto  
but half expressed;  
And I caught you close, Carita, clasped you,  
strained you to my breast,

While the twilight-purpled heavens reeled around  
us where we stood,  
And a tide of bliss swept surging through the currents  
of our blood!

And I spent my soul in kisses, crushed upon your  
scarlet mouth!  
O Carita, señorita, dusk-eyed daughter of the  
South!

It was well that fate should part us; it was well  
my path should lead  
Back to slopes of high endeavor—nay, and was  
it well, indeed?

You were of a tropic people, steeped in roses and  
romance,  
Lovers of the gay fiesta, music, and the mazy  
dance!

I was from a northern country, scion of that  
colder race  
Who have missed the most of living in their foolish  
phantom chase!

You have wed some swarthy Southron; learned  
long since his every whim,  
Rolled *cigarros*, poured the *mescal*, sung the  
southern songs for him.

I have fought my fight and triumphed; all the  
world repeats my name;  
Yet I prize one hour of loving more than fifty  
years of fame!

It was but a summer madness that possessed me,  
men will hold;  
And the mellow moon bewitched me with its  
wizardry of gold.

As they will! But oft, when wearied of the world,  
I close my eyes,  
And in dreams drift back where stars rain silver  
splendor from the skies,

And I clasp you close, Carita, while each throbbing  
pulse is thrilled  
With a low and mournful cadence that shall  
nevermore be stilled!

One more poem of love, this time from a well-known  
English novelist, and ending, as Mr. Markham's and Mr. Greer's end, in the minor  
key of love's frustration. We quote it from  
*Scribner's*:

### The Fisherman

By EDEN PHILPOTTS

#### I

He was a lad of high degree;  
She was a farmer's daughter.  
He came to fish the silver ley;  
Or did he come to court her?  
"Oh, angle where you will," quoth she;  
"The little trout may swim to thee;  
But never think that you'll catch me."

#### II

Yet where was that fair maiden born  
But felt her heart beat higher  
To see a lordling look forlorn  
And beg to come anigh her?  
"Stray nearer if you must," quoth she  
"Since 'tis an act of charity;  
But never try to speak to me."

#### III

The woodland ways are sweet and green  
Under the summer weather,  
And through the dingle, through the dene,  
Go boy and girl together.  
"You held my hand, because," quoth she,  
"The stepping-stones were slippery;  
But now I'm over, let it be."

#### IV

A heart that burns, a breast that sighs,  
Red lips with promise laden;  
A pleading voice and bright-brown eyes—  
Alas, my pretty maiden!  
"Can such a king of men," quoth she,  
"Look down to wed a girl like me?  
Then will I trust my soul to thee!"

#### V

She sits amid the yellow sheaves,  
That little farmer's daughter,  
Or counts the scarlet cherry leaves  
Fall on the shining water.  
"Red leaves and river deep," quoth she,  
"Come hide my tear-worn heart, for he  
Hath broken and forgotten me."

The transition from love to Petrarch certainly  
is not a difficult one. The following beautiful  
verses are published as a poem-in-dedication to a  
volume of translations from Petrarch. We quote  
them from *The Sunset Magazine*:

### To My Father's Memory

By AGNES TOBIN

To those whose hearts upon some coffin lie  
To knock for entrance—whose best visions took  
Fire from a grave—I dedicate the cry  
And all the tidal sameness of this book.

They will not blame me if my poet repeat  
A thousand times his phrases like a child—  
For like a child he tried new words and sweet  
Of love unearthly, vigilant, and wild.

To Petrarch life was but a mirror fair  
Wherein his lady's beauties tranced lay—  
Her eyes, her lips, her voice, her smile, her hair  
Made the strange spectrum of his lonely day.

For me—I con these bright monotonous things  
That when my angel meets me on the strand  
And stuns me in the rushing of his wings  
I may say something he can understand.



The *Metropolitan Magazine* has been offering cash prizes (not dazzling in amount) for poems and one of the ten prize-winners is the poem below:

**The King**

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

*I am the king of a wide domain, and you deem it a wonderful thing,  
But the kingly height is a terrible height—God pity the lonely king!*

Heed this, O you who envy me my purple and pomp and clan,  
Thank Him who made you and made us all, that He made you a Common Man!

What of the pride and the glory of name, the absolute wealth of the land,  
When what I need and crave the most is the clasp of a comrade's hand?

But king am I of a vast domain, and crowned by a foolish fate,  
While a foolish world bows down to me and dares to call me great.

My ships fare forth to the open sea, my mariners speed afar,  
Where the sweet adventure, the risk and the loss and the wonderful conflict are.

My soldiers fly to the far-off hills at the sound of the cannon's call,  
But the helpless king and the lonely king, he bides in his palace hall.

Oh, for a glimpse of the wide, great world, and a taste of the life that is true—  
A taste of the life that is yours, and yours; oh, for the larger view!

To march, uncrowned, with the eager throng that moves on the white highway,  
To know their mirth, their tears, their loves, the hopes of their golden day;

To sing with them, and to lift his voice with the horde of the Common Men—  
That is the prayer the monarch prays, again, again and again!

Out in the heart of the golden Spring I know where banners wave  
More bright than the pennons that are mine own, more beautiful and brave.

Crown me with freedom of the hills, and place upon my lip  
A song of the honest brotherhood and the noble fellowship!

Make me the equal of other men! Oh, let it not be said  
No humble heart may walk with me the foolish height I tread!

Let me out where the teeming flood pours toward Life's open sea.  
And let me walk the way of man with all humanity.

Bitter the heart that beats in my breast when I hear the clamor of life  
And know that the world so far from me gives me no part in its strife.

They prate the joy of rulers; yea, they cry the glory of kings,  
But few may know what loneliness about a great throne clings.

Sadly I reign in my palace place, and none may understand  
How much I crave the world's turmoil and the clasp of a comrade's hand.

*I am the king of a wide domain, and you deem it a wonderful thing,  
But the kingly height is a terrible height—God pity the lonely king!*

There are many—not too many—Robertses, all of them, from Charles G. D. down, literary, and all passionately fond of God's out-of-doors. We reprint from *The Independent* one of the atest contributions on this theme from the Roberts family:

**The Wind and the Book**

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

Safe in his shaded garden-place  
He sped the August afternoon  
With pictured book—his pallid face  
To comfort, and the hour atune.

And ever as he read the tale  
Of love—rare smile and bended knee—  
The wind came by and flipt the page,  
And whispered something of the sea.

And ever as he read of her—  
The Lady of the High Disdain—  
The vagrant breeze slipt through the vines  
And turned the printed page again.

And as he read that inland tale  
Of courts and love and ease and pride  
The wind came by and flipt the page,  
And whispered something of the tide.

Between the bushes and the vines,  
Between the shadow and the tree,  
The wind recalled his vagrant heart  
With some brave message from the sea.

To-night the rain is on the leaves,  
Lamenting through the garden-place;  
The dreamer and the wind are gone—  
The book lies open on its face.

The Lewis and Clark Exposition, at Portland, Oregon, devoted one week to Western authors, the last day (July 15) being "Western Poets' Day." Very fittingly, Joaquin Miller wrote for that day the following poem. It has a genuineness about it that we have sometimes missed in his poetry, and the self-consciousness which has marred much of his work is but slightly in evidence. We

omit the author's foot-notes, which are historical rather than poetical. We never did like foot-notes to a poem.

### The Orgeon Sierra

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Sierra Madre, Mother peaks,  
That keep companion with the sun!  
Sierra di Nevada, streaks  
Of snow and sun inwound as one—  
Ye be but babes! Behold, behold  
My peaks of snow and sun and gold  
That gild the crimson, cobalt dawn;  
That ward the em'rald Oregon;  
That lift to God, in changeless white  
Above the bastioned walls of night—  
Inspiring more to look upon  
Than golden dolphins of Nippon.

What shapely pyramids of snow,  
Set here, set there, set anywhere,  
White as white flocks that feed below:  
As if old Egypt planted there  
And left proud pyramids to grow,  
Ten million tall and multiplied  
Until they pushed the stars aside!  
And yet what man hath seen or said,  
In song or tale, how grandly fair  
This nameless glory overhead—  
This unnamed New Jerusalem  
White as God's trailing garment's hem?

The pioneer, content to teach  
Christ's holy lessons and to rest,  
To preach content and ever preach  
That rest, sweet rest, is reckoned best—  
This buckskin prophet drove the plow;  
For he was worn, as worn with years.  
Two thousand miles of thirst and tears,  
Two thousand miles of bated breath,  
Two thousand miles of dust and death,  
When lo, yond gleaming hemispheres!  
But now the world shall know, yea now  
His son's face lifteth from the plow!

Fiona Macleod is not always enshrouded in Gaelic mysticism, as the following, taken by us from the *London Academy*, shows:

### The Founts of Songs

BY FIONA MACLEOD

"What is the song I am singing?"  
Said the pine-tree to the wave:  
"Do you not know the song  
You have sung so long  
Down in the dim green alleys of the sea,  
And where the great blind tides go swinging  
Mysteriously,  
And where the countless herds of the billows are  
hurl'd  
On all the wild and lonely beaches of the world?"  
"Ah, Pine-tree," sighed the wave,  
"I have no song but what I catch from thee:  
Far off I hear thy strain  
Of infinite sweet pain  
That floats along the lovely phantom land.  
I sigh, and murmur it o'er and o'er and o'er,  
When 'neath the slow compelling hand  
That guides me back and far from the loved  
shore,

I wander long  
Where never falls the breath of any song,  
But only the loud, empty, crashing roar  
Of seas swung this way and that for evermore."

"What is the song I am singing?"

Said the poet to the pine:  
"Do you not know the song  
You have sung so long  
Here in the dim green alleys of the woods  
Where the wild winds go wandering in all moods,  
And whisper often o'er and o'er,  
Or in tempestuous clamors roar  
Their dark eternal secret evermore?"

"Oh, Poet," said the Pine,

"Thine  
Is that song!  
Not mine!  
I have known it, loved it, long!  
Nothing I know of what the wild winds cry  
Through dusk and storm and night.  
Or prophesy  
When tempests whirl us with their awful might.  
Only, I know that when  
The poet's voice is heard  
Among the woods  
The infinite pain from out the hearts of men  
Is sweeter than the voice of wave or branch or  
bird  
In these dumb solitudes."

A poet who has not yet, perhaps, quite arrived, but who is arriving, is Mr. Arthur Guiterman, who writes mostly for *The Times* (New York). He has in a recent issue a batch of interesting aphorisms taken from the Hindus and done into English quatrains. We reprint several:

He laughed derision when his foes  
Against him cast, each man, a stone;  
His friend in anger flung a rose—  
And all the city heard him groan.

"He is-my brother, dear!"  
The sister says. But, "Nay!"  
Death answers, standing near:  
"He is my prey."

Be this engraved:  
"The man who misses his chance,  
The monkey who misses his branch,  
Cannot be saved."

Our Earth and Sky are weighty querns;  
Our deeds and strivings heap the grains;  
The Unseen Miller turns and turns;  
Between the millstones—what remains?

Another quatrain, pitched in much the same key, is taken from *Munsey's*:

### On the Stage of Life

By Tom Masson

We are like puppets in some conjurer's hands,  
Who smiling, easy, nonchalantly stands  
And says, amid the universal cheers:  
"You seethis man—and now he disappears!"

## Recent Fiction and the Critics

The most interesting thing about Mr. Swinburne's new-old novel\* is that it is Swinburne's. It is the only thing in the form of a novel that

he has published, and, coming  
**Love's Cross** at this period in his life (he is  
**Currents** 68 years of age), its advance

announcement excited general interest and much trepidation. It proves, however, to be a revision of a work published in *The Tatler* (England) as a serial under the title "A Year's Letters," beginning its course in August, 1877, and closing in December. "The Tatler died a fortnight later," observes Mr. Clement K. Shorter rather viciously. Swinburne's name was not attached to the serial, a pseudonym ("Mrs. Horace Manners") being used. Four years ago Mr. Mosher, of Maine ("the lynx-eyed Mr. Mosher" Miss Gilder calls him), published this epistolary story in book form, attributing it in his advertisements (not on the title-page) to Swinburne. In his dedication to the work in its present form the author calls it a "buried bantling" of his literary youth, and places the responsibility for its resurrection upon Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton.

The reception given to the work is not enthusiastic. It has been rather better received in England than in America. Sidney Low, for instance, says in the *London Standard*:

"The book has wit and cleverness, distinction of style, and a certain dramatic grasp of character. It is a piece of psychological analysis worked out with a light but stringent touch. . . . The book is adroit and finished all through—a slight piece of work, but with plenty of artistic quality. If Mr. Swinburne has more unpublished or unknown novels in his *escritoire*, we should be glad to see them."

W. L. Courtney, in *The Daily Telegraph* (London), describes the *motif* of the work as a desire "to paint the practical impossibility of a 'grande passion' in the mid-Victorian era," and says that if we once rid ourselves of the idea of a plot, we shall find in the work a series of clever letters "full of brilliant phrases, exceedingly ingenious and witty." *The Westminster Gazette* thinks the author has no reason to repent for the publication of the story. It is "extremely interesting," "life and literature both enter into it," and the critic calls for more of the same sort. Mr. Shorter, however (in *The Sphere*), calls the work

a "comparatively insignificant book," and the *London Outlook* speaks of "these ineffectual pages" and considers that Mr. Watts-Dunton has "through excess of friendship counselled like an enemy." *The Academy* takes Mr. Watts-Dunton similarly to task: "The prolixity of the style is wearisome"; "the poet has wandered into ground where he is not at home," etc.

Coming to America, *The Press*, of Philadelphia, admits that "as a novel" the work is "not of considerable merit"; but in another sense it has, *The Press* thinks, "distinguished merit," for the literary style "is one of exceptional brilliancy," and "its humor and epigram are like nothing in his other writings." *The Evening Post* (New York) also speaks of the "brilliancy of phrasing," "the aptness of quotation," and the "keen psychological perception" displayed; but these "cannot save this novel from the charge of an awkward and feeble handling of the plot." *The Tribune* and *The Outlook* are particularly severe. "About as schoolgirlish a performance as anything we have read in years," says the former. Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, in a syndicated review, calls the story "not bad," if viewed as a youthful effort; but "while it is clever it never scintillates."

The work opens with a "torrential dedication" (the *London Times's* phrase) to Mr. Watts-Dunton. Then comes a "lengthy prolog in which the various characters are presented, and their rather confusing genealogy explained." This prologue the *London Times* finds "the best part of the story," but it fails to interest other critics. The rest of the work is thus described in *The Evening Post* (New York):

"After a time the story emerges. A sweet young female Stanford grows up and marries a Lord Cheyne, while an older female of the John Cheyne brood marries a Radworth, an absorbed man of science. Then Francis Cheyne, a young male of the John Cheyne line, falls in love with the sweet young wife of Lord Cheyne. At the same time the sweet young wife's half-brother, Reginald Harewood, becomes madly infatuated with Mrs. Radworth, his elder by two years. Of course, all this is very wrong, and the situation is one requiring all the tact and diplomacy of Lady Midhurst, who, it is not easy to remember, is the grandmother of both the sweet young lady Cheyne and the impulsive Reginald, as well as the aunt of Mrs. Radworth and Francis Cheyne. This old woman is sixty at the time, with an extensive knowledge of the world, and an extraordinary fondness for French quotations. She

\***LOVE'S CROSS CURRENTS.** *A Year's Letters.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Harper & Brothers.

writes very long and very shrewd letters to everybody caught in the cross-currents, and gets called a fool for her pains. As it turns out, fate steps in to end the mild intrigue between the sweet young Lady Cheyne and Francis, and old Lady Midhurst succeeds in pulling young Reginald out of the teeth of Clara Radworth, who, after all, had not meant to cross the line separating the 'safe' from the unsafe."

The Boston *Herald* reproduced the passage below as "a specimen of the author's ability to translate into prose those qualities which have distinguished him as a poet:

"Nothing hurts me now but the look of her. She has sweet heavy eyes, like an angel's in some great strange pain; eyes without fear or fault in them, which look out over coming tears that never come. There is a sort of look about her lips and under the eyelids as if some sorrow had pressed there with his finger, out of love for her beauty, and left the mark. She has a throat like pearl color, with flower color over that; and a smell of blossom and honey in her hair. No one on earth is so infinitely good as she is. Her fingers leave a taste of violets on the lips. She is greater in her mind and spirit than men with great names. Only she never lets her greatness of heart out in words."

The little novelette\* which Booth Tarkington has lately published seems to have given general delight, and is not unfavorably compared with that artistic little tale that first **The Beautiful Lady** gave him fame—"Monsieur Beaucaire." The only criticism that we have noted of a distinctly unfavorable character is that in the Boston *Transcript*. It says that his "attempts to strike twice with a story of the 'Monsieur Beaucaire' type are still in vain." It adds:

"He made the endeavor a year or so ago with 'Cherry'; he now tries it again with 'The Beautiful Lady,' which is scarcely a tale of the substance whereof books should be made. Nevertheless, brevity is rather to its advantage than its disadvantage."

That is not severe, especially for *The Transcript*, but it is about as severe as anything we find. The slight plot is thus described in the same paper:

"It [the story] is told in the first person by an impecunious Italian who is forced to submit himself to the laughter of the Parisian populace by sitting daily in a public place with the advertisement of a variety theatre painted on his shaven head. His gentle spirit endures the indignity for a week. He then obtains employment as companion to a rich young American, discovers that the lady the American loves is almost engaged to his own rascally half-brother, and finally thwarts his scheme and makes his employer happy."

The New York *Sun* is one of the journals that

dismiss the story rather slightly. "The author shows a good deal of insight into Italian feeling and sensitiveness, which seems wasted amid the foolery of the story," it remarks; but it also notes that the story is "bright and amusing all the same." The *Springfield Republican* has praise for it, but the faint sort that damns. It says: "It is fiction of the slightest sort, but rather entertaining, with the sentimental appeal which has contributed so much to Mr. Tarkington's popularity." Firmin Dredd, in *The Bookman*, calls it a "mere trifle," but lays emphasis on the fact that it is "a delightful trifle," which while lacking "Monsieur Beaucaire's" dramatic action, "equals it in the originality of its conception, in its pathos, and surpasses it in its whimsical humour." The *Evening Post* (New York) reviewer says similarly that the story "is as perfect in conception and as dainty and at the same time as thorough in execution as was 'Monsieur Beaucaire.'" He adds:

"Through the story runs a vein of pathos, but always the parallel and more clearly defined vein of humor balances and gently restrains it. Humor whose appeal at one time is direct and irresistible; at another is not subtle, but indirect and born of suggestion; and at still another is gentle with the thought of how easy it would be to make room for the pleading pathos."

Quotations from other reviewers would be, in the main, but repetitions of the foregoing.

Another novel\* that has called forth many superlatives from even some of the more discriminating critics is Sidney McCall's latest work—a study of

Japanese character which, according to one reviewer, is "truer of the Gods to fact than Lafcadio Hearn's 'Japan.'" The scheme of the novel is thus described in the Boston *Transcript* (which says of the work that "as a picture of life it is scarcely open to amendment") as follows:

"Beginning in Washington, the reader finds himself in the midst of a group of dignitaries whose central figure is a Western senator, with diplomatic leanings in general and a fondness for Japan in particular. His appointment comes as a matter of course, and with wife, daughter, a Japanese girl who has been educated in America, and a youthful Frenchman who is in love with the Japanese girl, he immediately takes passage for Tokio. The story practically opens with their arrival at their destination. The little Yuki is welcomed by her parents, her French lover is forbidden to communicate with her, she is forced into marriage with a high and mighty Japanese prince, and throughout the final pages of the story she treads the downward path to misery, disaster and a pathetic death. Although this tale has little novelty in it, and little

\*THE BEAUTIFUL LADY. By Booth Tarkington. McClure, Phillips & Co.

\*THE BREATH OF THE GODS. By Sidney McCall. Little, Brown & Co.



skill in its telling, the glimpses it offers into a Japanese home, into Japanese modes of thought, into family relations far different from ours, give it a striking interest and a permanent importance. The details of home and family life are not merely described. They are analyzed to their very depths."

Four years have elapsed since the author's previous work, "Truth Dexter," was published, and most critics find the present novel a realization of the hopes awakened in the former work. *The Reader's Magazine* speaks approvingly of the "picturesque details" of the present work, its "elaborate descriptions" and "carefully wrought style." It says further:

"The pretty, weak French attaché, dragged down by a selfish love; the American farmer, who makes a late but successful entry into diplomacy; the fair *Gwendolen* and her practical lover, relieve a tragedy that upon American soil would fall into melodrama."

The *Philadelphia Book News* thinks also that the escape from melodrama is a narrow one. It says:

"Sidney McCall barely escapes the Archibald Clavering Gunter style in this new story. He [?] has crowded a remarkable series of events into some three hundred pages, and has finally fallen into an unhappily tragic mood that makes the last part of the tale doleful in the extreme."

The *New York Sun's* reviewer takes a more favorable review of these features of the novel. He says:

"The plot is clear and strong, the intention unconfused, the characters real and easily visualized. Intense in parts and strongly colored with the mysticism and fanaticism of the East, it is not inconsistent with the elements and conditions of which it is made up. The climax is jumbled in an unduly hysterical fashion as if, indeed, the writer came under the spell of his own creation and lost control for an interval. But the denouement, if tragic, is dignified and restrained, in keeping with the true Japanese spirit."

A reviewer in *The Church Standard* (Philadelphia) is pretty nearly carried away with the book. He writes in the following enthusiastic way:

"The writer, who appears under the pen-name of Sidney McCall, is undoubtedly a woman, and she is just as certainly a genius. It amazes us to read of the enormous sale of trashy novels that are forgotten as soon as read, and to think that such a work as this passes unrecognized, or barely recognized, by professed critics. No other book to be compared with this was ever written by an American woman. The poor stuff that the world accepts from Mrs. Humphry Ward as literature is historical only in the sense in which it represents the shallow, frothy, superficial, middle-class, Philistine scepticism of a period of transition. To talk of it as an interpretation of any real life that was ever lived is nonsense; and here we have a genius, entering a strange land, learning to know it, learning to

understand its people, learning to know their hearts and read their minds and see the operation of their most secret springs of conduct, and then, to the marvellous gift of almost prophetic insight, adding a power of prophetic interpretation which has been equalled, as we believe, in the last fifty years, by no one but George Eliot."

"The Walking Delegate"\* is another story well worth while, but not a story designed primarily to please and entertain. It is "a man's book," says the *St. Louis Mirror*. **The Walking Delegate**—"full of action, strong situations and breath-taking climaxes."

"It was bound to come," says George Siebel, in the *Pittsburg Commercial Gazette*, "and the great labor novel is here." Jack London writes a review of the work for the *San Francisco Examiner*, in the course of which he says:

"Not only is it a human document that is significant, opportune and real, but it is the first fair-minded labor novel to make its appearance in the midst of a flood of labor novels which are anything and everything but fair-minded. The writer shows close familiarity with his subject—with the lives of the people with whom he deals, with their home life and work life and business life."

We take the following description from *The Dial* (Chicago):

"Here we have a work which is fairly brutal in its realism, a vivid and vigorous transcript of life in the labor world of a great city, a book written without any pretence of style, yet crudely impressive by virtue of its picturesque speech and its close acquaintance with the conditions depicted. It is a study of the 'labor leader' and his methods—as illustrated by a Parks or a Shea—and unsparsingly exposes the corrupt and criminal practices whereby a strong and unscrupulous bully becomes the master of his union and maintains the terrorism of his rule. His exposure and disgrace are finally brought about by the persistent efforts of the honest workingman who opposes him, and virtue is triumphant in the end. The book is quite as scathing in its treatment of the corrupt methods of the employer as in its implied denunciation of trade union methods, and thus holds a fairly even scale between the two parties to the struggle. It is a veritable sink of iniquity that is here uncovered for our gaze, but the whole story is made only too sadly credible by the actual occurrences with which our newspapers make us familiar from day to day."

The *London Athenaeum* treats the work with respect and concludes a review as follows:

"The characterization of the story is gripping, and the dialogue is better than the curate's famous egg. The style is picturesque without being purple." The *London Saturday Review*

\*THE WALKING DELEGATE. By Leroy Scott. Doubleday Page & Co.

remarks upon the distinctively American character of the work and says it suggests the time when books produced in America will be "written in a language that will have to be translated into English to be understood here." It adds:

"It is not a pleasing story by any means; as story indeed it is of the slightest, it is rather a series of sketches illustrating the contest between good influence and bad influence as controllers of a large gang of labourers. If it is to be taken as in any way typical of one side of life in the New York of to-day, then that life must be in a parlous condition, from which it would take a regiment of Tom Keatings to rescue it. It is an almost unrelievedly sordid story, which does not seem any the more real from the fact that the walking delegate is drawn as a most exaggerated type of villain, who can cow strong men with a look."

Stephen Chalmers, in the *New York Times*, says that Mr. Scott, though not a stylist, has in this work "planted a literary standard in the field of American labor."

If the preceding novel gives a chance to English journals to descant upon the parlous condition of

#### A Dark Lantern

America's industrial situation, Miss Elizabeth Robins's new work\* affords American journals a chance to retaliate concerning social conditions in England. *The World To-day*, for instance, remarks of this book: "It is another of those sad disclosures of the degeneracy of rich English society with which we are becoming altogether too familiar." Such a criticism, however *The World To-day* goes on to say, falls far short of indicating the author's intention:

"Beneath the story itself is a subtle study of the love of a woman to whom marriage is only a convention and who does not hesitate to follow her impulses to neglect its requirements when she so desires. If the attitude which Katherine and her friends take toward marital relations is in any way symptomatic of English society there is room for a new propaganda in favor of the Seventh Commandment. While the book, except in one or two instances, does not offend good taste, its general motive is certainly demoralizing and brings it dangerously near the edge of immorality."

*The Nation* (New York) thinks the novel one "full of agitating suggestion for inflammable circles where the woman question is always a burning one." It says further:

"Two problems of conduct are presented, discussed at great length, and solved according to the author's conception of right reason and the will of God. The first is, whether the heroine, Miss Dereham, shall or shall not consent to a morganatic marriage with a German prince, who cannot confer the title of Royal Highness on an

English girl without rank, and, indeed, is not very eager to do so. His makeshift offer is spurned by Miss Dereham, and, when he tries to compromise her in a high-born kinsman's ancestral castle, his wicked device is frustrated by the energetic suspicion of the young lady's godmother, Lady Peterborough. Miss Dereham comes out of this affair with honor, and her behavior may be commended for imitation to any perplexed damsel in a similar situation. Her usefulness as a model can be limited only by the number of princes possessing the ancient privilege of left-handed marriage and anxious to urge it.

The second problem is not exactly universal in its bearing, but it touches common life more nearly. Some years (we are not told how many), after declining a sort of a marriage with a prince who courted her, Miss Dereham determines to live, without any sort of a marriage, with a physician who does not appear to want her at all! The problem presented is, whether a woman, feeling certain that she is experiencing a grand passion, is justified thereby in forcing herself upon a reluctant man, and in throwing dignity and decency overboard. Miss Robins finds such behavior not only justifiable but admirable, and almost holy."

Robert Bridges, writing in *Collier's Weekly*, characterizes the book as "a neurasthenic novel," and treats it as another specimen of "the literature of revolt," in which Mr. Bernard Shaw's preserves have been poached on. Shaw, however, has wit and humor, and Miss Robins, Mr. Bridges thinks, has neither. *The Reader's Magazine* expresses very favorable views of the novel, as follows:

"One has no hesitation in saying that, save for May Sinclair's 'The Divine Fire,' no book so fascinating, so essentially romantic, so charged with those qualities of charm—both sinister and delightful—which constituted the strength of Charlotte's Brontë's work, has appeared for a long time. 'A Dark Lantern' is the pseudonym bestowed upon a London physician of extraordinary ability and amazing personality, who is the 'black-magic' hero of the book. He is offset by a heroine who, in spite of being lady-fine in her tastes and training, has the courage to go headlong against law and convention, and the spirit to take her punishment without whining, and her reward for sacrifice with humility. Katherine Dereham and Dr. Garth Vincent are indeed a surprising pair of lovers, and so weighted with fate do their destinies appear to be that the author's assurance that all ends well with them meets with something like incredulity on the part of the reader, who feels a secret conviction that the author can hardly know as much as he does about the matter. Charlotte Brontë would have felt distinctly jealous on behalf of her redoubtable Rochester could she have read of the magnificent brutalities of Garth Vincent, who is certainly the rudest, most selfish, most autocratic and altogether insufferable boor that ever stalked through the pages of fiction—with his hands in his pockets—to the perpetual subjugation of all women in and out of the book."

\*A DARK LANTERN. By Elizabeth Robins. The Macmillan Company.

# The Reader's Club

## Blanco White and Plato

TO THE EDITOR:

Has anyone ever called attention to the fact that the central thought of Blanco White's immortal sonnet beginning

Mysterious Night, when our first parents knew  
Thee from report divine and heard thy name  
was long before set forth by one of the disciples of Plato and quoted by Bacon in "The Advancement of Learning"? On page 8 of Prof. Albert S. Cook's edition of Bacon's essay is this:

"And therefore it was most aptly said by one of Plato's school, 'That the sense of man carrieth a resemblance with the sun which, as we see, openeth and revealeth all the terrestrial globe, but then again it obscureth and concealeth the stars and celestial globe; so doth the sense discover natural things, but it darkeneth and shutteth up divine.'"

It may be worth while to note the connection in which Bacon uses this quotation. He has just spoken of wonder as "the seed of knowledge," and remarks: "For if any man shall think by view and inquiry into these sensible and material things to attain that light whereby he may reveal unto himself the nature or will of God, then indeed is he spoiled by vain philosophy; for the contemplation of God's creatures and works produceth (having regard to the works and creatures themselves) knowledge; but, having regard to God, no perfect knowledge, but wonder, which is broken knowledge." Blanco White's sonnet has been called the finest sonnet in the English language; yet I fail to find any reference to it either in Hoyt's revised "Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations" or in Bartlett's book, and in "The World's Best Poetry" it appears with the word "I" substituted for "and" in the second line, making utter nonsense. E. J. W.

## "White Horses"

TO THE EDITOR:

On rereading recently Kipling's poem, "White Horses," I was reminded of a passage in Archbishop Trench's lecture "On the Poetry in Words." He has just quoted Richter's fine saying: "Every language, as far as spiritual and intellectual matters are concerned, is a dictionary of faded metaphors." The Archbishop comments as follows—

"Sometimes indeed they [the metaphors] have not faded at all. Thus at Naples it is the ordinary language to call the lesser storm-waves 'pecore,' or sheep, the larger 'cavalloni,' or big horses. Who that has watched the foaming crests, the white manes, as it were, of the larger billows as they advance in measured order and rank on rank into the bay, but will own not merely the fitness but the grandeur of this last image?"

Kipling puts it:

"Girth-deep in hissing water  
Our furious vanguard strains—  
Through mist of mighty trappings  
Roll up the fore-blown manes—  
A hundred leagues to leeward,  
Ere yet the deep is stirred,  
The growing rollers carry  
The coming of the herd."

The conception is a strong one; but what a meter for such a subject! R. E. S.

## Vowel Sound in Ancient and Modern Poetry

TO THE EDITOR:

Looking recently through the early numbers of *The Edinburgh Review*, now past its century mark, I was attracted to a critical analysis of the sounds of English vowels. Referring, then, to Bridges' and Stones' discussion of classical measures in English verse, I found that they had entirely overlooked this early treatment of the subject. The article is a review by a Scotch scholar of William Mitford's "Inquiry into the Principles of Harmony in Language and the Mechanism of Verse, Modern and Ancient," which had first appeared anonymously in 1774 and had been enlarged and republished in 1804, the review appearing in July, 1805.

I found the article of the reviewer to be supplemental to the work of Mitford, chiefly in an elaboration of the part played by accent in classical verse and the direct inheritance by modern languages of the ancient rules of accent, but giving as well a luminous commentary on Mitford's main theme, the determinant effect of mere duration of vowel sounds in the Latin and Greek verse, and a corollary to this, the utter failure of English classical pronunciation in reading poetry.

"In the poetry of most modern languages," says the Reviewer, "quantity has been little regarded. . . . The composers of modern music have assumed to themselves, naturally enough, the license of making long syllables short and short ones long, and of accenting unaccented syllables." It is almost impossible to appreciate metrical quantity without comparing the words of a song with the notes to which they are set. Such a comparison will emphasize the duration of sound, and determine the long and short syllables that are not so easily distinguished in reading. Emphasis, the natural quality of the vowel sound and the character of the consonants following are the determining elements of the difficulty of pronunciation and of the time it will occupy.

Attention to quantity has a marked effect upon the modulation, and easy flowing verse is not altogether a question of accents. A few lines of Pope are quoted in the review to indicate the preponderance of the long syllables in English verse:

Might he return and bless once more our eyes  
New Blackmores and new Milburns would arise.  
Nay should great Homer lift his awful head,  
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.

W. C. EWING.

## The Awakening. By Maksim Gorky\*

One day I found myself in a wine shop with a man from whom, in very boredom, I solicited some sort of a story of his life. My interlocutor was a being covered with incredibly tattered garments; it seemed as if he had walked during his whole life crowded between narrow walls, and that his clothing had thus become rags and even his flesh disappeared as if torn from the bones.

He was thin, angular and completely bald; his head, a yellow sphere, was like a billiard-ball in all its nudity. On his wrinkled cheeks, over sharp cheek-bones, the skin was so tightly stretched as to appear to shine, while the whole face was furrowed with tiny wrinkles.

But his expression was alive and intelligent, the nose, which was long, quivered at each moment with irony, and his speech ran with ease from his lips, partially covered with a stiff red mustache.

I inferred that his life must have been very interesting.

"Tell you my story?" he asked in a thick voice. "Yes! I must relate something, since you are treating. But the whole story, that is too much. I have lived a little bit too long! It would be tiresome to listen to and sad to tell. But a fragment, a little anecdote or so—so be it! Does that please you? Very well. But order some beer for my trouble, because, you see, descending into the past may sometimes be disagreeable to a man who is descending into a pit.

"This little history, my dear sir, that I am going to tell you, will hardly appear, I presume, interesting and worthy of your intentions as an author. But as for me, it pleases me. It is very simple and here is how it runs:

"One day, on a Christmas Eve, my companion, Iachka Sizoff, and I had passed the whole day in the street offering our services to various ladies to carry their purchases. But the fine ladies did not listen to us; they called their coachmen and went away—which shows you that Iachka and I did not have any luck.

"We had also begged, and by this means gained a little. I had twenty-nine kopecks, of which a ten-kopeck piece given to me by a gentleman on the step of the Court Building was counterfeit. Iachka, a man who was in general much more talented than I, found him-

self at nightfall to be a capitalist: he possessed eleven roubles and seventy-six kopecks. This had been given him, according to his story, in one sum, by a lady who showed herself so good and magnanimous as to make him a present of her purse, even adding her pocket-handkerchief. That, you know sometimes happens. One finds oneself in such a state of goodness that one becomes half crazy and is ready to heap kindnesses on others for relief.

"When Iachka told me of the truly Christian action of this lady, he was, I do not know why, looking about him all the time. Probably he wished to thank the good soul for her generous alms. And he hurried me up constantly: 'Get along! Quick, quick!' when already we were running as fast as we could. I hastened in every part of my body at top speed toward a place of warmth.

"A wind swept snow along the sidewalk and over the roofs, and sharp bits of icicles flew through the air, striking my neck. My face was scratched, one would say, as with a knife, and I was so cold that my neck felt as small as a finger ready to break at the least imprudent motion, so that I tried to hide it in my shoulders for fear of losing my head. Neither of us was dressed for the season, but Iachka was warm because of his success, and I was the more cold because of my envy.

"You see, I am an unlucky dog. Only once a present was made to me, of a samovar. It was full of boiling tea, so that, running away with it, the tea burned my leg and I was obliged to go from the hospital to the prison for care during a whole week. And another time—but that is another story.

"Well, we ran along the street in this manner and Iachka made plans:

"We shall celebrate Christmas . . . chic! We shall pay the rent. . . . Wait, the old witch! Yes . . . a quart of brandy. . . . And also a ham? Hm—it would be good to have a ham. . . . Ha, ha, that will be very dear, eh? You do not know how high the price of hams is just now?"

"I did not know. But I knew the intrinsic value of a ham, and we decided to get one; we agreed to go and buy it in the first shop where were a good many people. When, in a market there is a great rush of customers, it means that the merchandise is good; ergo, as they said

\*Translated especially for CURRENT LITERATURE, by Florence Brooks.



in the time of the Latins, one might choose after one's own taste.

"A ham, if you please!" cried Iachka, pushing into the crowd. "Show me a ham, not too large, but good. . . . Excuse me, but you hurt me in pushing. . . . It is rude, but I understand that politeness is impossible here. . . . It is not my fault if the place is so narrow. . . . How? What, I touched your pocket? Pardon! It was your hand that I found under my arm. . . . I buy for cash, you the same; we have the same right. . . ."

"Iachka behaved in the shop as if he was there to buy a lot of hams, at least three hundred. As for myself, profiting by the trouble made by him, I acquired—in my own modest manner—a jar of marmalade, a bottle of oil from Provence and two large cooked sausages.

"Good! Now we shall celebrate!" Iachka triumphed. "We shall celebrate Christmas!" He danced while he walked, snorting through his nostrils, while his little gray eyes glittered with joy. I also was cheerful.

"To eat from time to time, ah, it is a great pleasure for ordinary folk.

"And so you see, my dear sir, we neared our house, pursued by the winter blast. At that time we lived at the outskirts of the town in a cellar which we rented of a pious old woman—a deserted place, and after six o'clock of a winter day not a living soul! And by chance now appeared a shadowy figure. We were more dead than alive from fright, for while running we suddenly saw a man before us. He was staggering, and seemed drunk. Iachka nudged me, whispering:

"See his overcoat!"

"You see, to meet a man with an overcoat is agreeable, for the reason that an overcoat is very easy to take off. We walked behind him and we saw that he had broad shoulders, very corpulent. He was talking to himself. We reflected.

"Suddenly he stopped and we almost bumped our noses on his back. He stopped, swung his arms and roared in a deep bass voice deafeningly:

"I am a man whom nobody loves. . . ."

"One would have thought a cannon went off! Both of us jumped to avoid him. But he saw us. He leaned his shoulder against a fence like a man of experience and demanded:

"Who are you? Thieves?"

"We are poor people," answered Iachka.

"Poor people! That is well. Because I also am poor . . . in spirit. . . . Where are you going?"

"Into our hole!" said Iachka.

"I follow you! For I—where shall I go now? I have nowhere to go. Beggars, take me with you! I will give you something to eat and drink. Shelter me, warm me with your kindness."

"Invite him," muttered Iachka.

"In this roaring voice I heard the notes of a drunken man, but also something beside—a roar which was the cry of a sick heart, torn and bleeding. I have a keen dramatic scent; I was at one time super in a theater. And I began to invite this roaring man with warmth.

"I will come, I will come with you, beggars," he bellowed with all the force of his large lungs.

"We walked by his side and he talked to us:

"Do you know who I am? I am a man who is celebrating! I am Gontcharoff, Nicola Dmitrievitch, Receiver-General of Contributions, that is who I am! I have a wife at home; I have children—two sons, and I love them.

"There are flowers, pictures, books—all this is mine, all is beautiful. It is warm at my house. But if only everything I have were yours, beggars!

"You would have money to spend at the wine-shops for a long while! You are pigs, certainly, and drunkards. But I am not a drunkard, although I am drunk at this moment. I am drunk because I am stifling. You cannot understand that. It is a deep wound. It is my sickness. . . ."

"I listened with great curiosity. Seeing a man so large and strong, I always think he must be unhappy. For life is not for the healthy and strong men. Life is made for the petty, the miserable, the wicked. Put a sturgeon in a lake, he will smother for sure.

"This roaring man interested me enormously.

"We took him to our home, into our cave, which frightened our landlady. She thought that we had brought him to rob and she wanted to notify the police. We reassured her, commenting upon our poor wasted figures beside this enormous being with great arms, a large face, a broad breast. He could have strangled both of us and the old woman besides, without exciting himself. The old woman, reassured, was sent to buy some brandy, and we sat down to the table.

"Our guest took off his overcoat, and we poured libations to the eve of the holiday. He was in shirt-sleeves, taking off his waistcoat also. He sat opposite to us and bellowed:

"You are evidently thieves; I feel it. You lie in saying you are beggars—you are too young for beggars. . . . And your eyes are too bold. But whatever you are it is all the same to

me! I know that you are not ashamed to live, that is all! And I, I am ashamed! I have fled from my home from shame!"

"You know, my dear sir, that a nervous malady known as St. Vitus's Dance exists. Well, there are people whose consciences suffer from this same malady."

"And I perceived that the receiver-general was this kind of a man."

"In my house," he pursued, "everything is arranged on a grand scale. It is horribly disgusting to live on a grand scale. Everything is placed and hung up once for all. Everything is so planted in its place that even an earthquake could not displace tables, chairs, cabinets. They have struck root both in the floor and in the soul of my wife. Wooden and without soul, they are rooted in our life, and I cannot even live unless they take part in it."

"Do you understand? From the habit of association with all these articles one becomes oneself a piece of wood. You get used to them, you take care of them, you pity them, devil take them!"

"They grow and cumber the place, they drive the air out of the room, and you can no longer breathe. To-day all this army of embodied habits is all ready for the holiday, washed, scrubbed, brushed and polished. They are polished disgustingly. They mock at me. Yes, they know. Formerly I had only three, a bed, a table, a chair. I had a portrait of Herzen, besides. Now I possess a hundred different articles of furniture. They require that people worthy of their price sit upon them. And so at my house only people in good circumstances come to sit down."

"The receiver took a gulp of brandy and continued:

"They are all honest people, persons who are half dead, pious cattle, brought up on the gentle herbage of the prairies of Russian literature. I feel an inexpressible *ennui* with them; I stifle at the odor of their talk. I know all that they are going to say and I know that they can do nothing to become more alive, more interesting."

"Ugh, ugh! They are terrible because of the stupidity of their souls. Their words are as heavy as stones. When they come to my house it seems that they are going to build me up in bricks; that I will be shut up in a wall without an opening. I hate them, but I cannot drive them away, and that is why I am afraid."

"It is not I who attracts them. I am a taciturn, a silent man. They come simply to sit down on the chairs. However, I can not throw the chairs out of doors, my wife loves them. It

is for the furniture that my wife exists, I swear it. She has become herself a piece of furniture."

"The receiver laughed loudly, leaning his back against the wall. Then Iachka, who probably was much bored in listening to the imprecations of the receiver, profited by the pause:

"But, your highness, why do you not break these same chairs on your wife's back?"

"What—?"

"That is to say, on her body, and have done with her?"

"Imbecile!"

"He shook his drunken head and it fell on his chest, while he said simply:

"How unhappy I am! How alone I am! To-morrow is Christmas, and I cannot, I cannot, return home. I absolutely cannot!"

"Stay here with us!" proposed Iachka.

"Stay here?"

"The receiver looked about him. Our cellar was as if penetrated and perfumed with filth."

"Stay here? It is disgusting here. But listen, you devils! Let us go to a hotel. Are you agreed? To-morrow—and we shall continue to drink. Will you? And we shall think. . . . We shall think how one should live! In faith it is high time to stop this honest life! Yes. Besides you are thieves and you cannot understand."

"I understand quite well," I said to the receiver.

"You? Who are you?"

"I am a man who once was honest, too," I said. "I have equally known the joys of a tranquil and peaceful existence. And I also was driven out by these pettinesses. They killed, eliminated from me my soul and all that was in it. I was bored as you are at this moment. I began to drink. I became a thief. I have the honor to present myself."

"The receiver opened his eyes and looked at me a long time attentively in a dead silence. His thick red lips, I saw, trembled with disdain under the thick mustache and his nose was drawn in a manner little amicable toward my assertions."

"I can say that totally *omnia mea mecum porto!*" I contributed.

"But what is this?" he asked, not ceasing to scrutinize me.

"A man. All the rabble are men. And the contrary . . . vice versa."

"I had formerly been quite strong in aphorisms."

"Hm. Too intelligent," said the receiver, still fixing me.

"The rest of us are just as educated," said Iachka, modestly. "We can convince you. We are simple people, but not without spirit. And

we also do not love all sorts of luxury, of furniture. What use is it? It is not his intelligence a man places on a chair. Come and live with us!"

"I?" demanded the receiver, suddenly sobered.

"You! We will unveil to you to-morrow such secrets of life!"

"Give me my overcoat!" suddenly ordered the receiver from Iachka, rising.

And he stood quite firm on his legs.

"But where are you going?" I asked.

"Where?"

"He looked at me with fright out of his great calf eyes and shivered as if he felt the cold. 'I shall go home.'

"I looked at his drawn face and said no more. For each animal, according to his nature, fate prepares a place in the stable. It may bellow

there as much as it will, it will remain in the place which is prepared. Ha! ha! ha!

"The receiver went away then. We heard him roar once in the street, with his great shout:

"Coachman!"

My interlocutor was silent and began to drink the beer in little sips. Having emptied his glass, he began to whistle and drum with his fingers on the table.

"Well, and what then?" I asked.

"Then? Nothing. What did you expect?"

"But the celebration?"

"Ah, yes, there was a celebration. I forgot to say that the receiver presented Iachka his purse. There were twenty-six roubles and some kopecks. . . . We celebrated."

## In the Moonlight. By J. L. Perez\*

*(A moonlit night in the park. Yossel and Malke are sitting on a bench under a tree.)*

Yossel: Why are you so absorbed in thought, Malke?

Malke: Ah!

Yossel: Pray, what is the matter? You really seem to be very sad and thoughtful. Is it some secret?

Malke: A secret? It is simply awful. This marrying is awful.

Yossel: Why?

Malke *(without heeding the question and as if speaking to herself)*: A stranger, an utter stranger! I have not seen him more than two or three times.

Yossel: Well, you wanted him.

Malke: Wanted him?

Yossel: You said "yes."

Malke: But one gets tired of eternally saying "no." One does not like to remain an old maid. So when this perfect stranger came—

Yossel: You mean to say when he was thrust in?

Malke: All right, just as you please.

Yossel: Well?

Malke: Well, it is awful.

*(A pause.)*

Yossel: I was in the Yiddish theatre last night.

Malke: You want to change the subject?

Yossel: No. I just want to relate to you a scene from the play. A young girl, younger

than you, is standing, no, sitting, on an easy arm-chair upholstered with red plush; in fact she is half reclining when in steps a young man of rather handsome appearance, and salutes her. She answers his salute with a bow, and does not feel embarrassed in the least. In fact, she seems rather pleased. He comes up close to her, speaks to her. She answers very boldly and to the point. He takes one of her hands, then both. She blushes a little, but offers no resistance. He kisses her one hand, then the other, then both together. She laughs, she even returns his kisses. Finally he puts his arm around her waist.

Malke: And?

Yossel: That's all. She is not ashamed. She plays her part as she should, evenly, smoothly, just as the author has written it

Malke: Bah!

Yossel: And do you know, Malke, why she feels no apprehension, no embarrassment, why she plays so well and with such perfect ease?

Malke: Because she has learned her part.

Yossel: Exactly! Before the real playing they have rehearsals, the last one being what they call the general rehearsal, in which the play is rendered complete just as the public sees it afterward. In short, they go through the matter thoroughly in advance.

Malke: That's why it is a comedy.

Yossel: And is it different in your case? Do you think you are going to have a real wedding? You have seen the young man two or three

\*Translated from the Yiddish, for CURRENT LITERATURE, by Thomas Seltzer.

times, and are you already in love? Do you mean it seriously? (*Malke makes no reply.*)

*Yossel*: You can tell me. Do tell me, Malke. It is a comedy, is it not?

*Malke*: Yes, a hideous comedy.

*Yossel*: Whether hideous or beautiful is all one. At any rate you must practise. If you are afraid you must have rehearsals.

*Malke (laughing)*: A busy tradesman such as he has no time except for the engagement.

*Yossel*: Then rehearse with me. Actors occasionally change rôles.

*Malke (severely)*: Yossel!

*Yossel (entreatingly)*: Malke!

*Malke (sadly)*: I am suffering.

*Yossel*: And I?

(*Pause.*)

*Yossel*: Yes, it pains. That's why we must play comedy. Now, then, I will commence.

*Malke (softly)*: Yossel!

*Yossel*: Have patience, it will be all right. First I am going to kneel down. It is not so easy to win so great, wise and beautiful a Malke as you are. You are great, Malke, very great; no, you are divine! And I kiss the hem of your dress!

*Malke (touched)*: Yossel!

*Yossel*: Good. Yossel sounds better than Yossel. You are catching the proper tone and spirit. Now give me your hand, your white hand. True, your fingers are somewhat pricked and roughened with labor, but that is nothing. So. Now I am kissing your hand— Ah, what bliss! The hand of a real Malke.\* Every finger must be kissed, so I am going to do it; I am kissing every finger. Am I not playing well, Malke?

*Malke (feebly)*: Well.

*Yossel*: You see, it is not so terrible. Now I want you to support me. Put your hand upon my head!

*Malke (somewhat sternly)*: Yossel!

*Yossel*: Please, do not spoil the comedy with your whims. Imagine that the author has written it that way. Put your hand on my head! So! But it must not lie there rigid, it must move, and it makes no difference if you muss my hair, either. (*Malke does so laughingly.*)

*Yossel*: You are trembling a little. But you understand your part well, Malke. You have laid your hand upon me quite as you should, as tenderly as a mother would lay her hand upon the head of her child. And from your hand, Malke—do you hear me, Malke?—something streams forth which envelopes me, and sends a vibration throughout my body. Ah! (*He inclines his head toward her. (Malke sighs.)*)

\*Malke is Yiddish for "queen."

*Yossel*: And your heart. Malke, I hear it beating. . . . Yes, it is beating, or does it only seem so to me?

*Malke (greatly touched)*: And you, Yossel, how about your heart?

*Yossel*: Oh, I play well. I go to the theatre so very often. Not my heart alone is beating. I hear and believe that the blood in all my veins is beating and roaring.

*Malke (gravely)*: Yossel!

*Yossel*: As if it were real. And yet it is only comedy. And you? How your eyes are sparkling! Glowworms, dear, little glowworms. Well played, Malke! But why are you so pale? Why is your hand trembling so?

*Malke*: And why is your voice trembling?

*Yossel*: Because I am kneeling. Wait, I shall rise (*rises*). I have risen, because, if I am on my knees I cannot kiss your mouth, your red cherry lips.

*Malke (entreatingly)*: Yossel!

*Yossel*: Hush! I am playing precisely as it happened in the comedy. Your bridegroom will do likewise. He, too, will act the comedian (*kisses her*). Oh, how your lips are burning! You have poured a fire into me. Oh!

*Malke weeps.*

*Yossel*: You weep, Malke?

*Malke (feebly)*: No.

*Yossel*: Yes, yes, you weep. I, too, should like to weep. But I must not. It is only a comedy, you know.

*Malke (desperately)*: Why?

*Yossel (seriously)*: Would you like it not to be a comedy? (*Malke drops her head and remains silent.*)

*Yossel*: Not a rehearsal?

*Malke*: Oh, Yossel, Yossel, how you torment me! If you only knew how you torment me!

*Yossel*: So? You wish then that two dead persons should go dancing?\*

*Malke*: I do.

*Yossel (crying out in ecstasy)*: Are you serious, Malke?

*Malke (lifts head, her eyes flashing)*: I am

*Yossel*: Malke, my dear Malke!

(*Brief pause.*) . . . Listen, Malke!

*Malke*: What is it, Yossel?

*Yossel*: It will be a tragedy, but it will be a real one. We will play well and precisely.

*Malke*: Well and precisely and—

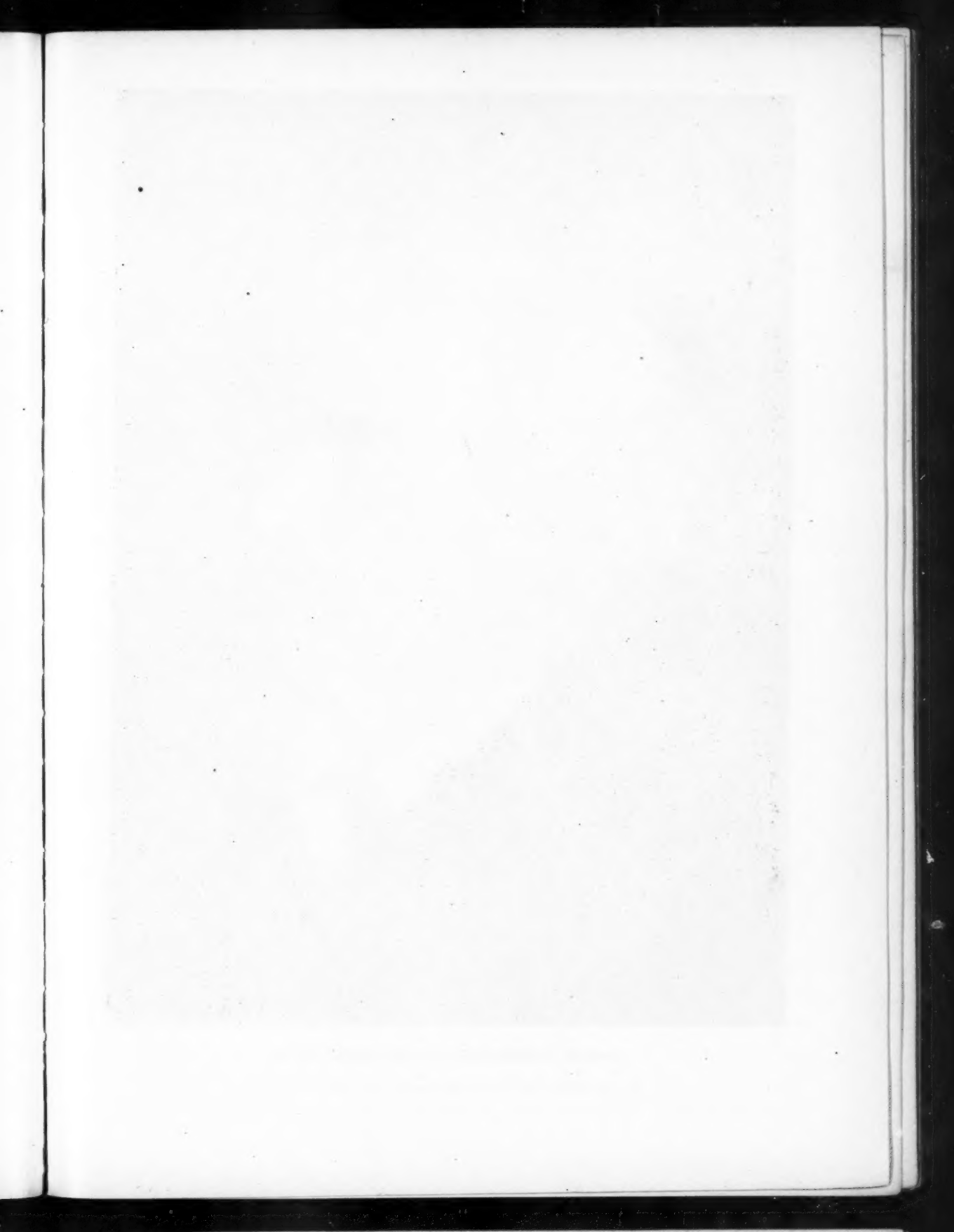
*Yossel*: And what, Malke?

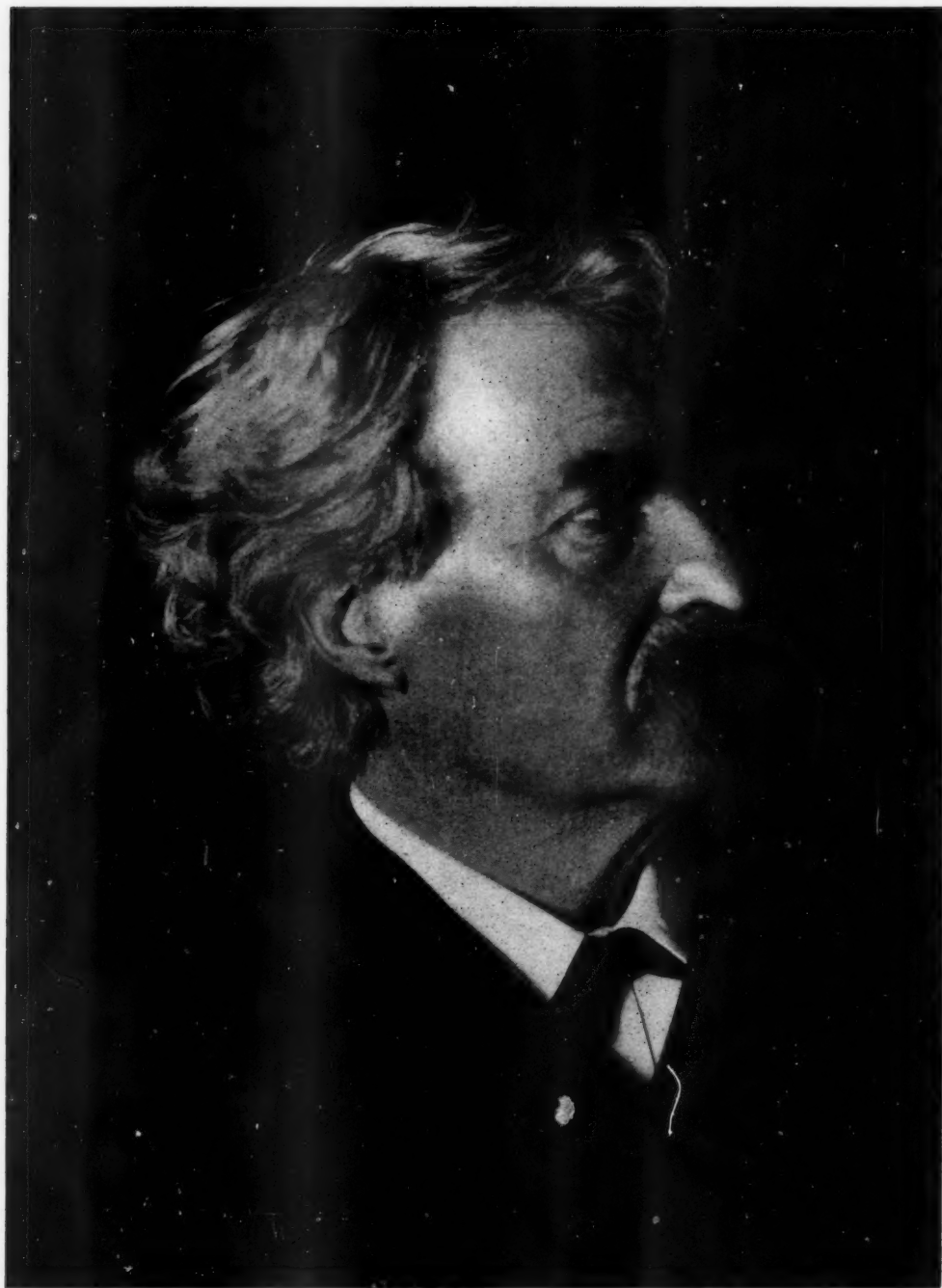
*Malke*: And be happy—at least a little bit, a wee, tiny little bit.

*Yossel (greatly touched)*: You little goose, that depends on the author.

\*A Yiddish proverb signifying the union of two individuals for any purpose, both of whom are in poor circumstances.







**SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN)**

He will celebrate next month the seventieth anniversary of his birth